

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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NO. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes on some of the spring exhibitions, and on the progress of local artistic interests, with a series of engravings of representative pictures.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

In the five hundred and odd pictures which made up the exhibit at the Academy

of Design, during February, the water color artists of the country have shown that there was good reason for the asser-



"THE SLEEPING CHILD."

From the painting by Leon Daniel Saub's



"SOLYMAN AND ROXALANA."

From the painting by Paul Bouchard.

tion, made not long ago by a noted New York artist, that the "water color" was to lead American art. The display was especially noteworthy this year, and the critics were unanimous in saying that never before had the average level of the work been so high. Though a few of the foremost men—notably Mr. Chase—were not represented, there was not a picture on the walls unworthy of a place there.

The Academy's purchase of a site at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue does not imply that this will be the last year of exhibitions in its Twenty Third Street building. Its schools, crowded out of their present quarters, are to be moved up town as soon as possible, but it is likely to be some time—perhaps several years—before we shall see the new Academy which is destined to be



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"SURPRISE."

From the painting by E. Bisson—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"WHITE ROSES."

From the painting by Emily Hart.

a part of the finest architectural group in New York.

SERMONS IN PAINTING.

In a recent essay on art, more smart than wise, a well known critic enunciated

what he probably regarded as a new axiom.

"You may not preach a picture," he wrote, "any more than you may paint a sermon." In the glare of his own brilliancy this critic must have forgotten, for a moment, that many of the greatest



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"THE LONE WOLF'S VIGIL."

From the painting by A. von Wierusz-Kowalski—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"THE BREADTH OF MY LOVE."

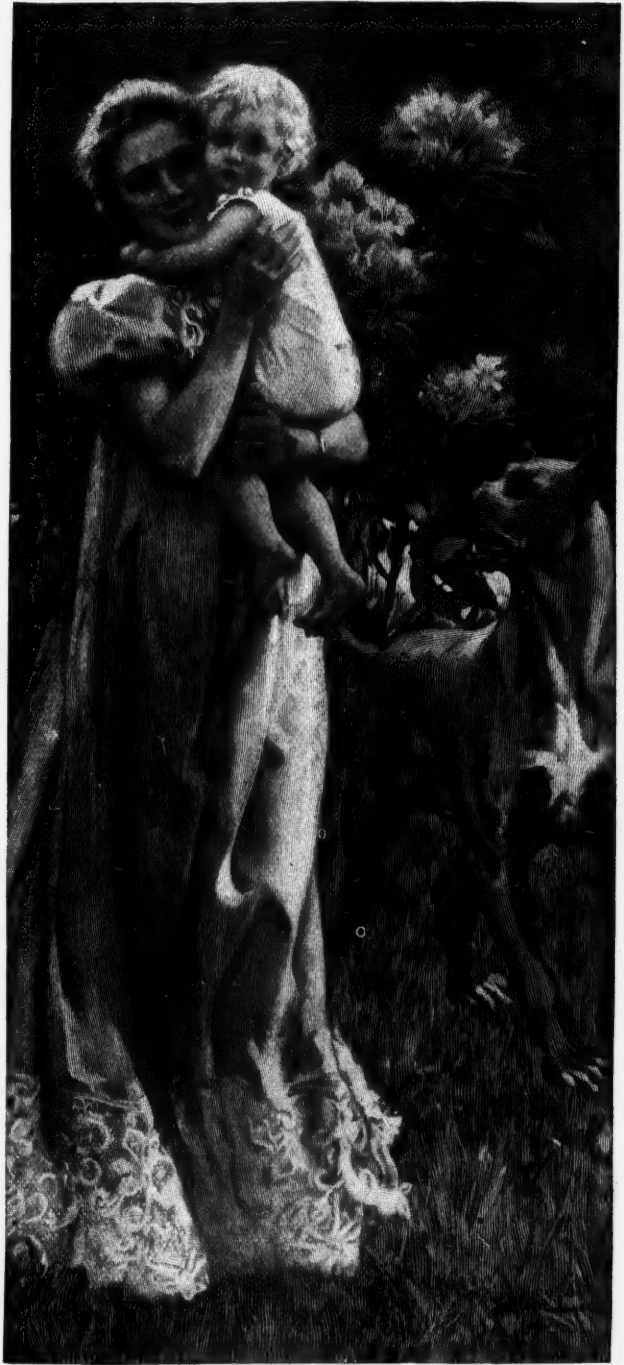
From the painting by E. S. Collier—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

works of art in all ages, the world over, are the ones that *do* preach a sermon—the ones that tell a story.

Such a picture is "Solyman and Roxalana," by Bouchard, engraved on page 4, which was a noted canvas in the Paris Salon of 1889. The scene is from an oft repeated incident in the history of Turkey. Roxalana, a favorite of Solyman II, wishing to be rid of Mustapha, the son of a rival favorite, accuses him of plotting to usurp his father's throne. Solyman summons Mustapha to the palace, and as he enters six eunuchs throw themselves upon him and strangle him. In the picture, Roxalana and the sultan, concealed behind draperies, listen to the struggle.

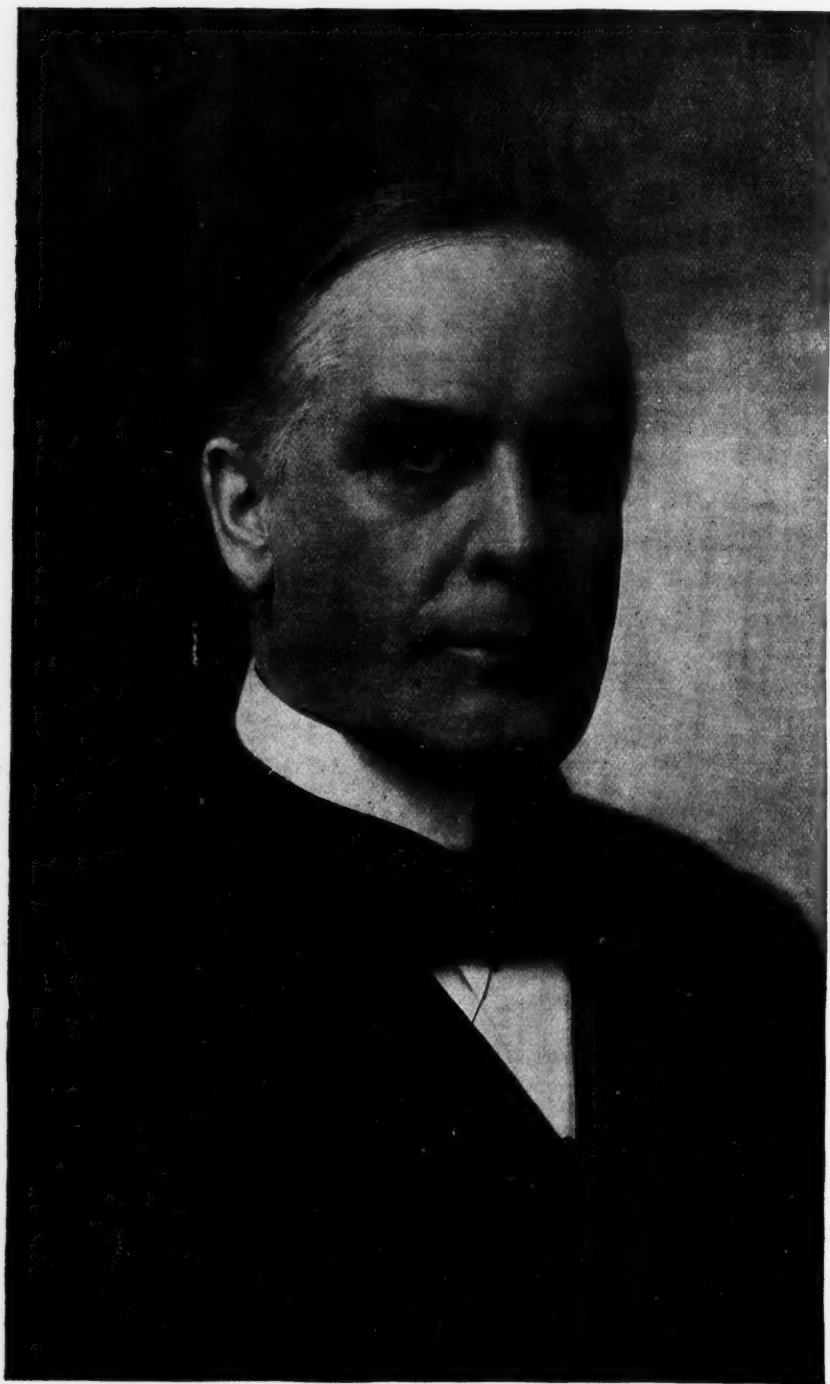
BOSTON'S STATUES.

In a city so widely famous for its learning and culture as Boston it is a curious fact, but interesting and full of suggestion, that, of the thirty odd statues of note adorning its parks and squares, not one piece preserves in bronze or marble the lineaments of an artist, author, or musician. The effigies of discoverers, patriots, soldiers, reformers, and statesmen rise up here and there about the city, but no statue speaks for the honored memory of the men who once made Boston the intellectual hub of America.



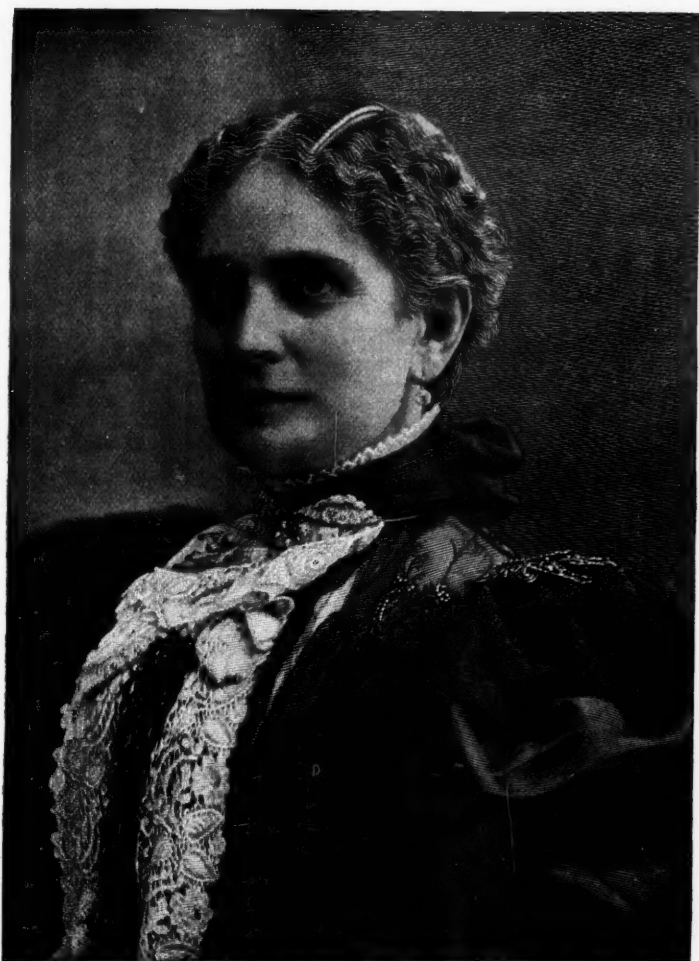
"THREE GOOD FRIENDS."

From the painting by Albert Lynch—Copyright, 1894, by Boussod, Valadon & Company.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, TWENTY FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

X.—THE MCKINLEYS.

The President of the United States, his pioneer ancestry, his remarkable career and personality, and the members of his family who will make up the home circle of the White House.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, the twenty fifth President of the United States, has been a conspicuous figure in the politics of this country for more than twenty five years. He has been called a "typical" American, and he is certainly a representative one. In the usual ac-

ceptance of the term, he is a self made man ; which means that he owes his success in life to his own exertions rather than to any outside assistance.

His parents were of Scotch Irish extraction. He inherited strength of body and mind from his father, who died five or



MRS. ABNER MCKINLEY.

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

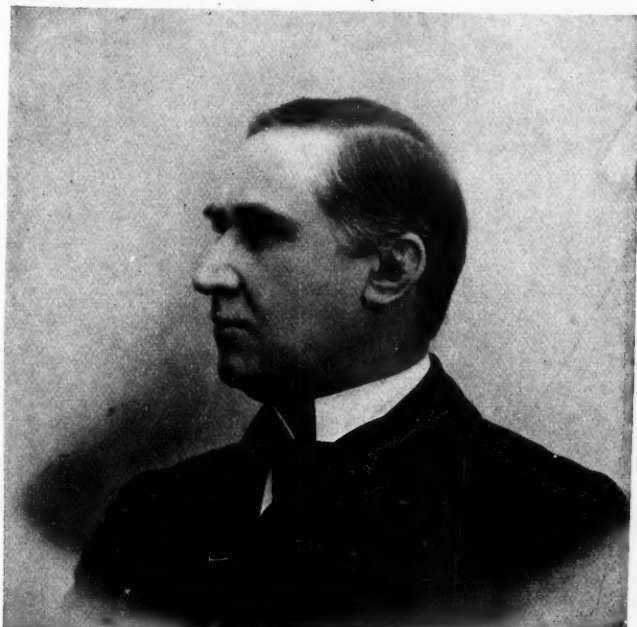
six years ago at the age of eighty five. The elder William McKinley was one of the pioneers of the Western Reserve in Ohio, a section of country which has produced a great many public men, among them being Garfield, Hayes, Thomas Corwin, Judge Thurman, and Ben Wade. The President's mother is still living, and although she will celebrate her eighty eighth birthday within a few days, she is enjoying good health, and apparently has an excellent chance of surviving her son's term in the White House. At the time of writing this, she fully expects to be present at his inauguration on the 4th of March, when she is sure to be one of the

most interested and most interesting spectators of the ceremony.

During the past twenty five years Major McKinley has seen many ups and downs in politics, and more than once his enemies—for he has enemies—have predicted his complete downfall. Twice, in particular, they have been confident that he would never again be heard of in national politics. The first of these occasions was in 1890, after the passage of the famous tariff law which bore his name. In the next elections, the Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated throughout the country. The Democrats elected more than a two thirds majority in the lower house of Congress,

secured control of the Senate, and of most of the Legislatures, even in States hitherto regarded as Republican strongholds. McKinley himself could not be saved from the wreck. He lost his Congressional district by a small majority, and many of his friends were doubtful whether he would ever again appear as a living force in the political arena. And yet, in

their candidate's renomination, and incidentally to discredit Major McKinley in the eyes of the public as a man lacking in honor. As the chairman of the convention, the latter was placed in a very trying and embarrassing position by this flank movement. He did everything he could to keep his name from going before the convention, but upon the roll call he



ABNER MCKINLEY.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

the following year, he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio by a substantial majority, and two years later he was re-elected by a still more emphatic vote.

Major McKinley's critics read his political obsequies for a second time at the Minneapolis convention of 1892. He was there as a delegate at large from Ohio, instructed to support Benjamin Harrison for a renomination. Under the leadership of Mr. Foraker, now a United States Senator from Ohio, his State's delegation was induced to support McKinley for President. Foraker was not recognized at that time as a friend or political ally of McKinley. The move was made, so it is claimed, to disrupt the Harrison forces and prevent

was the only man in the Ohio delegation who voted for Harrison. Of his State's forty six votes, forty five were cast for McKinley.

It is said that General Harrison himself did not fully understand Major McKinley's attitude at the Minneapolis convention. He believed, it has been stated, that if the Ohioan had been absolutely loyal, the movement to nominate him could never have obtained any headway. Major McKinley, however, never attempted or offered any explanation of his course to General Harrison, and for some time the relations of the two men were somewhat strained, to use a polite phrase. After Harrison's defeat at the polls in No-

vember, 1892, a number of prominent Republicans met in New York and discussed the future of their party. Most of them expressed the opinion that the result of the election had put an end forever to

Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, the present chairman of the Republican national committee, and a life long friend of Major McKinley. Mr. Hanna was undoubtedly influential in securing the nomination,



MISS MABEL MCKINLEY, DAUGHTER OF ABNER MCKINLEY.

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

McKinley and McKinleyism; but subsequent events have demonstrated anew that prophets, particularly political prophets, are very often mistaken. Less than four years later, the man from Canton was nominated for the Presidency against the combined opposition of half a dozen rival candidates and the united efforts of the leading "bosses" of the Republican organization. Much of the credit of his success has been given to

but there can be little doubt that the decisive factor in the situation was the overwhelming desire on the part of the rank and file of his party to have McKinley for their standard bearer. Without the public sentiment which was behind him, he could not have won at St. Louis last June against such trained political warriors as Matthew Stanley Quay, Thomas C. Platt, Joseph H. Manley, James S. Clarkson, and Henry Cabot Lodge.

Major McKinley's early education was obtained in a Methodist academy in the small village of Poland, Ohio. Poland at that time contained a population of between three and four hundred, and it has not grown since. It has never had a rail-

General Fremont at first objected to passing young McKinley; but after pounding his chest and looking squarely into his eyes he concluded that the lad was fit to be a soldier. His first service was in the Twenty Third Ohio, and he remained



MISS GRACE MCKINLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JAMES MCKINLEY.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

road. Forty years ago it contained a Presbyterian and a Methodist academy, besides a law college, which made it quite a seat of learning. When the war broke out, McKinley was seventeen, and did not even look his age. He was teaching school, and earning twenty five dollars a month. As soon as Fort Sumter was fired upon, he joined a company formed at Poland, which was inspected and mustered in by General John C. Fremont.

with this regiment throughout the war. He was promoted from sergeant to captain for gallantry on the field, and at the close of the war he was brevetted major for meritorious services.

After leaving the army, Major McKinley took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1869 was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, although it was normally a Democratic district. He did not enter Congress until 1876. It is



MRS. MCKINLEY, MOTHER OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

related that when he reached Washington as a member elect, he called on President Hayes and sought advice in the matter of shaping his career. Hayes is reported to have said :

"To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered, or every bill introduced. You must con-

fine yourself to one thing ; become a specialist. Take up some particular branch of legislation, and make that your study. Why not choose the tariff?"

President Hayes may have said this, and he may not; but at all events, McKinley decided, very early in his public service, to become a specialist, and to make the tariff his specialty. Long before he be-

came chairman of the ways and means committee, and framed the McKinley tariff law, he was recognized as an authority upon the question of import duties.

Major McKinley was married a little more than twenty five years ago. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a banker in Canton. She and her husband had been playmates, sweethearts, and lovers from early childhood. The President's devotion to his wife has often been commented on. It is most touching and beautiful. Since the birth of two children, a good many years ago, Mrs. McKinley has been almost a confirmed invalid; yet notwithstanding her poor health, she has not only cheered and brightened the major's life, but has rendered him a great deal of assistance in his public career. Their children died, but the White House will not on that account be without young faces during the McKinley régime. The President's brother, Abner McKinley, who is an able and successful lawyer, with headquarters in New York, has a daughter, Miss Mabel, a pretty and accomplished girl of eighteen. There is also a niece, Miss Grace McKinley, who is a daughter of the late James McKinley, a brother of the President, and who lives with her mother at Canton. Mrs. Abner McKinley was a Miss Endsley, and came from Pennsylvania. She is a clever, intellectual woman, and will undoubtedly render valuable assistance to the President's wife in the social functions which will take place at the White House during the next four years.

Major McKinley has a sister, Helen McKinley, who also lives at Canton.

Another sister, Mrs. A. J. Duncan, resides in Cleveland, and has four children—William, John, Sarah, and a married daughter named Mrs. Bowman, who lives at Loraine, Ohio. Another niece of Major McKinley is Mrs. George Morse, of San Francisco; but it is predicted that the two belles of the White House will be Miss Grace and Miss Mabel McKinley.

Abner McKinley strongly resembles his brother, though he is somewhat stouter. He has the President's easy, graceful manner in meeting strangers, and the same faculty for making friends. He has never had any penchant for politics, and says that in his judgment one politician in the family is quite sufficient.

William McKinley has been thus characterized by a prominent man who has known him intimately for a great many years: "Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others; ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party, true as steel to his friends; unhesitating at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overcoming opposition, yet unyielding on vital principles; with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspoiled by success, and a private life equally spotless and self-sacrificing, William McKinley, Ohio's favorite son, stands before the American people today as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and developing manhood that this republic has ever produced. More than any other President since Lincoln, perhaps, he is in touch with those whom Abraham Lincoln loved to call the plain people of this country."

Frederick C. Crawford.



MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

A "one sided conversation" in which Mr. Howells reviews the field of American and foreign fiction, confesses his preferences and prejudices, and tells of the development of his literary taste, and of the books that are or have been his favorites.

TO say something concerning novels, and particularly of my favorite among them? That is a difficult thing to do, for one's point of view changes so much from youth to middle age. One's favorite at twenty would not be one's favorite later; but I am pretty sure that throughout my life there has been an increasing preference for what seems to me *real* in fiction as against what seems to me *factitious*; and whilst I have been very fond, from time to time, of the pure romance, I have never cared for the romantic novel, since I was very young.

—I used to be extremely fond of what, perhaps, was a pretty true picture of life in its way—"Handy Andy." It was one of the first novels I read, and it was an early favorite with me; and then I read others of Lover and Lever—their names are so much alike that I confound their novels as well. But before that I had favorite novels: the Indian and pioneer romances of Emerson Bennett, and, the very first of all, a story by Lowell's friend, George F. Briggs, called "The Trippings of Tom Pepper"—I fancy still a pretty good story, though it is fifty years since I read it. It was not necessary, then, however, that a novel should be good in order to be my favorite. In fact, I am rather surprised that "Don Quixote" should have been my favorite about the same time, and that Poe's tales should have been equally my favorites.

As a boy, I liked Captain Marryatt's novels ever so much. I have not read any of them since except "Jacob Faith-

ful"; I read that about ten years ago, and was very much amused to find what hard reading it was, though as a boy I had found it so easy. All this may illustrate what I mean by a changed point of view.

Later, of course, I read Dickens, and with most passionate liking, for a long time. Within a little while past I have read a good part of "Our Mutual Friend," "Bleak House," and "David Copperfield," and liked them still, but not with the old, or young ardor. You are always aware in Dickens, how he is "making it up," but he was a great master; and I suppose that "David Copperfield" is his most representative book, though there are some of his later novels, like the "Tale of Two Cities," which are more shapely; but the English custom of novel publication was always against form, against balance. Dickens issued his novels, until he started *Household Words*, in numbers; George Eliot published hers in the same way, and I believe wrote them from month to month as they appeared, as Mr. Hardy still writes his. A novel was not completed when its publication began. In fact, from number to number the author hardly knew what was going to happen. In a letter to Foster, Dickens tells that he was once in a stationer's shop when a lady came in and asked whether a certain number of "David Copperfield" was out; it was to be the next, and he hadn't put pen to paper, or even imagined it fully. Such conditions are fatal to symmetry. But they were the economic conditions. That was the way

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels.

the author could best make his living, and the way an artist can best make his living always tells upon his art.

—If I should say that I have now no favorite novelist I might be misunderstood, because that is one of those descriptive words that do not describe. I have a great many favorite novelists. But if there is one man who seems to me better than all the rest it is Tolstoy. I mean in his work in the novel, as distinguished from his work in those little moral tales or allegories of his. Those are marred by their extreme intentionality, or what the Spaniards call "tendenciousness"; their purpose is too large for the covering of fiction. But when he has a story to tell, or a condition of things to set forth, or a character to portray—anything of that kind—I don't know anybody who has ever equaled him.

The novelist who was my favorite all through my early manhood was Thackeray, whom I don't now think the great artist I then did; indeed, I find him very much less an artist than Dickens. The plots of Dickens, to be sure, are not such as come out of his characters. The true plot comes out of the character; that is, the man does not result from the things he does, but the things he does result from the man, and so plot comes out of character; plot aforethought does not characterize. But Dickens believed it did, and all the romantic school of writers believed it did. Bulwer, Charles Reade, and even George Eliot, in some measure, thought so; but for all that—all that faking, that useless and false business of creating a plot and multiplying incidents—Dickens was the greater artist, because he could somehow make the thing transact itself. He got it to stand upon its legs and walk off. Thackeray is always holding his figures up from behind, and commenting upon them, and explaining them. In the midst of his narration he stops and writes little essays about his characters. That is the business of the critic, not the novelist. The business of the novelist is to put certain characters before you, and keep them before you, with as little of the author apparent as possible. In a play the people have no obvious interference from the author at all. Of course he creates them, but

there is no comment; there can be none. The characters do it all. The novelist who carries the play method furthest is Tourguénief, and for a long time I preferred him to any other; he was the first Russian novelist I read, and on my revision from Thackeray, Tourguénief became my greatest favorite.

When I came to read Tolstoy, I modified the extreme preference that I had for the dramatic conduct of the story. Tolstoy shows you that a great deal of drama goes on in the mind all the time, which can never be reported in the character's own words or intimated in his actions, and must be given by the author. He is a man without any artifice at all, so that whatever he permits himself to do in any direction counts for very much. He gives this tacit drama very simply, very ingenuously, and not consciously, with a wink to the reader. "Anna Karénina" was the first novel of Tolstoy's that I read, and I was struck from the very first sentence with the absolute truth of the thing. There wasn't any question in my mind, when I read the book, but that it was the greatest novel I had yet read. I do not know whether I should think so now, but that was my point of view ten years ago. Afterwards I read "War and Peace," which confirmed me in what I had felt concerning Tolstoy. Then I read a good many minor novels of his, like "The Cossacks" (one of his earlier and very best stories), and whatever else of his I could lay my hands on, with an increasing sense of his supremacy.

There are perhaps as great talents as Tolstoy, who have written fiction, but none in such rare combination with conscience. It is an unspeakable comfort to come for once upon a prime talent with no mixture of falsehood in it. He makes you feel that war is always ugly and horrible, and that love itself is hateful when it involves untruth of any kind, as guilty love always does. Tolstoy never preaches, in his novels, but you cannot escape the meaning of his facts. He puts honesty and kindness above all heroism, and while he condemns no sinner, he never for a moment allows you to wish you were this or that kind of sinner. Many novelists do this, and some novelists exalt homicide and adultery.

—One reason, perhaps, why I have no favorite among German novelists is that there do not seem to be any. Looking back into the past, I think that "Wilhelm Meister" gave me a sense of possible largeness and scope in the novel which I had not before, but its art is imperfect and at times even crude. It was once my favorite novel; I liked it as much at one time, as I liked "Japheth in Search of a Father" at another. I cannot explain the fact that a great nation like Germany has no representative novelist at present. It is very curious. There was a German critic whom I met in Florence some years ago—an exceedingly able man, and an editor of one of their chief literary journals—who talked of that very matter. He was inclined to attribute it to the over education of the Germans, which extinguished their originality and incentive in great measure, or so much so that they no longer had the creative impulse. He was inclined, also, to attribute something to the excessive militarism of the German life, which is intensely scientific.

I should not say that a novelist can be over educated, or that he can know too much. In fact, there is nothing a novelist knows that does not "fay in"; he cannot know too much. But he can be over trained. I suppose over training of the mind tells upon its powers just as over training of the muscles tells upon them. The muscularly over trained man is a weak man, and it is quite imaginable that there should be some such result mentally from the system of German training. Still it remains a strange thing that so vast an empire produces no fiction valued now in the literary world. The Germans translate everything, they criticise everything, they know everything; but they don't invent anything. There is that little country, Norway, just north of them, that Germany could take in the hollow of her hand and crush without feeling it more than a man in crushing a mosquito, but Norway is infinitely beyond her in fiction. What splendid things she has done in Ibsen, Kielland, Björnson, Lie!—I speak of the ones I know. Yet there are the Danes, of the same race as the Norwegians, and speaking and writing the same language, but they do not

produce great fiction. There is one admirable Danish story I have read lately, but it is the only one I know of. I am told there is a large group of subordinate Danish writers who do very good work, and who feel the influence of the French very deeply, but they do not count as compared with the Norwegians, although they are essentially the same people, living under very nearly the same conditions. There is something—what you may call the new spirit—which tells. Denmark is a conservative country, where people enjoy as high a degree of liberty as we do here, for all I know. But it is quiet; everything is established; there is no change, no struggle. In Norway there has been a great upheaval; they have abolished titles; they have made the structure of society far more democratic even than ours; they are always fighting their king. Their authors went back to the sources of literature—the language of the people. They studied the diction of the peasants. They rebuilt the language from the ground up; and all that is the effect of the new spirit. Norway has become almost a new country—it has been made over.

Oddly enough, though there are no German novelists to speak of, there are very good Dutch ones. Maarten Maartens, who writes in English, is perhaps the first of them; and he is my favorite novelist while I am reading him. If you come to fiction in the form of drama, I have even my German favorites—Sudermann, for instance, and Hauptmann.

—It is rather difficult to say what nation is making the deepest impression today in the world of fiction. The Russians are rather quiescent, and the time of the Norwegian school has passed a little, though Kielland is coming forward, and every now and then Björnson publishes a book, or Ibsen brings out a play which is very important. Just at this moment I suppose the most noticeable novelist is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian. I haven't read any of his books; but there is one great novelist in Italy, Giovanni Verga, whom I admire extremely. He is as good, in some of his work, as the Norwegians, and as simple. "The House by the Medlar Tree" is one of his best stories. He has written a great deal

about the life of the peasants of Sicily and Naples; and nearly all that I have read of him has gone to make him my favorite.

But no nation is doing better work in fiction today than the Spanish. Of course you will allow for my liking one kind of novel and not the other; the romantic school does not count with me, for what is not true is not artistic, and so I leave out romantic fiction. Luckily for me, the Spaniards are altogether realistic. The one who pleases me best of all is Valdés, but in some respects, Galdós is quite as great as he, if not greater. Valdés has much more humor; both picture the modern Spanish life and manners. Some of their stories are intolerably painful; some extremely amusing. They are all very *actual*. The Spanish novelists often touch upon the relation of the church to modern life. In his "Scum," Valdés shows how fashionable life in Spain, as in all countries, is a life of conformity to the church and to the outward observances of religion. Galdós shows you how the old spirit remains in a good many cases, especially with women—the intolerant spirit—the cabined, cribbed, confined spirit of the old religiosity of Spain, of the Catholic Puritanism; and he contrasts that with the modern scientific spirit in some of his young men. You would be surprised at the boldness with which he treats these matters. Then, besides these two, there is a great woman living in Spain who writes excellent novels of the same kind; I mean Emilia Pardo-Bazan. These are all three my favorite novelists. They seem to have the new spirit, but just how, in their moribund country, I should be at a loss to say.

—As to the French school, I can speak only of the realistic side of it, because I do not care for the other French novels, and do not read them. It is in a sort of abeyance. My favorite Daudet does not write any more; my favorite Flaubert is long dead; and my favorite Maupassant is lately dead. My favorite Zola lives, but he has fought his battle, and is not the force he was. The mystical dramas of Maeterlinck have a great charm for me.

Lately I got hold of a novel by a Polish novelist, Sinkiewicz, which instantly became my favorite. It is a novel of modern

Polish life, and I imagine pictures very faithfully the society of Poland at this moment. It is altogether non political. It does not inquire whether the Poles are rightfully or wrongfully under the domination of Russia, but has to do with their society life. The scene is principally in Warsaw, but often again in Italy. It is a very strong novel—a huge canvas with a multitude of figures in it, all very life-like, and all acting from real motives. It is quite Russian in its artistic and ethical spirit, and it is still a favorite novel of mine. I suppose I am rather impulsive about things I like. I value them very much or not at all, and that story I liked vastly.

—I think Thomas Hardy is the greatest novelist, by all odds, living today in England, and next to him, or with him, I should put George Moore. I found "Esther Waters" one of the truest novels I had read. If you have read it, and like it, you will understand what I mean by a *real* thing as compared with a *made up* thing. As to "Trilby," it is *sui generis*. Two thirds of the story were charming, but the last third of it was impossible—I mean as to what would probably have grown out of such a character. I do not object to the hypnotism; I like the mystical very much; what I do object to is making church and state and society bow down to *Trilby*, and making her die in the odor of sanctity! She was simple, honest, and natural, but nothing of that would have happened. Till it came to that "Trilby" was my favorite novel, as "Peter Ibbetson" was before it. I like Thomas Hardy's "Jude." It deals very daringly with life, but it seems to me it deals honestly; it ventures far, but I believe, with Tolstoy, that anything which treats faithfully of life cannot be immoral, no matter how far it ventures.

—The novels of incident, of adventure, do not interest me. But I do not believe their authors write simply for popularity, or for the moment. I believe they do the thing they like to do; but the thing they do is worthless, as far as I am concerned. I am not sure that I am quite logical in not caring for novels of adventure, for I am very fond of the circus, and like to see people flying through the air; and I would go to a fire, any day.

—As to what I once said about our not being able to throw off the yoke of England intellectually, although we had long ago done so politically, I did not mean so much our fiction as our criticism. American fiction is as free as it can very well be. We do not take the word from anybody; but English taste influences our criticism. If you had a vote of the critics in the United States today, it would declare by a large majority for the romantic novel, which is distinctly a second rate novel, judging it by the quality of the men who produce it. It would be the same in England, where the novel of that sort continues to be taken seriously, though there is no other country in Europe where it could possibly be taken seriously. But the English are so far behind that they prefer a novel of that sort. They are a very romantic people.

I should say that America was still coming, in fiction. Certainly it is not such a long time since we began to come that we should have stopped already. After the war there was a prodigious impulse in every direction, and it was felt in the arts as well as in affairs. We began to do new things, and, I think, some greater things than had been done here before, though not such perfect things. There has never been anything more perfect, and I doubt if there ever will be, in its way, than the romance of Hawthorne. The romance—which is not at all the romantic novel—has just as good right to be as the realistic novel, because it is just as true in its kind. The romance and the poem are of the same blood. I always liked Hawthorne because he seemed to me to be true, and to wish always to be so. I suppose I should be considered rather odd if I said that I preferred the "Blithedale Romance" to his other books, but I do.

Until after the war we had no real novels in this country, except "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That is one of the great novels of the world, and of all time. Even the fact that slavery was done away with does not matter; the interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" never will pass, because the book is really as well as ideally true to human nature, and nobly true. It is the only great novel of ours before the war that I can think of. The romances of

Hawthorne I do not call novels; but they are my favorite romances.

—I hardly know how much the age of a country affects fiction, but the novel does not come first in any civilization. Spain is an old country, and England is an old country, and Norway and Russia; they are all old countries, but they all have in some sort the new spirit. As I have said before, we are a condition of the English people in literature—a branch of them, just as Australia is, or as India is, so far as Kipling represents it. What we have here today, after all, is a fresh impulse of a kind in English fiction that has always existed. For instance, we haven't anything more realistic in the work of today than Defoe's novels. They are as real as anything can be; even "Robinson Crusoe" is realistically worked out. The tradition of the realistic novel has never been lost in England. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," up to the point where he has to make it "end well," is realistic. By the way, that is my favorite novel, up to the point in question.

When you come to Jane Austen, there is nothing more faithful than her work. She is one of the very greatest of English novelists, for that reason, and decidedly my favorite. She wrote very few books, but every one of them was very good. All were of the quietest, and you might say the narrowest life, the life of the small country gentry; but every fact was perfectly ascertained, every phase truthfully reflected.

—There is always a question, you know, as to what is the "great world." Of course there are certain novelists who prefer to deal with very poor, common people, and they are sometimes so great themselves that they make you feel that the great world is among such people. Tolstoy makes you think it is. The books of Thomas Hardy deal mostly with country life, and often with poor, common people, and when they do rise above that level they do not rise very high. He has very few lords and ladies in his books; but farmers and peasants, and tradesmen and artisans, and all kinds of people who are not of the finer world, abound; and yet I should think meanly of a man's mind who does not appreciate Hardy's books or who does not feel that he is a great novelist.

Barrie, in that little village of Thrums of which he wrote, makes you feel that the great world is there, while you are reading. There is really nothing larger than the human interest. The rest of the Scotch school is somewhat because Barrie was. I do not mean to say that the others imitated him, but his was the voice that called them into voice. They have all a dry humor at times that is very relishing. But what strikes me chiefly about all the Scotch is their extreme sentimentality, and I believe that is what makes them liked. We suppose the Scot to be a very hard headed person, but along with his hard headedness he is sentimental, just as the Englishman is romantic. We Americans are not a very sentimental people of ourselves. Only the cheaper sort of us talk sentiment, but every man likes to have his heart strings wrung, and to be made to cry; if he has cried over something he respects himself; he thinks he must be a man of very fine feelings when he cries, and it must be a fine thing that makes him cry. The Scotchmen deserve their success in a certain way, although they have not achieved all of it; a certain mood has lent itself to them. Barrie's short stories are mighty good; they have form; they have almost as good form as the American short story. But when you come to compare the short stories of the Scotch generally with those of the Americans, I don't think the Scotch are "in it."

—That group of our American writers is very extraordinary, and to me delightful. Their faculty—their art, their kind of writing—shows itself in every part of the country. It is not in New England alone—although they survive with great strength in New England—that you find it, but everywhere. Their forte lies in their ability to see large or little aspects of life, and to represent them on small canvases. I was talking lately with a man who has written some excellent short stories, and is always hoping to write a large story—a novel—because he thinks that he does not get himself or his subject all in; and I asked him what was his feeling about it. I said, "Is the short story a statuette?" "Yes," he said, "it is a statuette." But we make wonderfully good statuettes. Our short story gives an impression in

literature as adequate as those little things the Russians do in sculpture.

—I do not mean Bret Harte's. He belongs to the romantic period. He is a poet of rare quality, and a delightful humorist, but as a novelist he is of the time when it was felt that people must have something extraordinary happen to them or through them. The best writers recognize now that what interests us in a fellow being is some property of his mind or character. This does not appear through his dying all over the place, to save some one's life or reputation, or being taken out and hanged, or getting the drop on his neighbor. Still, Mr. Harte is a most uncommon talent, and when I think over his best work, I find him always my favorite.

—By the way, there is a kind of interest that seems, now, to be rather dropped out of the novels, except for Du Maurier's recent use of it. I mean the supernatural. Perhaps this has happened from the general decay of faith in the supernatural. Ghosts are not employed any more because people so largely disbelieve in the other life. If you do not believe men live again, where are you to get your ghosts from? Even if people still believe, they do not conjecture so much as formerly about a future life, and consequently the supernatural that used to come into fiction, comes seldom now. In the plays of Shakspeare ghosts are brought in as simply as living men. The ghost of *Hamlet's* father appears; there is nothing extraordinary about that! Why not? Then in "*Macbeth*," and in "*Julius Caesar*," how natural all the supernatural business is! It is done—not with artlessness, because Shakspeare knew what he was about every moment—but with perfect singleness and entire faith. No doubt Shakspeare himself thoroughly believed in ghosts. Most people at that time did, just as now they do not. I wish it could come again—the supernatural. I should welcome the ghosts back, though spiritualism has made them so cheap and vulgar. They ought to be some subjective sort of ghosts, though faith in the life hereafter will come again in some form or other; we are really so deeply concerned in it that we cannot give it up; and then it will be the ghosts' turn.

—I will tell you of some novels I have

been recently reading, and like very much. I like "The Damnation of Theron Ware." I think that a very well imagined book. It treats of middle New York State life at the present day, such as Mr. Frederic had treated of before, in "Seth's Brother's Wife," and in "The Lawton Girl." I was particularly interested in the book, for when you get to the end, although you have carried a hazy notion in your mind of the sort of man *Ware* was, you fully realize, for the first time, that the author has never for a moment represented him anywhere to you as a good or honest man, or as anything but a very selfish man. And there is a fresh and probable type of the Irish girl of the second or third American generation very well divined, who is the heroine of the novel, so far as there is one. I should not think the book would please either Catholics or Protestants, as such, and yet it is a book of great power, and, as I say of all realistic books, I think it is a very moral book. It makes you wish to be quite clean and honest if you can.

I am just now reading over again some stories of Mark Twain. There are no better books in their way than "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." They are about the honestest boys' books I know; and "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" is delicious. I was thinking this morning that one of the differences between the romantic and realistic was that the realistic finds a man's true character under all accidents and under all circumstances, while romanticism, even when it takes ordinary circumstances, seems to miss character; and in reading this romance of Mark Twain's—it is a pure romance—the "Connecticut Yankee," I feel under all its impossibilities that it is true to the character of that man and true to all the conditions. You know how he imagines him—a Yankee from East Hartford, who finds himself, by some witchery, in the England of King Arthur's time. He always distinctly belongs to this period, and the Arthurian people are always their own kind of Britons. The book is not consecrated by time or by consensus of the world's liking, as "Don Quixote" is, but in its imaginative quality I find the two curiously equal. The scheme of carrying a contem-

porary Yankee into the age of chivalry is just as delightful as Cervantes' conception of bringing a knight errant into his own period. In fact, it merely reverses the process.

—As to the future of this country in the field of fiction, I always say that I am no prophet, but I do not see why we should not go forward. I rather fancy that the chances are in favor of novelists who come up remote from literary centers, and who stay away from them. Partly for that reason, I think the man who has one of the best chances now, having caught the ear of the best public, is Henry B. Fuller, who wrote my favorite novels, "With the Procession," and "The Cliff Dwellers." I have heard that the Chicago people do not like his books, but the question with them ought to have been whether he did what he attempted truly, instead of whether he portrayed all of Chicago, or Chicago as they would have preferred to see it. It seems to me that he is distinctly part of the future, and also a very considerable part of the present.

According to my way of thinking there is no section of the United States that can claim to be the real literary center. We have two or three publishing centers, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and Chicago is growing to be a publishing center; but I should not call them literary centers, for if you count up the literary people that live away from those cities, you will find there are very many. There is no especial incentive to literature in any of them. Of course I do not expect anybody to agree with my speculations, and I must say I find usually that people do not agree with them in the least. One man's guessing is as good as another's when it comes to prophecy, and there is no telling but we may have a literary center tomorrow.

I do not think there is any danger of the United States falling behind in literature. There were some obvious effects of the international copyright law against us, at first, but they were temporary. There was a period of two or three years when our people preferred English authors, but the time seems to have come again now for Americans. What we want is good work, no matter where it is from. I like good work that comes from England, and

I like good work that comes from Kansas or Georgia ; I like it just as well as I like the good work that comes from New York, not more and not less, though it sometimes interests me a little more because it is fresher, if it comes from far.

—If I must return to the question of my favorites in fiction, "The Damnation of Theron Ware" is just now my favorite,

and so is "The Connecticut Yankee." So, for that matter, are Miss Furman's "Stories of a Sanctified Town." So is Stephen Crane's "Maggie," so is Abraham Cahan's "Yekl," so is Miss Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs." But I change, or else it is the books that change, and I cannot say what my favorite will be tomorrow.



THE DEATH OF CUPID.

A SOUND like the rumble of distant thunder,
Or the swelling tide of a stormy sea ;
The dull world halted to hear and wonder—
Lo, woman had risen and sworn to be free !
Free from oppression and free from evil,
From moss grown custom and man made law ;
And the stars looked down on a strange upheaval,
And the moon grew pallid with sights she saw.

The voice of woman swelled louder and bolder ;
Like a turbulent river through space it ran.
From the sweet sex bondage to which God sold her,
In the very first covenant made with man,
She rose, and shattered each time worn fetter,
And flung them behind her. "Now all shall see,"
She cried, "how the world will be purer and better,
And life will be broader because of me !"

She shone like a strange star newly risen ;
Mankind, astonished, stood still to gaze ;
But she shunned, as a freed man shuns a prison,
The home, and old time habits and ways.
She looked on romance as a fairy story,
She flung off the garments that gave her grace ;
She outstripped men on the road to glory,
And pushed them back in the market place.

She cries, from the summit of great achievement,
"Behold the truth of the things I said !"
And she seems not to know of her own bereavement,
And the whole world's loss—for Love is dead.
Battered and bruised in the market places,
He fled to the home from whence she passed ;
And there, with his lips pressed close to her laces
And cast off garments, Love breathed his last.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE INTRODUCTION.

BY VICTOR MAPES.

A clever story of an ocean steamer episode—How Thorndyke Allan met the heiress, and the unexpected turn of events that led up to a singular situation.

TEN o'clock at night on board the *Majestic*. Four bells were just sounding, and nearly all the passengers had gone below. The great expanses of shadowy deck seemed silent and deserted.

A door opened from the smoking room, and a young man, of fashionable appearance, stood a moment in the flood of light. Then he closed the door behind him, and, after pausing at the rail to scrutinize the aspects of the sea and sky, he started forward on a lonely promenade, walking with slow, exaggerated strides.

Thorndyke Allan was slender of figure and rather below the medium height, but he bore an air of conscious superiority that never forsook him on even the most trivial occasions. His manner was studiously deliberate and impressive.

His face might be called aristocratic looking. It was long and sharp and very pale, with an arched nose and thin, bloodless lips, which curled readily into an almost imperceptible sneer. His sparse hair, growing high off the forehead, was almost colorless, and brushed down flatly from a part in the middle. The eyes were of a faded, almost transparent blue, rather small than large, and possessed of a peculiar restlessness.

He belonged to an exclusive set in New York's social world. Having no special occupation to interest him, he had learned to derive his chief pleasure in life from a sort of secret satisfaction with himself. It had become a second nature with him to pose. His real character, moreover, was in many respects the very opposite of his assumed one. Beneath the surface, for instance, he was extremely nervous and shy. At the slightest emergency, his heart would flutter violently; cold perspiration moistened his hands, and a

helpless sensation overcame him. On such occasions, he was conscious of appearing stiff, and the possibility of being ridiculous frightened him. In short, like many people who have been pressed into the social mold, he was continually ashamed of his inherited feelings, and endeavored to suppress the smallest trace of them in his actions. He desired, above all things, to be considered an experienced and accomplished man of the world, the quintessence of social etiquette.

The *Majestic* had left New York on the previous afternoon, and for more than a day Thorndyke Allan had been living in a state of tremulous anticipation. The night before his departure, Delancey Drake had found him at the club, and announced the news: the Van Rensselaer Browns were booked for his ship.

Miss Van Rensselaer Brown was a well known Washington belle, strictly good form and very exclusive, with a widespread newspaper reputation for her brilliant accomplishments. Her father's fortune, variously estimated and commented upon, was a matter of public concern, entitling the family, as it did, to an unquestioned position in America's aristocracy. The success of Miss Van Rensselaer Brown's debut had naturally found its accompaniment in the usual rumble of small talk. Not the least important of the conjectures thus set afloat was her prospective engagement to a foreign nobleman of distinguished lineage, who had been a guest of her father's while on a diplomatic mission to our country.

Delancey Drake was an ardent admirer of the Washington heiress. He congratulated Thorndyke Allan on his good luck, and gave him a letter of introduction. The talk of a foreign marriage, he

said, was nothing but newspaper calumny. Miss Van Rensselaer Brown herself had confided to him her sentiments in the matter. If ever she contemplated a change of residence, she had affirmed, her inclination would carry her no farther than New York. Thereupon Delancey Drake drew his own conclusion.

"A week on an ocean steamer, my boy, is a deuced good place for persuasion, and—and, you know—well, I envy you the chance."

And so saying, he had thumped Thorndyke Allan emphatically on the back, while they ordered drinks.

The first twenty four hours of the trip had been rough and foreboding, and as far as Thorndyke Allan could discover, neither Miss Van Rensselaer Brown nor her father had appeared on deck. That afternoon, however, a change had taken place; the storm waves were gradually left behind, and, with the rising of the moon, had come a beautiful evening. The indications seemed to assure the continuance of fair weather. As Thorndyke Allan scanned the horizon, he looked forward with a mingled feeling of impatience and hesitation to his official introduction on the morrow.

Little by little, as he paced to and fro, he fell to silent musing. He thought back on the words of Delancey Drake, and added a luster to their meaning. He pictured to himself the exchange of formalities with Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, the scene of his subsequent meeting with the daughter, and the gratifying impression his appearance must produce. Then, his imagination gradually spreading its wings, he passed through a charming series of tête-à-têtes in secluded corners of the deck, in which his dignified behavior found ready response in the eyes of the Washington beauty, until gradually she assumed in his presence an attitude of unbounded admiration. And as the fanciful visions floated by, his mood grew more and more romantic, until finally his beating heart allowed him to believe that he was on the eve of an adventure—a quiet, sentimental adventure whose sequel was filled with delicious episodes.

Half an hour had passed, and Thorndyke Allan, still in the midst of his musing, was following his promenade

toward the stern, when all at once, as he traversed the shadow of a life boat, he became aware of a feminine silhouette standing out plainly in the moonlight. He slackened his pace unconsciously, to observe the slender figure as it bent down gracefully over a steamer chair. She was evidently attempting to disengage her rug, which had caught in a hinge, and held fast obstinately.

Meanwhile, Thorndyke Allan, not yet quite free from the influence of his meditations, hesitated with a movement of discreet curiosity, and awaited developments. The young woman bent over with renewed efforts; then, desisting momentarily, she stood up and glanced about her with a show of helplessness. A second later, she seemed suddenly aware of his presence. At the same instant, he awoke to a sense of the situation. Removing his cap, he stepped forward, with an air of extreme formality, and proffered his assistance.

"Can't I help you?"

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind."

He leaned over, and, pulling the chair toward him with great precision, pushed it together a little so as to open the joint. The rug came free.

"How awfully stupid I was! Thank you very much." There was a wrap on the back of the chair, and a book lay under it on the deck. He picked up the book, and, handing it to her, began to fold the rug in his consciously deliberate manner. She glanced down until he had finished. Then, as she looked up with her hands outstretched, the soft light of the moon fell upon her face. For the first time he saw her distinctly, and hardly knowing what he did, he paused.

At another time, or amid other surroundings, the effect could not possibly have been the same; but the chords of romance within him had already been set vibrating by his fanciful dreaming. The absence of onlookers, who might have diverted his attention, the simple unconvictionality of the situation, and the lonely grandeur of the night, all conspired in her favor. For an instant he forgot himself in a shock of delight, as he gazed upon her.

Her large blue eyes, the oval of her face, the timid, delicate mouth, her grace-

ful figure, and the little gloved hands, were all characterized by a tenderness and modesty that wafted through him like a perfume. Her skin was very fair, but now a bashful tinge overspread it, and added to a general air of embarrassment. The veil she wore, drawn up beneath a dark blue yachting cap, half concealed a pure low forehead of marble whiteness, and tiny ears which nestled softly on a background of abundant brown hair.

It was with effort that Allan recovered himself, and, taking refuge in an artificial attitude, addressed her again. But there came into his voice a tone of sweetness and simplicity that surprised her.

"Won't you let me carry the rug for you to the head of the stairs? You weren't going to take it below, were you?"

"It's very kind of you—I was only going to hang it over the bannisters."

She had regained her composure, and smiled as she spoke. Her teeth glistened prettily in two little rows. And together they walked forward on the deck, he with the slightest swing of importance in his steps, she quietly and naturally by his side.

"What a delightful night it is," he said at length, turning as he spoke toward the dark waves where they stretched out trembling in the moon path.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she answered, with a low tremor in her words.

It was indeed a night to be remembered, one of those rare moments when the beauty of nature seems unsurpassed as it rises up over the boundless immensity. Earlier in the evening, heavy, threatening clouds had obscured the full moon, and cast an inky aspect upon the water. Remnants of the clouds were still left; but now they floated gently in the heavens, while those about the moon had melted away into fleecy masses which only served to catch the light and heighten its varying splendor. A nimble breeze raced with the steamer's progress, rolling the surface of the sea into a long, regular swell. Meanwhile, the distant noise of the engines and the steady swash from the bow chimed in with the vaster motion, and completed the enchantment of a summer night on the deep.

Allan sought for something to say—something that might sound impressive,

in keeping with the scene. But he could find nothing, and made a remark which seemed to him hopelessly commonplace.

"What a mistake it is for people to go below so early! They miss the pleasant time."

Before he had finished speaking, they had reached the door. He held it open for her; and, as he did so, he looked again upon her face. His state of mind was such that with a little more courage, he would have dared to tempt her back into the moonlight.

She turned her head slightly, as if to aggravate his longing, and hesitated a moment, with her foot upon the sill. Then she stepped in. Following her through the door, he placed the rug he had been carrying with the pile on the bannister.

"Thank you very much."

Again he searched vainly for a reply in tune with his feelings.

"Not at all. Great pleasure, I assure you."

He stared at her and felt foolish. Then, removing his cap abruptly, he backed off toward the door.

No sooner was he on deck, however, than he perceived in the distance an excuse for new found courage. In an instant he was before her again on the landing.

"A vessel is signaling us," he said, "and we are getting ready to answer back."

In the midst of his words, a sudden confusion came over him, and he regretted his effrontery. The girl looked up at him in a frightened way, and cast a timid glance about her, while tell tale crimson flushed hurriedly over her cheeks. He made an effort to be reassuring.

"I—I thought perhaps you might enjoy seeing it. It won't last but a minute."

She moved forward without speaking, and passed on before him into the night.

"See the lights off there?" he said, pointing out over the water. "One might think she was in distress. Here come our sailors with the signals. I think we could see better if we went up forward a little. Let me take your wrap, won't you?"

She allowed him to take the wrap, and once or twice, in going forward, as they

stepped over a chain or rope, she felt his hand upon her arm. Then, with a word, he guided her to the rail, where they leaned over, side by side.

The ship they were passing was far off in the distance, almost abreast of the *Majestic* on the starboard side. Her signal lights illuminated the horizon for miles, and the surface of the water reflected the colors in long resplendent lines, which flickered and glimmered under the ruffling breeze, like polished gems. Suddenly the lights were extinguished, as simultaneously and completely as if a mighty breaker had rolled over the ship and dragged her to the deep.

For a minute their blinking eyes saw nothing but phantoms of black and white, which whirled through the air bewilderingly. Then gradually the horizon reappeared. Far away on the boundless waves a tiny speck of yellow light, a pin-head of fire, was all that remained of the passing ship.

As Thorndyke Allan turned toward his silent companion, a hurrying form stationed itself at the railing not far from where they stood. The captain was on the quarter deck in company with two of his officers, while an air of bustle and excitement prevailed among the sailors. Three of them had been distributed along the ship's side, where they stood waiting for the boatswain's whistle. Each carried a short black stick of signal powder and a lantern with which to light it. Thorndyke Allan pointed out the men, and made a display of his nautical wisdom in explaining their maneuvers.

"All ready?" demanded the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boatswain from his position on the deck below.

"Let her go, then."

A piping whistle was the answer, and, in a twinkling, the ship seemed staggered by the sudden radiance that burst forth to heaven with blinding intensity. The powder spattered and sizzled, and for a few seconds the great light covered all. Then the whistle shrieked out a second time, and the signal fires, dropping as from a single hand, splashed into the water with a smothered hiss.

"How very bright they were—I can't see anything at all," Allan said after a momentary pause.

"Yes, very bright."

They stood looking out at the water until their eyes could see, and then walked back, as they had come, to the companionway.

He opened the door in silence and held out the girl's wrap.

"I hope the sight interested you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Thank you very much."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Thorndyke Allan walked up and down the deck many, many times. He stood for a while in the bow of the ship, and gazed at the silvery moon. Then he paced to the stern, and leaned over to watch the scurrying water, as it foamed and churned in the night with its myriad flecks of phosphorescence. And it never occurred to him that the rug that he had folded was Miss Van Rensselaer Brown's.

The rays of the midday sun were beating down on the cleanly scrubbed deck with summer intensity. The sea was flat and sluggish, with a murky, vaporous haze, which hung over its surface and obscured the horizon. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a heavy odor of gas and smoke clung to the steamer while she monotonously plowed along on her way.

Thorndyke Allan had left his stateroom early, looking as immaculate and admirable as a fashion plate. His gray homespun suit was of a curious and striking pattern, anything but commonplace. It was built by a London tailor with especial pains to conceal the bony, angular effect his diminutive proportions were apt to produce. The shoulders, padded out beyond the usual English custom, the loose, easy flow of the short coat, the coarse texture of the homespun goods, and the minute peculiarities of cut, were all designed to create an illusion. The cap, of like material, was also the result of careful and painstaking attention, though it presented no feature of originality noticeable to an inexperienced eye. The costume was completed by shoes of darkly polished Russian leather, and by a black pearl of imposing dimensions resting on a model silk tie.

A murmur of admiration had reached his ears from an adjoining table as he took his place for breakfast. He was as-

surely on the best of terms with himself that morning. And while touching his roll and coffee with an air of supercilious indifference, assumed for the benefit of onlookers, he smilingly recollected his emotions of the previous evening, and congratulated himself that his conduct had been unobserved.

In the smoking room, after breakfast, he had met Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown and had formally introduced himself with the aid of his letter. Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown had declared himself delighted to make the acquaintance of a friend of Delancey Drake's, expressing, at the same time, the great pleasure he would take in presenting Mr. Allan to his daughter as soon as occasion offered. Then, after a few minutes of conventional talking, with remarks on the weather, Mr. Brown had, of a sudden, remembered some matters to be arranged with the purser, and excused himself.

An hour had since passed by, and Thorndyke Allan, conscious of the approving glances his elegance inspired, was parading, with an affected air of preoccupation, along the rows of steamer chairs. On one of his countless turns he happened to carry his steps a little farther aft than usual, when all at once there passed through him the faintest thrill of trepidation, like an echo of his feelings on the night before. He looked again to make sure.

The slender, willowy figure, which he recognized without difficulty, was standing alone at the stern, the little gloved hands on the railing, the face bent down toward the water.

Allan looked away and smiled at the thought of his weakness, now that he was in the presence of a blazing sun and the humdrum bustle of the world. Then, without apparent hesitation, he obeyed a secret impulse and continued his march toward her.

She was clad in a blue serge gown, with a little jacket to match, the essence of simplicity. Her yachting cap was the same as on the night before, but now the veil was down, and as he drew near it was possible for him to distinguish only the vague outline of her features. But there was nothing to conceal the lustrous dark hair that gleamed in the sunshine,

the graceful pose of her head, and the tip of a tiny white ear.

He approached her wholly unawares, and stood a moment at her side, while she still looked out over the expanse of rolling water.

"Good morning; isn't the weather beautiful?"

As he spoke, she turned with a timid start, and seemed half inclined to save herself without a word. His manner, however, was reassuring, and with a tremulous little smile she answered him.

"Good morning."

Allan talked to her about the weather and then about the water, about a sailor's life, about soldiers, and the European armies, of icebergs, whales, and other incidents of his many previous trips. She answered for the most part in monosyllables, smiling sweetly from time to time when he made a point, and following all he said with what was evidently a modest, girlish interest.

He was more than content with himself as he passed from subject to subject, in his deliberate, hesitating way. With flattered vanity, he smiled back in answer to her smiles, and listened deferentially to her low, short replies. And now and then, as the talk went on, he found occasion to steal soft glances deep down into her limpid blue eyes.

They had been standing there together for some time, when a dance began among the steerage passengers on the deck below. The notes of an accordion attracted a crowd of spectators, who left their steamer chairs to press about the railings that commanded a view from above.

"The steerage passengers are amusing themselves," Allan suggested. "Would you like to watch them a minute?"

Again a look of distress flitted over her countenance, and for an instant she held back dubiously, as though fearful of accepting his invitation. Then, in the absence of a plausible reason, she allowed herself to consent, and they walked forward to the crowd that was looking down on the deck below.

"I always like to see them dance," he volunteered, with a touch of disdain in his voice, after they had taken in the scene. "They seem to enjoy themselves so much."

They were leaning against the railing, his head quite close to hers, and he saw her nod, while he was speaking, to some one across the bridge. Following the direction of her eyes, he perceived a tall blonde girl, smartly dressed and of rather haughty demeanor, who stood at the railing opposite. As she was smiling back at his companion, Thorndyke touched his cap with a stolid dignity that would have done him credit on the most fashionable avenue of New York. Then, by chance, he noticed Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, who also happened to be stationed opposite; and it was not altogether with displeasure that he found himself observed in conversation with the winsome creature at his side. Mr. Brown raised his hat respectfully, as their eyes met, and was answered with another composed salute.

Thorndyke Allan was readjusting his cap to its exact position on his carefully arranged head, when he became conscious of a movement at his shoulder. His companion had slipped away quietly from the railing, and seemed to be hurrying to get beyond his sight. He was surprised and confused at this discovery, and instinctively turned to follow her. But he checked himself at the thought of appearing ridiculous, and leaning over the railing with an assumption of renewed interest, he pretended to take no notice of the desertion.

There was a lull in the dancing below, and the crowd of spectators had gradually dispersed, some to take up again the interrupted promenade, while others returned to the torpor of their steamer chairs. Thorndyke Allan remained for a while at the railing, and attempted to think himself amused by his thrilling adventure. Then, as he began his measured strides once more, he came upon Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, who seemed to be seeking him.

"Mr. Allan, my daughter is on deck, and I should be happy to present you, if I may."

"You are very kind, I assure you, Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown," responded Allan. "Nothing in the world could please me more."

Mr. Brown touched his arm and guided him forward, along the deck, and across

in front of the cabin to the other side of the ship.

"She's right here," he said, as they turned the corner.

A slender figure in a blue serge gown was standing by a steamer chair just in front of them. It was she! Allan's heart gave a mighty leap and started beating madly, while his thoughts swam round like a man who suddenly finds himself overboard, struggling with the waves. Mingled with the consciousness of being a fool, there came a flush of wild elation that carried him back to his romantic visions. What would she say? And what should he?

A girl in the steamer chair was saying something to her, as they approached, and she was attempting to answer. But she had evidently caught sight of him, and, looking quickly away, she blushed violently.

"My daughter, let me present Mr. Thorndyke Allan." His eyes were on the slender girl in blue, but her crimson face was still bent down. Then he glanced at the other in the steamer chair. It was the tall blonde who had nodded when they were watching the steerage passengers, and *she* was Miss Van Rensselaer Brown!

Allan made a worthy effort to cover the error, by twisting his bow to the steamer chair. Then, with the greatest presence of mind, he straightened himself formally and half turned, smiling, to the standing figure in blue. He was expecting to be presented to her also, and for a minute the pause was awkward. The smile hardened on his face and distorted his features. Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown and Miss Van Rensselaer Brown seemed suddenly deprived of the power to speak.

It occurred to Allan that, inasmuch as he and the girl in blue had been seen talking together on the deck, it was natural to suppose them already acquainted. So he bowed to her deferentially, wishing that he knew her name. Then, with an assumed assurance, he addressed Miss Van Rensselaer Brown.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, "to find you and Miss—to find you two acquainted;" and with a graceful sweep he glanced at them in turn. One was blushing violently, while the other's

face was filled with haughty surprise. The father moved restlessly. No one spoke.

The conviction dawned on Thorndyke Allan that something was wrong, but he succeeded in retaining his self-composure, and waited inquiringly for the mystery to be solved.

Miss Van Rensselaer Brown looked at him with a strange expression; she looked at her father, and finally at the girl in blue. The silence continued until it became embarrassing. Then an unpleasant smile came over her face.

"You've made a mistake, I think, Mr. Allan. That's my maid."



LAST YEAR.

Last year

We walked together, you and I,
Beneath a sky
As cloudless and as blue
As were your eyes—so sweet, so true!

Last year

We thought the world
A sweet abiding place
For love and happy lovers,
And their sweet exchange
Of wedded thought.

Last year

The flowers bloomed about your feet,
And one, more blest
Than all the rest,
Lived out its life upon your breast;
And running rills and rippling brooks
Repeated all our happy looks.

Today

A frowning sky, and overcast,
Reflects the sea's perturbed face;
And stormy banners, wide unfurled,
Flaunt from cloud bastions piled high.
A screaming seamew hurls and hovers
Upon its far extended range
Above the sea's unnumbered graves.
The surging wind goes sweeping past,
And raves as one by grief distraught;
And sky, and sea, and moaning waves
But speak my sore and ceaseless thought
Of how no more together we
Shall walk beneath God's fair, blue sky
For all life's sad infinity.

Julia Neely Finch.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS CAPTAIN GENERAL AND COLONEL OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

Drawn by V. Gribayedoff from a photograph.

OUR OLDEST MILITARY COMPANY.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, its history and personnel, and the remarkable expressions of international good will evoked by its fraternal relations with its London namesake.

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston has the distinction of being the oldest military organization on this continent. Its charter is dated March 17, 1638, its founder being Robert Keayne, an ex member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, which was chartered by King Henry VIII just one hundred years before. The Boston organization was first known as the "Military Company of Massachusetts." It was designed to care for the public weal and advance military art and exercise in

arms, and the application for a charter asked "that such liberties and privileges be granted them as the court should think meet for their better encouragement and furtherance in so useful an employment."

Keayne brought into his work in the new company the experience he had acquired in the regiment of King Henry, and the new organization took high rank at once. Its officers became the instructors of all the military bodies in the colony. There was a marked likeness between the English and American com-

panies. The manner of their inception was similar, the purposes for which they were formed identical, while the peculiar powers, privileges, and exemptions conferred upon them made the younger seem

rights; and now it consists of a company of cavalry, a full battery of artillery of six guns, and six companies of infantry. Charles II and his brother James, Duke of York, joined the company, the duke as



COLONEL HENRY WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

From a photograph by Speaight, London.

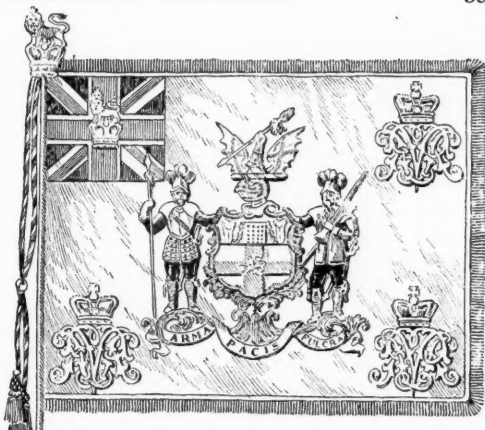
but an outgrowth of the older. The London company was chartered as "the Fraternitie or Guilde of St. George, for the better increase of the defence of this realme and mayntenance of the science and feate of shooting in long bowes, cross bowes, and hand gonnes." Three and a half centuries have somewhat altered its name, its uniform, its arms, and its chartered

its commander, in 1660, and since that time royalty in the person of a sovereign, a prince, or a royal duke, has constantly stood at its head.

For the first hundred years of its existence, the members of the Boston company regarded themselves as loyal subjects of the British sovereign, and took their cue largely from the parent organi-

zation. Even today the two companies have much in common. Each has a double organization, each has peculiar privileges, and each enrolls the names of more distinguished men than any other military body in its respective country. Each was esteemed of sufficient importance to have public lands granted for its maintenance. The Honourable Artillery Company of London still holds its grants, which form its present armory grounds, but its Boston namesake long since disposed of its original possessions. Each, as occasion demanded, has stood to arms in defense of its country and the enforcement of law, and it may be said that each has taken part in every important war that England or the United States has waged. The Honourable Artillery Company of London exists by royal warrant. The Boston organization points to the official recognition of its peculiar character and privileges by the city of its birth and by the executive and legislative departments of both the State and national governments.

In the roster of this old Boston company appear the names of the most distinguished sons of New England for the past two hundred and sixty years. Beginning with Captain Robert Keayne, its commanders have been such men as Major General Robert Sedgwick, Major General Sir John Leverett, Captain Francis Martin, Captain William Hudson, Captain Thomas Lake, General



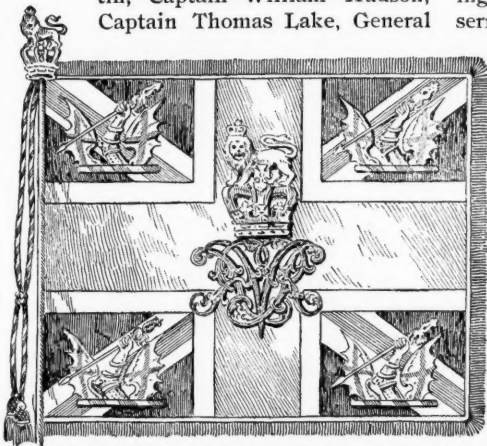
REGIMENTAL COLOR OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

John Walley, Colonel John Phillips, Colonel Adam Winthrop, Major General William Heath, Captain Samuel Barrett, Major William Bell, General William Hull, General John Brooks, Captain William Howe, Colonel Benjamin Loring, Colonel Josiah Quincy, General N. P. Banks, and its present chief officer, Colonel Henry Walker.

The Revolutionary War interrupted the interchange of personal amenities between the London and Boston companies. Indeed, for eleven years, between 1775 and 1786, the American artillerymen failed to hold their annual meeting. It was the custom of the organization to make a social event of this yearly gathering, a serious function of which was a sermon by the chaplain of the company.

During the Revolutionary period, however, the meetings were dispensed with, and the members listened only to the sermons that were being preached at Bunker Hill and Concord.

Although Boston, in some respects, was the center of the Revolutionary spirit, it nevertheless was the home of a great many supporters of King George. At the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, however, not a single member of its artillery company hesitated for a moment in his choice of sides. There was not a Tory in its ranks, and the breach with its former allies in London



QUEEN'S COLOR OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

was inevitable. The war of 1812 only accentuated the feeling of personal hostility which existed between the two countries, and it was not until close upon the time of the civil war that friendly communications were renewed between the two military organizations.

In 1857 Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, then the commanding officer of the Ancient and Honorable organization of Boston, reestablished relations with the London company. He addressed a letter to Prince Albert (the Prince Consort), the commanding officer of the London body, requesting "any facts concerning the history of either company which the prince might deem of sufficient interest for publication." This correspondence led to the interchange of many documents of mutual interest, and Prince Albert was made a special honorary member of the Boston organization. Twenty years later,



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

the Prince of Wales, who succeeded his father, was also enrolled among its honorary members.

In 1887 the Honourable Artillery Company of London celebrated its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and among its guests were representatives of its Boston offshoot. For the first time in the history of the world a military company, in full uniform, and carrying arms, was entertained in a foreign

country. The visit of the Ancient and Honorables of Boston to London formed one of the most dramatic, if not the most significant, features of Queen Victoria's jubilee of that year. Colonel Walker and the members of his command were royally welcomed. Honors were showered upon them at every point, and their journey through England, from Marlborough House to Land's End, was one grand ovation. Colonel Walker remarked at the time



CAPTAIN A. A. FOLSOM, PAST COMMANDER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.



CAPTAIN GEORGE E. LOVETT, SECOND LIEUTENANT OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

that it was not necessary to have an arbitration treaty to preserve the peace between the United States and Great Britain; there were too many common ties uniting the two countries, he said, to admit of their ever becoming involved in any controversy at arms.

The following year, when the Boston company celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the English artillerymen returned the visit of their brethren. Among the representatives of the London company were Major Alfred Durrant, Captain C. Woolmer Williams, Major William H. Baker, Captain Robert H. Nunn, Lieutenant Richard Birkett, Lieutenant William Evans, and a dozen others. They were met in New York by a committee from Boston, and for several weeks were passed from city to city in an unbroken round of entertainments. At the final banquet in Boston, which was the special occasion of the English delegation's visit, Commander Walker read the following letter:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
PALL MALL, S.W.,
May 5, 1888.

SIR: I thank you for your kind letter of the 9th of April inviting me to the approaching anniversary at Boston, and I much regret that my engagements in this country will not allow me to take advantage of it. As an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, I beg to express my good wishes through you to the members of the corps, on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their incorporation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ALBERT EDWARD,
Captain General and Colonel.

Many notable speeches were made at the dinner, among them a stirring address by Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of the Governor John Winthrop who signed the charter for the incorporation of the Ancient and Honorable Company in 1638.

Last year the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston made a second visit to London. On this occasion nearly every member of the organization crossed the sea, to find in England a welcome no less warm than that of nine years before. Colonel Walker thus voiced the

travelers' appreciation of the courtesies they received:

"To her majesty, whose gracious act in reviewing us at Windsor was all the more gracious because unexpected; to their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, for an entertainment at Marlborough House, and other courtesies, personal and official; to their royal



MAJOR LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY, ADJUTANT OF THE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY
COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribaydoff from a photograph.

highnesses the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family, for attentions paid us; to the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary of state for war, and Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, for the honor of witnessing the superb army of Britain's soldiery at Aldershot; to the Earl of Derby, lord mayor of Liverpool, the authorities, the citizens, and the volunteer soldiery of that city, for their warm welcome to us as we set foot upon their soil; to the volunteer officers' association of Manchester and district, who sent their representatives with an address of congratulation and good wishes on board the *Servia* as we left their shore; to Lieutenant Colonel the Earl of Denbigh and the officers and members of the Honorable Artillery Company, who emulated each other in personal and public attentions; to General Lord Methuen and to the officers of the Royal Artillery at Wool-

wich, for courtesies extended; to the mayor, aldermen, burgesses, and townspeople of the borough of Windsor, who in their official address of welcome echoed

people of Liverpool and London, who thronged the streets for hours, anxious to see and greet us; to all who joined in that welcome, whole souled and universal,



THE EARL OF DENBIGH, LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

From a photograph by Barraud, London.

the sentiments of the citizen soldiers who stood as a guard of honor to receive us; to the many clubs in Liverpool and London; to the theaters and other places of interest or amusement which opened wide their doors to us; to the press, which faithfully mirrored public opinion and increased it by powerful influence and commendation; to the great public, which throughout the United Kingdom gave us its good wishes, and especially to the

which touched our hearts and made us proud of our kith and kin, we tender our sincerest thanks."

There is no doubt that the interchange of visits between these historic and influential bodies of Englishmen and Americans has been productive of good results. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it opened the way for the arbitration treaty now before the United States Senate.

John Alden Torrington.



THE LONG, LONG LANE OF LOVE.

THE violet eyes of spring, beneath
 'Their veil of tender grass,
Are watching all along the heath
 To greet me as I pass;
To greet me as I go, sweetheart,
 As if my quest they knew,
For naught less fair may show, sweetheart,
 The path that leads to you.

And where the apple orchard's bloom
 Is whitening the lane,
My fancy, spelled by faint perfume,
 Builds citadels in Spain ;
Builds citadels of hope, sweetheart,
 Though years can ne'er bring true
Those dreams that haunt the slope, sweetheart,
 Of path that leads to you.

For oh, though all its windings be
 Alight with spring, and though
The world with youthful eyes I see,
 One thing I still must know,
One thing that sets amiss, sweetheart,
 All else that I may do—
There is no end to this, sweetheart,
 The path that leads to you.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

Drawn by V. Gribaydoff from a photograph.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN LONDON.

Arthur Jule Goodman, the young American who has made one of the artistic hits of the day in England—His clever portrait work, his "War Notes," and his series of contemporary types.

IF Arthur Jule Goodman were an Englishman who had made his London reputation some ten years ago, he might easily have stood for that most captivating of Kipling's characters, *Dick*, in "The Light That Failed." He has all of the energy, force, and independence of Kipling's hero, without the overbearing masculinity and the intellectual pugilism with which the English author invests so

many of his types. Goodman made his London success just as *Dick* did. He drew a series of soldier sketches called "War Notes," and published them in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Kipling's story, however, could have been little more than a prescience, for while he was writing in India, Arthur Jule Goodman was struggling for a living in America without any definite idea of ever seeing



"MADELINE."

From a water color by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "The Sketch."



THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

the other side of the world, or of winning a place among the men known there for their artistic achievement. He was born in Detroit, of Puritan parents. When he was sixteen, his father, having vaguely discovered his tendency toward art, determined to develop it by sending him to the Boston School of Technology to study architecture.

Now Goodman, even as a boy, could draw anything that had life, in or outside of a house—live animals and human beings were his hobby—but he was as restive over the straight lines and Corinthian columns of architecture as a young zebra confined in the shafts of a New York cab. The artist's pent up energies found an odd

relief from the straight pencil of the architect. He ran away and went on the stage; and it is told how a Detroit uncle came and captured him, how the boy was duly cursed, as the theatrical situation required, and then how the uncle gave him his blessing and carried him back to the West, where he was apprenticed to a lithographer in Cincinnati. Goodman liked the work, especially the making of portraits from life on stone, and did fairly well at the lithographic craft; it was not until he met Matt Morgan, his last master, that his real talents began to develop. Under Morgan he made many portraits on stone that still stand as examples of his best work. Among these were studies

from life of Adelaide Neilson, Rosina Vokes, Mary Anderson, and Victoria Woodhull Martin.

When young Goodman became of age he found himself in the front rank of

and insistence of Bouguereau, he learned the importance of drawing a long time before he was allowed to dabble in color. He made himself a master of that faultless line in figure drawing which London



ADA REHAN AS "HELENA."

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "St. Paul's."

American lithographers, and second to none save his master. Not only did Mr. Morgan direct and form Goodman's artistic bent, but, with the foresight of the frugal and practical Englishman that he was, he made this rather erratic boy save all his money, so that at the end of his term he might go to Paris to perfect his education. In the French capital, in the Julien studio, and under the direction

critics consider his chief claim for high distinction.

To tell of Mr. Goodman's hard struggle in Paris, and the harder struggle that came to him upon his return to New York, when he went boldly forth to win fortune with brush and pencil, would be but repeating the tale of many another ambitious artist. Like the man in the Bible, "he had married a wife," but like

the wives of most successful men, she was a help instead of a hindrance. She had been a clever journalist in San Francisco, and at a time when Goodman had grown tired of painting the quantity of stage scenery that the success of his first order

of all." With his wife and little girl, the artist traveled in the wake of the circus, slept beneath its tents at night, and shared its meals in the morning.

Mr. Goodman confesses to a bit of Indian blood, and this, with the vital cur-



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman.

—the drop curtain of the Broadway Theater in New York—had thrown in his way, she suggested that they should combine forces and start forth on a venture wherein he should do the illustrations and she furnish the text. Acting upon this suggestion, they went to the editor of *Harper's Weekly* and proposed a series of illustrated articles on the country circus, which was readily accepted.

"This experience," says Mr. Goodman, "was the most inspiring and invigorating

rent of his pioneer ancestors, must have made a riot of enthusiasm in his veins on such a trip as this. To see the simple, athletic life of these people, to watch their games at early morning, and note their fine physical proportions, was a real delight to the roving artist.

For a year or so Mr. Goodman worked mainly in black and white for New York magazines, and then concluded to try his fortunes in London. In slang parlance, "luck pressed the button" in his first



LADY EDEN.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

venture, and the artist's talents did the rest. The English soldier is the Britisher's dearest and most patriotic possession, and to draw the fine lines of his legs and shoulders, to set him properly on his feet, and place his head in that splendid poise that tells of his deathless courage, was the artistic prerogative which forever endeared Goodman to her majesty's subjects. But "my lady's" heart throbbed with no greater warmth over a pictured captain of the Guards than did Mary Ann's over her equally well proportioned and dauntless corporal. The artist's series of military types linked the inhabitants of England together in a stronger sympathy than could ever be forced from our American doctrines of social equality.

London editors began asking who Goodman was, and, looking him up, they gave him more orders than he could execute.

During his two years of residence in England he has probably turned out more work than any illustrator in London. Though his soldier series will stand as his strongest work in illustration, his name will probably go down in art history as that of a draftsman inimitable in the portrayal of feminine loveliness—as great, indeed, in depicting such subjects in pastel, water color, and charcoal, as was Romney on canvas or Cosway in miniature.

During the past summer Goodman made a series of pencil sketches in red and black of the famous London beauties. These

were executed for *St. Paul's*, and included twenty sketches made from sittings at the homes of their subjects. It is no wonder that the artist, after indulging in such a serious, hard working feast of loveliness, had to run off to the seaside for a

sittings in the surroundings most familiar to his subjects, rather than in his studio. He has painted Booth in his private room at the Players', Gounod in his studio, President Cleveland in his library at Gray Gables, William Winter in his den, and



THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

short spell of nervous prostration. While doing these portraits, he was also contributing the series of "Women of the Bible" which for some months formed the frontispiece to the *Idler*. It is needless to say that these biblical ladies were chosen for their beauty rather than their virtues, and Judith and Jael, Suzannah and Delilah, were admitted on the line with such heroines as Ruth, Jephtha's daughter, and Rebecca, by the common right of physical loveliness.

Mr. Goodman prefers to make his

Ellen Terry in her dressing room. At last reports he was painting, for his Academy portrait, the beautiful Countess of Westmoreland. Her costume, with its shimmering silks and laces, and its picturesquely expansive hat, suggests the toilet of those lovely ladies who sat for Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Mr. Goodman is happy when he can like the people he pictures, but declares that this makes no difference in the execution of the portrait. He will show, to a caller at his studio, the pictures of var-



"MARK TWAIN."

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman.

ious famous women he has painted, and it is amusing to see how often he picks out the least lovely as his favorite, "because," he will say enthusiastically, "she has such a good, kind heart, such delicacy and perceptiveness of feeling, and I can see it all in her sweet eyes and in the gentle look that hovers about her lips." It is Mr. Goodman's faith that great people are greater than their works, and he says that the finest compensation his art has to offer lies in the fact that it brings him to know noble people personally.

Several exhaustive articles have appeared about Mr. Goodman and his work in the English papers and magazines, but the illustrations we give in this

article are the most representative and original series yet offered to the American public. Some of them have been made from photographs taken from pictures in his studio that have never been reproduced before, and the others have never been printed in this country. Their appearance here is due to the courtesy of the various English papers and magazines in which they were first published.

Mr. Goodman lives at a little place on Hampstead Heath, appropriately called "The Wigwam." If you drop in there any afternoon for tea, you may find him busy sketching in his studio; or he may come bustling in for the cup that cheers, with a big bundle of bristol board in his



ELLEN TERRY AS "CORDELIA."

From a pencil sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Black and White."

hand. He is rather small of figure, with straight, dark brows and gray blue eyes that look at you with candid kindness. He is not conceited, he doesn't pose, and he talks as good American as he did the day he left home. He seems a sort of invigorating antidote to everything morbid

in art or nature; and after all, though America may be loath to relinquish him, she may do so with the charitable consideration that new, red blood in art is needed more in England than in a country not yet old enough to have reached artistic decadence.

Maude Andrews.



CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-X.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. Brought up in obscurity and almost in poverty, the brothers are ill fitted to assume their new station in life, but with the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where they are received in the society of the Italian capital.

In Rome Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca, who is the eldest son of Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his wife Corona. The monotony of this young patrician's existence has palled on him, however, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety when she learns of his destination. In spite of her pleadings, however, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes. Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

XI (CONTINUED).*

ORSINO made a great effort and straightened himself, and walked away a few paces.

"This is a bad business," said San Giacinto, in a preoccupied tone. "We shall have the whole mafia against us for this. Has the other man escaped?"

"Clean gone," said the sergeant. "You had better luck than we, for we never saw him. He must have fired his shots from his horse and bolted instantly. We could not have got through the brush with our horses."

Orsino went and leaned against the carriage, shading his eyes with his hands, while San Giacinto and the soldiers talked over what had happened. The sergeant set a couple of men to work on the brambles with their sabers, to cut a way

for the carriage on one side of the pitfall that covered the road.

"Put the body into the carriage," said San Giacinto. "We can walk. It is not far." He roused Orsino, who seemed to be half stunned.

"Come, my boy!" he said, drawing him away from the carriage as the soldiers were about to lay the body in it. "Of course it is not pleasant, but it cannot be helped, and you have rendered the government a service, though you have got us into an awkward position with the Corleone."

"Awkward!" Orsino's voice was hoarse and broken. "You do not know!" he added.

San Giacinto did not understand, but made him fall back behind the carriage, which jolted horribly with its dead occupant, as Tato forced his horses to drag it

*Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

round the end of the ditch. The carabineers, still distrustful of the thick trees and the underbrush, carried their rifles and led their horses, and the whole party proceeded slowly along the drive towards the ancient house. It might have been a quarter of a mile distant. Orsino walked the whole way in silence, with bent head and set lips.

They emerged upon a wide open space, overgrown with grass, wild flowers, and rank weeds, through which a narrow path led straight up to the main door. There had been a carriage road once, following a wide curve, but it had long been disused. Even the path was not much trodden, and the grass was beginning to grow in it.

The front of the house presented a broad, rough plastered surface, broken by but few windows, all of which were high above the ground. The tower was not visible from this side. From the back, the sound of water came up with a steady, low roar. The door was, in fact, a great oak gate, studded with big rusty nails, paintless, gray, and weather beaten. Regardless of old Basili's advice, San Giacinto walked straight up to it, followed by the notary's man with the bunch of keys.

The loneliness of it all was beyond description, and was, if possible, enhanced by the roar of the water. The air was damp, too, from the torrent bed, and near one end of the house there were great patches of moss. At the other side, towards the sun, the remains of what had been a vegetable garden were visible, rank broccoli and cabbages thrusting up their bunches of pale green leaves, broken trellises of cane, half fallen in, and overgrown with tomato vines and wild creeping plants. A breath of air brought a smell of rotting vegetables and damp earth to San Giacinto's nostrils, as he tried one key after another in the lock.

They got in at last, and entered under a gloomy archway, beyond which there was a broad courtyard, where the grass grew between the flagstones. In the middle was an ancient well; on the right a magnificently carved doorway led into the old chapel of the monastery. On the left, opposite the chapel, a long row of windows, with closed shutters in fairly good condition, showed the position of the habitable rooms.

"Is that a church?" asked San Giacinto of Basili's man. "Take the dead man in and leave him there," he added, as the man nodded and began to look for the key on the bunch.

They took Ferdinando Pagliuca's body from the carriage, which stood in the middle of the courtyard, and carried it in and laid it down on the uppermost step of one of the side altars, of which there were three. Orsino followed them.

It was a very dilapidated place. There had once been a few frescoes, which were falling from the walls with age and dampness. High up, through the open windows from which the glass had long since disappeared, the swallows shot in and out, bringing a dark gleam of sunshine on their sharp, black wings. Although the outer air had free access, there was a heavy death-like smell of mold in the place. The altars were dismantled and the gray dust lay thick upon them, with fragments of plaster here and there. Only on the high altar a half broken wooden candlestick, once silvered, stood bending over, and a little glazed frame still contained a moldering printed copy of the canon of the mass. In the middle of the floor a round slab of marble, with two greenish bolts of brass, bore the inscription, "Ossa R. R. P. P." covering the pit wherein lay the bones of the departed monks who had once dwelt in the monastery.

The troopers laid Ferdinando's body upon the stone steps in silence, and then went away, for there was much to be done. Orsino stayed behind alone, for his cousin had not even entered the church. He knelt down for a few moments on the lowest step. It seemed a sort of act of reverence to the man whom he had killed. Mechanically he said a prayer for the dead.

But his thoughts were of the living. The man who lay there was Vittoria d'Oriani's brother, the brother of his future wife, of the being he held most dear in the world. Between him and her there was her own blood, shed by his hand. The shot had done more than kill Ferdinando Pagliuca; it had mortally wounded his own life.

He asked himself whether Vittoria, or any woman, could marry the man who had killed her brother. In time she

might forgive, indeed, but she could not forget. No one could. And there were her other brothers, and her mother, and they were Sicilians, revengeful and long pursuing in their revenge. Never, under any imaginable circumstances, would they give their consent to his marriage with Vittoria, even supposing that she herself, in the course of years, could blot out the memory of the dead. He might as well make up his mind that she was lost to him.

But that was hard to do, for the roots of growing love had struck deep and burrowed themselves in under his heart almost unawares, from week to week since he had known her, and to tear them up was to tear out the heart itself.

He went to the other side of the dim chapel and rested his dark forehead against the moldering walls. It was as if he were going mad then and there. He drew himself up and said, almost aloud, that he was a man and must act like a man. No one had ever accused him of being unmanly, and he could not tamely bear the accusation from himself.

All the old hackneyed phrases of cynical people he had known came back to him. "Only one woman, and the world was full of them"—and much to that same effort. And all the time he knew that such words could never fit his lips, and that though the world was full of women, there was only one for him, and between her and him lay the barrier of her own brother's blood.

He turned as he stood, and saw the straight, dark figure, with its folded hands, lying on the steps of the altar opposite—the outward fact, as his love for Vittoria was the inward truth.

The horror of it all came over him again like a surging wave, roaring in his ears and deafening him. It could have been but one degree worse if Vittoria's brother had been his friend, instead of his enemy, and if he had killed him in anger.

He remembered that he had expected to send his mother a long and reassuring telegram on this day, and that he had told Vittoria that she should go to the Palazzo Saracinesca and hear news of him. There was a telegraph station at Santa Vittoria, three quarters of a mile from Camaldoli, but he was confronted by the

difficulty of sending any clear message which should not contain an allusion to Ferdinando Pagliuca's death, since the carabinieri would be obliged to report the fact at once, and it would be in the Roman papers on the following morning.

There was a new and terrible thought. There would be the short telegraphic account of how Don Orsino Saracinesca had been attacked by brigands in a narrow road and had shot one of the number, who turned out to be Ferdinando Corleone. Her mother, who always read the papers, would read that, too. Then her brothers—then Vittoria. And his own mother would see it—his head seemed bursting. And there lay the fact, the source of these inevitable things, cold and calm, with the death smile already stealing over its white face.

San Giacinto stalked in, looking about him, and the sound of his tread roused Orsino.

"Come," he said, rather sternly. "There is much to be done. I could not find you. The man is dead; you did right in killing him, and we must think of our own safety."

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino, in a dull voice. "We are safe enough, it seems to me."

"The sergeant does not seem to think so," answered San Giacinto. "Before night it will be known that Ferdinando Pagliuca is dead, and we may have half the population of Santa Vittoria about our ears. Fortunately this place will stand a siege. Two of the troopers have gone to the village to try and get a reinforcement, and to bring the doctor to report the death, so that we can bury the man. Come—come with me! We will shut the church up till the doctor comes, and think no more about it."

He saw that Orsino was strangely moved by what had happened, and he drew him out into the air. The carriage was being unloaded by Tato and the notary's man, and the horses had all disappeared. The sergeant and the two remaining troopers were busy clearing out a big room which opened upon the court, with the intention of turning it into a guard room. Orsino looked at them indifferently. A renewed danger would have roused him, but nothing else could. San

Giacinto led him away to show him the buildings.

"Your nerves have been shaken," said the older man. "But you will soon get over that. I remember once upon a time being a good deal upset myself, when a man whom I had caught in mischief suddenly killed himself almost in my hands."

"I shall get over it, as you say," answered Orsino. "Give me one of those strong cigars of yours, will you?"

He would have given a good deal to have been able to confide in San Giacinto and tell him the real trouble. Had he been sure that any immediate good could come of it, he would have spoken; but it seemed to him, on the contrary, that to speak of Vittoria might make matters worse. They wandered over the dark old place for half an hour. At the back, over the torrent, there was one long wall with a rampart, terminating in the evil looking Druse's tower. The trees grew thick over the stream, and there was only one opening in the wall, closed by double low doors with heavy bolts. The whole building was, in reality, a tolerably strong fortress, built round the four sides of a single great court yard, to which there was but one entrance, besides the little postern over the river.

"I should like to send a telegram to Rome," said Orsino suddenly. "It is not too late for them to get it tonight."

"You can send it to Santa Vittoria by the doctor, when he goes back."

Orsino went down into the court and got a writing case out of his bag. It seemed convenient to write on the seat of the carriage, but just as he was going to place his writing things there, he saw that there were dark red spots on the cushions. He shuddered and turned away in disgust, and wrote his message leaning on the stone brink of the well.

He telegraphed that San Giacinto and he had arrived and were well, that they had met with an attack, and that he himself had killed a man. But he did not write Ferdinando's name. That seemed useless.

The doctor arrived, and the carabinieri brought a couple of men of the foot brigade to strengthen the little garrison. As they entered, San Giacinto saw that four rough looking peasants were standing

outside the gate, conversing and looking up to the windows; grim, clean shaven, black browed men of the poorer class, for they had no guns and wore battered hats and threadbare blue cloaks. San Giacinto handed the doctor over to the sergeant and went outside at once. The men stared in silence at the gigantic figure that faced them. In his rough dark clothes and big soft hat, San Giacinto looked more vast than ever, and his bold and somber features and stern black eyes completed the impression he made on the hill men. He looked as though he might have been the chief of all the outlaws in Sicily.

"Listen!" he said, stepping up to them. "This place is mine now, for I have bought it and paid for it, and I mean to keep it. Your friend Ferdinando Pagliuca is dead. After consenting to the sale, he dug a pitfall in the carriage road to stop us, and he and a friend of his attacked us. We shot him, and you can go and look at his body in the chapel, in there, if you have curiosity about him. There are eleven men of us here, seven being carabinieri, and we have plenty of ammunition, so that it will not be well for any one that troubles us. Tell your friends so. This is going to be a barrack, and there will be a company of infantry here before long, and there will a railway before two years. Tell your friends that also. I suppose you are men from the Camaldoli farms."

Two of the peasants nodded, but said nothing.

"If you want work, begin and clear away those bushes. You will know where there are tools. Here is money, if you will begin at once. If you do not want money, say what you do want. But if you want nothing, go, or I shall shoot you."

He suddenly had a big army revolver in one hand, and he pulled out a loose bank note with the other.

"But I prefer that we should be good friends," he concluded, "for I have much work for everybody, and plenty of money to pay for it."

The men were not cowards, but they were taken unawares by San Giacinto's singular speech. They looked at each other, and at the bushes. One of them

threw his head back a little, thrusting out his chin, which signifies a negation. The shortest of the four, a broad shouldered, tough looking fellow, stepped before the rest.

"We will work for you, but we will not cut down the bushes. We will do any other work than that. You will not find anybody here who will cut down the bushes."

"Why not?" asked San Giacinto.

"Eh—it is so," said the man, with a peculiar expression.

The other three shrugged their shoulders and nodded silently, but kept their eyes on San Giacinto's revolver.

"We are good people," continued the man. "We wish to be friends with every one, and since you have bought the estate, and own the land on which we live, we shall pay our rent, when we have anything wherewith to pay, and when we have not, God will provide. But as for the bushes, we cannot cut them down. We wish to be friends with every one. But as for that, signore, if you have no axes nor hedging knives, we have them. We will bring them, and then we will go away and do any other work for you. Thus we shall not cut down the bushes, but perhaps the bushes will be cut down."

San Giacinto laughed a little, and the big revolver went back into his pocket.

"I see that we shall be friends, then," he said. "When you have brought the hatchets, then you can come inside and help to clean the house. Then I will give you this money for your work this evening and tomorrow."

The men spoke rapidly together in dialect, so that San Giacinto could not understand them. Then the spokesman addressed him again.

"Signore," he said, "we will bring the hatchets to the door, but it is late to clean the house this evening. We do not want the money tonight. We will return in the morning and work for you."

"There are three hours of daylight yet," observed San Giacinto. "You could do something in that time, I should think."

"An hour and a half," replied the man. "It is late," he added. "It is very late."

The other three nodded. San Giacinto understood perfectly that there was some other reason, but did not insist. He

fancied that they were suspicious of his own intentions with regard to them, and he let them go without further words.

As he turned back, the village doctor appeared under the arch, leading his mule. He was a pale young fellow from Messina, who had been three or four years at Santa Vittoria. San Giacinto offered him an escort back to the village, but he refused.

"If I could not go about alone, my usefulness would be over," he said. "It is quite safe now. They will probably kill me the next time there is a cholera season."

"Why?"

"They are convinced that the government sends them the cholera through the doctors, to thin the population," answered the young man, with a dreary smile.

"What a country! It is worse than Naples."

"In some ways, far worse. In others, much better."

"In what way is it better?" asked San Giacinto, with some curiosity.

"They are terrible enemies," said the doctor, "but they can be very devoted friends, too."

"We have had a taste of their enmity first. I hope we may see something of their friendship before long."

"I doubt it, signor marchese. You will have the people against you from first to last, and your position is dangerous. Ferdinando Corleone was popular, and he had the outlaws on his side. I have no doubt that many of the band have been hidden here. It is a lonely and desolate house, full of queer hiding places. By the bye, you are going to bury that poor man here? Shall I send people down from Santa Vittoria with a coffin, to carry him up to the cemetery?"

"You know the country. What would you advise me to do? We must give him Christian burial, I suppose."

"I should be inclined to lift up the slab in the church and quietly drop him down among the monks," said the doctor. "That would be Christian burial enough for him. But you had better consult the sergeant about it. If he is taken up to Santa Vittoria, there will be a great public funeral, and all the population will follow, as though he were a martyr. If

you bury him without a priest, they will say that you not only murdered him treacherously, but got rid of his body by stealth. Consult the sergeant, signor marchese. That is best."

The doctor mounted his mule and rode away. San Giacinto closed and barred the great gate himself before he went back into the court. He found Orsino in the midst of a discussion with the sergeant, regarding the same question of the disposal of the body.

"I know his family," Orsino was saying. "Some of them are friends of mine. He must be decently buried by a priest. I insist upon it."

The sergeant repeated what the doctor had said, namely, that a public funeral would produce something like a popular demonstration.

"I should not care if it produced a revolution," answered Orsino. "I killed the man like a dog, not knowing who he was, but I will not have him buried like one. If you are afraid of the village, let them send their priest down here, dig a grave under the floor of the church, and bury him there. But he shall not be dropped into a hole like a dead rat without a blessing. Besides, it is not legal—there are all sorts of severe regulations—"

"There is one against burying any one within a church," observed the sergeant. "But the worst that could happen would be that you would have to pay a fine. It shall be as you please, signore. In the morning we will get a priest and a coffin, and bury him under the church. I have the doctor's certificate in my pocket."

Orsino was satisfied, and went away to be alone again, not caring where. But San Giacinto and the carabinieri proceeded to turn the great court into something like a camp. There were all sorts of offices, kitchens, bake houses, oil presses, and store rooms, which opened directly upon the paved space. The men collected old wood and kindling stuff to make a fire, and prepared to cook some of the provisions which San Giacinto had brought for the night, while he and the sergeant determined on the best positions for sentries.

Orsino wandered about the great rooms up stairs. They were half dismantled and

much dilapidated, but not altogether unfurnished. Ferdinando had retired some days previously to the village and had taken what he needed for his own use, but had left the rest. There was a tolerably furnished room immediately above the great gate. Orsino opened the window wide, and leaned out, breathing the outer air with a certain sense of relief from oppression. Watching the swallows that darted down from under the eaves to the weed grown lawn, and up again with meteor speed, and catching in his face the last reflections of the sun, which was sinking fast between two distant hills, he could almost believe that it had all been a bad dream. He could at least try to believe it for a little while.

But the sun went down quickly, though it still blazed full on the enormous snowy dome of Etna, opposite the window; and the chill of evening came on while it was yet day, and with it came back the memory of the coldly smiling, handsome face of dead Ferdinando Pagliuca, and the terrible suggestion of a likeness to Vittoria, which had struck at Orsino's heart when he had found him in the bushes, shot through the head. It all came back with a sudden, drowning rush that was overwhelming. He turned from the window, and, to occupy himself, he went and got his belongings and tried to make the room habitable. He knew that it was in a good position for the night, since it was not likely that he would sleep much, and he could watch the gate from the window, for his share of the defense.

XII.

As was perhaps to be expected, considering the precautions taken, the friends of Ferdinando Pagliuca gave no sign during the night. The carabinieri, when they are actually present anywhere, impose respect, though their existence is forgotten as soon as they move on.

Orsino lay down upon a dusty mattress in the room he had chosen. He had been down to the court again, where San Giacinto ate his supper from the soldiers' improvised kitchen, by the light of a fire of brush and scraps of broken wood, which one of the men replenished from time to time. But Orsino was not hungry, and

presently he had gone up stairs again. About the middle of the night, San Giacinto, carrying a lantern, opened his door, and found him reading by the light of a solitary candle.

"Has all been quiet on this side?" asked the big man.

"All quiet," answered Orsino.

San Giacinto nodded, shut the door, and went off, knowing that the young man would rather be alone. An hour later, Orsino's book dropped from his hand, and he dozed a little, in a broken way. Outside, the waning moon had risen high above the shoulders of Etna, not a breath was stirring, and only the distant roar of the water came steadily up from the other side of the old monastery. Orsino dreamed strange, shapeless dreams of vast desolateness and empty darkness, in which he had no perception by sight, and heard only the unbroken rush of water far away. Then, in the extreme blackness of nothing, a dead face appeared, with wide and sightless eyes that stared at him, and he woke and turned upon his side with a shudder, to doze again, and dream again, and wake again. It was a horrible night.

Towards morning the dream changed. In the darkness, together with the sub bass of the torrent, a voice came to him, in a low, long drawn lamentation. It was Vittoria's voice, and yet unlike hers. He could hear the words:

"*Me l'hanno ammazzato! Me l'hanno ammazzato!*" ("They have killed him for me!")

It was Vittoria d'Oriani wailing over her brother's body. Orsino heard the words and the voice distinctly. She was outside his door. She had dragged the corpse up from the church in the dark, all the long, winding way, to bring it to him, and reproach him and to weep over it. He refused to allow himself to awake, as one sometimes can in a dream, for he knew, somehow, that he was not altogether dreaming. There was an element of reality in the two sounds of the river and the voice, interfering with each other, and the voice came irregularly, always repeating the same words, but the river roared on without a break. Then there was a sound of moaning without words, and then the words began again, always the same.

Orsino started and sat up, wide awake. He was sure that he was awake now, for he could see that the light outside the window was gray. The dawn was beginning to drink the moonlight out of the air. He heard the voice distinctly.

"*Me l'hanno ammazzato!*" it moaned, but much less loudly than he heard it in his dream.

Orsino sprang from the bed, and opened the door, which was opposite the window. The long corridor was dark and quiet, and he turned back and opened the casement, and looked out.

The words were half spoken again, but suddenly ceased as he threw the window open. In the dim gray dawn he saw a muffled figure crouching on the stones by the gate, slowly swaying forwards and backwards. The wail began again, very soft and low, and as though the woman half feared to be heard and yet could not control herself.

Orsino watched her intently for a few moments, and then understood. It was some woman who had loved Ferdinando Pagliuca, and who came in the simple old way to mourn at the door of the house wherein he lay dead. Her head was covered with a black shawl, and her skirts were black, too, but her hands were clasped about her knees, and visible, and looked white in the dawn.

The young man drew back softly from the window, and sat down upon the edge of the bed. He, of all men, had no right to silence the woman. She did no harm, wailing for the dead man out there in the cold dawn. She was not the only one who was to mourn him on that day. In a few hours his sister would know, his mother, his brothers, and all the world besides, though the rest of the world mattered little enough to Orsino. But this woman's grief was a sort of foretaste of Vittoria's. She was but a peasant woman, perhaps, or at most a girl of the small farmers' class, but she had loved him, and would hate forever the man who had killed him. How much more would the slayer be hated by the dead man's own flesh and blood!

The light grew less gray by quick degrees, and there were heavy footsteps in the corridor. Then came a knock at the door, and a trooper appeared in his forage cap.

"We have made the coffee, signore," he said, on the threshold.

He held out a bright tin pannikin from which the steam rose in fragrant clouds. The physical impression of the aromatic smell was the first pleasant sensation which Orsino had experienced since he had pulled the trigger of his rifle on the previous afternoon. If we could but look at things as they are, we should see that there is neither love nor hate, neither joy nor grief, nor hope nor fear, that will not at least efface itself for a moment before hunger and thirst; so effectually can this dying body mask and screen the undying essence.

Orsino drank the hot coffee with keen physical delight, though the woman's wailing came up to his ears through the open window, and though he had known a moment earlier that the stealing dawn was the beginning of a day which might end in a broken heart.

But the trooper heard the voice, and went to the window and looked out, while Orsino drank.

"Ho, there!" he cried roughly. "Will you go on or not?" He turned to Orsino. "She has been there since two-o'clock," he explained. "We heard her through the closed gate."

"Let her alone," said Orsino authoritatively. "She is only a woman, and can do no harm; and she has a right to her mourning, God knows."

"There will be a hundred before the sun has been up an hour, signore," answered the soldier. "The people will collect about her, for they will come out of curiosity, from many miles away. It will be better to get rid of them as fast as they come."

"You might let that poor woman in," suggested Orsino. "After all, I have killed her lover—she has a right to see his body."

"As you wish, signore," answered the trooper, taking the empty pannikin.

Orsino got up and looked out again, as the man went away. The girl had risen to her feet, and stood looking up to the window. Her shawl had fallen back upon her shoulders, and disclosed a young and disheveled but beautiful head, of the Greek type, though the eyes were somewhat long and almond shaped. There

was no color in the olive pale cheeks, and little in the parted lips; and the hand that gathered the shawl to the bosom was singularly white. The regular features were set in a tragic mask of grief, such as one very rarely sees in the modern world.

When she saw Orsino, she suddenly raised both hands to him, like a suppliant of old.

"They have killed him!" she cried. "They have killed my bridegroom! Let me see him! Let me kiss him! Are they Christians, and will not let me see him?"

"You shall see him," answered Orsino. "I will let you in myself."

"God will render it to you, signore. And God will render also to his murderer a bad death."

She sat down upon the stones, thinking, perhaps, that it would be long before the gate was opened; and she began her low moan again.

"They have killed him! They have murdered him!"

But Orsino had already left the window and the room. He had understood clearly from her words and face that she was no light creature, for whom Ferdinando had conceived a passing fancy. He had meant to marry her, perhaps within a few days. There was in her face the high stamp of innocence, and her voice rang fearless and true. Ferdinando had never been like his brothers. He had meant to marry this girl, doubtless a small farmer's daughter, from her dress; and he would have lived happily with her, sinking, perhaps, to a lower social level, but morally rising far higher than his scheming brothers. Orsino had guessed from his dead face, and from what he had heard, that Ferdinando had been the best of the family; and in a semi barbarous country like the interior of Sicily, the young Roman did not blame him overmuch for having tried to resist the new owners of his father's house when they came to take possession.

San Giacinto and the sergeant objected on principle to admitting the girl, but Orsino insisted, and at last opened the gate himself. She had covered her head and face again, and followed him swiftly and noiselessly across the court to the door of the church. As though by instinct she

turned directly to her lover's body, where it lay before the side altar, and with a low wail like a wounded animal, she fell beside it, with clasped hands. Orsino left her there alone, closing the door softly, and came out into the court, where it was almost broad daylight. The men had drunk their coffee, and were grooming their black chargers, tethered to rusty rings in the wall. The old stables were between the court and the rampart. The two infantry carabinieri were despatched to Santa Vittoria to get a coffin for the dead man and a priest to come and bury him.

From the church came every now and then the piteous echo of the girl's lamentations. Then there was a knocking at the gate, and some one called from without. One of the troopers looked out through the narrow slit in the stone, made just wide enough to let the barrel of a gun pass. Half a dozen peasants were outside, and the soldiers could see two more coming down the drive towards the house. He asked what they wanted.

"We wish to speak with the master," said one, and two or three repeated the words.

They were the men who had brought the tools on the previous evening, with a number of others, the small tenants of the little estate. San Giacinto went and spoke with them, assuring them that he would be a better landlord than they had ever had, if they would treat him well, but that if he met with any treachery, he would send every man of them to the galleys for life. It was his way of making acquaintance, and they seemed to understand it.

While he was speaking a number of men and women appeared in the drive, headed by the two soldiers who had gone to the village. Close behind them, swaying with the walk of the woman who carried the load upon her head, a white deal coffin caught the morning light. Then more people, and always more, came in sight, up the drive. Amongst them walked a young priest in his short white "cotta" over his shabby cassock, and beside him came a big boy bearing a silver basin with holy water, and the little broom for sprinkling it. The two trudged along in a businesslike way, and all the people

were talking loudly. It seemed to San Giacinto that half the population of the village must have turned out. He stepped back and called to the troopers to keep the gate, and prevent the crowd from entering. Then he waited outside. The people became silent as they came near, and he looked at them, scrutinizing their faces. Some of the men had their guns slung over their shoulders, but many were only laborers, and had none.

Many scowling glances were turned on San Giacinto as the crowd came up to the gate, and he began to anticipate trouble of some sort. The troopers had their rifles in their hands, as they formed up behind him. The tenants of Camaldoli mixed with the crowd, evidently not wishing to identify themselves with their new landlord.

"What do you want?" asked San Giacinto, in a harsh, commanding voice.

The priest came close to him, and bowed and smiled, as though the occasion of meeting were a pleasant one. Then he stood aside a little, and a strapping woman who carried the coffin on her head marched in under the gate between the soldiers, who made way for her. And behind her came her husband, a crooked little carpenter, carrying a leathern bag from which protruded the worn and blackened handle of a big hammer. The third comer was stopped by the sergeant. He was a ghastly pale old man, with a three days' beard on his pointed chin, and he was dressed in dingy black.

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant sharply.

"I am one without whom people are not buried," answered the old man, in a cracked voice. "You have a carpenter and a priest, but there is a third—I am he, the servant of the dead, who give no orders."

The sergeant understood that the man was the parish undertaker, and let him pass also. Meanwhile San Giacinto repeated his question.

"What do you all want?" he asked in a thundering tone, for he was annoyed.

"If it please you, signor marchese," said the priest, "these, my parishioners, desire the body of Don Ferdinando Corleone, in order to bury it in holy ground, for he was beloved of many. Pray do not

be angry, excellency, for they come in peace, having heard that Don Ferdinando had been killed by accident. Grant their request, which is a proper one, and they will depart quickly. I answer for them."

As he spoke the last words in a tone which all could hear, he turned to the crowd, as though for their assent.

"He answers for us," said many of them, in a breath. "Good, Don Niccola! You answer for us. We are Christians. We only wish to bury Don Ferdinando properly."

"I have not the slightest objection," said San Giacinto. "On the contrary, I respect your wish, and I only regret that I have not the means of doing more honor to your friend. You must attend to that. Be kind enough to wait here while the priest blesses the body."

The priest and the boy with the holy water passed in, and the gate closed upon the crowd. While they had been talking, the carpenter and his wife had entered the court. Basili's man led them to the door of the church and opened it. The woman marched in with her swinging stride, and one hand on her hips, while the other steadied the coffin.

"Where is he?" she asked in a loud, good natured voice, for the church seemed very dark after the morning light outside.

She was answered by a low cry from the steps of the side altar, where the unhappy girl lay half across her lover's body, looking round towards the door, in a new horror.

The woman uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then slowly swung her burden round so that she could see her husband.

"Help me, Ciccio," she said, in a matter of fact way. "They are always inconvenient things."

The man held up his hands and took the foot, while his wife raised her hands also and shifted the weight towards him little by little, until she got hold of the head. The loose lid rattled as they set the thing down on the floor. Then the woman took from her head the rolled towel on which she had carried the weight, undid it, wiped her brow with it, and looked at the girl in some perplexity.

"It is the apothecary's Concetta," she

said, suddenly recognizing the white features in the gloom. "Oh, poor child!" Poor child!" she cried, going forward quickly, while her husband took the lid from the coffin and began to fumble in his leathern bag for his nails.

As the woman approached the step, Concetta threw her arms wildly over her head, stiffened her limbs straight out, and rolled over and over upon the damp pavement, in one of those strange fainting fits which sometimes seize women in moments of intense grief. The carpenter's wife tried to lift her, and to bend her arms, so as to get hold of her; but the girl was as rigid as though she were in a cataleptic trance.

"Poor child! Poor Concetta!" exclaimed the carpenter's wife softly.

Then, bending her broad back, she raised the girl up by main strength, getting first one arm and then the other, till she got her weight up and could carry her. Her crooked little husband paid no attention to her. Women were women's business at such times. The big woman got the girl out into the morning sunshine in the court, meeting the eccentric undertaker and the priest, who were talking together outside. San Giacinto came forward instantly, followed by Orsino, who had been wandering about the rampart over the river when the crowd had come. San Giacinto took the unconscious girl's body from the woman with ease.

"Come," he said, carrying her before him on his arms. "Get some water."

He entered the room where the men had slept on some straw and laid Concetta down, her arms still stiffened above her head. One of the troopers brought water in a pannikin. San Giacinto dashed the cold drops upon the white face, and the features quivered nervously.

"Take care of her," he said to the woman. "Who is she?"

"She is Concetta, the daughter of Don Atanasio, the apothecary. She was to marry Don Ferdinando next week. But now that they have killed him, she will marry some one else."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed San Giacinto compassionately, and he turned and went out.

Orsino was standing by the door, look-

ing in, and he had heard what the woman had said. It confirmed what he had guessed from the girl's own words. He wondered how it was possible that the action of one second could really cause such terrible trouble in the world.

From the open door of the church came the sound of the regular blows of a hammer. The work had been quickly done, and the carpenter was nailing down the lid of the coffin. The priest, who had stayed in the early sunshine for warmth, hung a shabby little stole round his neck, and took the holy water basin and the little broom from the boy, and entered the church to bless the body before it was taken away.

As it was not advisable to let in the crowd, the six soldiers lifted the coffin and bore it out of the gate. Then the peasants laid it on a bier which had been brought after them and covered it with a rusty black pall. The priest walked before it, and began to recite the psalms for the dead. The women covered their heads, and some of the men uncovered theirs, and a few joined in the priest's monotonous recitations. A quarter of an hour later, San Giacinto, watching from the gate, saw the last of the people disappear up the drive. But the carpenter's wife had stayed with Concetta.

"Decidedly it is a bad business," said the old giant to himself, as he turned and went inside.

XIII.

THE taking possession of Camaldoli had turned out much more difficult and dangerous than even San Giacinto had anticipated, for the catastrophe of Ferdinando Pagliuca's death had at once aroused the anger and revengeful resentment of the whole neighborhood. He made up his mind that it would be necessary for himself or Orsino to return to Rome at once, both in order to see the minister of the interior, with a view to obtaining special protection from the government, and to see the Pagliuca family, in the hope of pacifying them.

The latter mission would not be an easy nor an agreeable one, and San Giacinto would gladly have undertaken it himself. On the other hand, he did not trust

Orsino's wisdom in managing matters in Sicily. The young man was courageous and determined, but he had not the knowledge of the southern character which was indispensable. Moreover, he was not the real owner of the lands, and would not feel that he had the authority to act independently in all cases. It was, therefore, decided that Orsino should go back to Rome at once, while San Giacinto remained at Camaldoli to get matters into a better shape.

It was a dreary journey for Orsino. He telegraphed that he was coming, found that there no steamer from Messina, crossed to Reggio, and traveled all night and all the next day by the railway, reaching Rome at night, jaded and worn.

He found, as he had expected, that all Rome was talking of his adventure with the brigands, and of the death of Ferdinando Pagliuca, and of the probable consequences. But he learned to his surprise how Tebaldo had been heard to say at the club on the previous afternoon that Ferdinando was no relation of his, and that it was a mere coincidence of names.

"Nevertheless," said Sant' Ilario, "we all believe that you have killed his brother. Tebaldo Pagliuca has no mind to have it said that his brother was a brigand and died like a dog. He says he is not in Sicily, but left some time ago. As no one in Rome ever saw him, most people will accept the statement for the girl's sake, if not for the rest of the family."

Orsino looked down thoughtfully while his father was speaking. He understood at once that the story being passably discreditable to the d'Oriani, he had better seem to fall in with their view of the case, by holding his peace when he could. His father and mother, as well as the old prince, insisted upon hearing a detailed account of the affair in the woods, however, and he was obliged to tell them all that had happened, though he said nothing about the fancied resemblance of Ferdinando to Vittoria, and as little as possible about the way in which the people had carried off the man's body with a public demonstration of sorrow. After all, no one had told him that Ferdinando was the brother of Tebaldo. He had taken it for granted, and it was barely

possible that he might have been mistaken.

"There may be others of the name," he said, as he concluded his story.

His mother looked at him keenly. Half an hour later he was alone with her in her own sitting room.

"Why did you say that there might be others of the name?" she asked gravely. "Why did you wish to imply that the unfortunate man may not have been the brother of Don Tebaldo and Donna Vittoria?"

Orsino was silent for a moment. There was reproach in Corona's tone, for she herself had not the slightest doubt in the matter. He came and stood before her, for he was a truthful man.

"It seemed to me," he said, "that I might let him have the benefit of any doubt there may be, though I have none myself. The story will be a terrible injury to the family."

"You are certainly not called upon to tell it to every one," said Corona. "I only wished to know what you really thought."

"I am sorry to say that I feel sure of the man's identity, mother. And I want you to help me," he added suddenly. "I wish to see Donna Vittoria alone. You can manage it."

Corona did not answer at once, but looked long and earnestly at her eldest son.

"What is it, mother?" he asked, at last.

"It is a very terrible thing," she answered slowly. "You love the girl, you wish to marry her, and you have killed her brother. Is not that the truth?"

"Yes, that is the truth," said Orsino. "Help me to see her. No one else can."

"Does any one know? Did you speak about it to her mother, or her brothers, before you left? Does Ippolito know?"

"No one knows. Will you help me, mother?"

"I will do my best," said Corona thoughtfully. "Not that I wish you to marry into that family," she added. "They have a bad name."

"But she is not like them. It is not her fault."

"No, it is not her fault, and she has not their faults. But for her brothers—well,

we need not talk of that. For the sake of what there has been between you two, already, you have a sort of right to see Vittoria."

"I must see her."

"I went there yesterday, after we read the news in the papers," said Corona. "Her mother was ill. Later your father came in and said he had seen Don Tebaldo at the club. You heard what he said. They mean to deny the relationship. In fact, they have done so. I can therefore propose to take Vittoria to drive tomorrow afternoon, and I can bring her here to tea, in my own sitting room. Then you may come here and see her, and I will leave you alone for a little while. Yes—you have a right to see her and to defend yourself to her, and explain to her how you killed that poor man, not knowing who he was."

"Thank you—you are very good to me. Mother"—he hesitated a moment—"if my father had killed your brother by accident, would you have married him?"

He fixed his eyes on Corona's. She was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she answered presently. "The love of an honest woman for an honest man can go farther than that."

She turned her beautiful face from Orsino as she spoke, and her splendid eyes grew dreamy and soft, as she leaned back in her chair beside her writing table. He watched her, and a wave of hope rose slowly to his heart. But all women were not like his mother.

Early on the following morning she wrote a note to Vittoria. The answer came back after a long time, and the man sent up word that he had been kept waiting three quarters of an hour for it. It was written in a tremulous hand, and badly worded, but it said that Vittoria would be ready at the appointed time. Her mother, she added, was ill, but wished her to accept the princess' invitation.

Vittoria had grown thin and pale, and there was a sort of haunted look in her young eyes as she sat beside Corona in the big carriage. Corona herself hesitated as to what she should say, for the girl was evidently in a condition to faint, or break down with tears, at any sudden shock. Yet it was necessary to tell her

that Orsino was waiting for her, and it might be necessary also to use some persuasion in inducing her to meet him.

"My dear," said Corona, after a little while, "I want you to come home with me when we have had a little drive. Do you mind? We will have tea together in my little room."

"Yes—of course—I should like it very much," answered Vittoria.

"We shall not be quite alone," Corona continued. "I hope you will not mind."

Corona Saracinesca had many good qualities, but she was not remarkably clever, and when she wished to be tactful she often found herself in conflict with the singular directness of her own character. At the same time, she feared to let the girl at her side see how much she knew. Vittoria looked so pale and nervous that she might faint. Corona had never fainted. The girl naturally supposed that Orsino was still in Sicily.

They were near the Porta Salaria, and there was a long stretch of lonely road between high walls, just beyond it. Corona waited till they had passed the gate.

"My dear," she began again, taking Vittoria's hand kindly, "do not be surprised at what I am going to tell you. My son Orsino——"

Vittoria started, and her hand shook in her companion's hold.

"Yes—my son Orsino has come back unexpectedly and wishes very much to see you."

Vittoria leaned back suddenly and closed her eyes. Corona thought that the fainting fit had certainly come, and tried to put her arm round the slight young figure. But as she looked into Vittoria's face, she saw that the soft color was suddenly blushing in her cheeks. In a moment her eyes opened again, and there was light in them for a moment.

"I did not know how you would take it," said Corona simply, "but I see that you are glad."

"For him—that he is safe," answered the young girl, in a low voice. "But——"

She stopped, and gradually the color sank away from her face again, and her eyes grew heavy once more. The trouble was greater than the gladness.

"Will you see him, in my own room?" asked the elder woman, after a pause.

"Oh, yes—yes! Indeed I will—I must see him. How kind you are!"

Corona leaned forward and spoke to the footman, and the carriage turned back towards the city. She knew well enough how desperately hard it would be for Vittoria to wait for the meeting. She knew also, not by instinct of tact, but by a woman's inborn charity, that it would be kind of her to speak of other things, now that she had said what was necessary, and not to force upon Vittoria the fact that Orsino had revealed his secret, still less to ask her any questions about her true relationship to Ferdinando Pagliuca, which might put her in the awkward position of contradicting Tebaldo's public statement. But as they swept down the crowded streets, amongst the many carriages, Vittoria looked round into Corona's face almost shyly, for she was very grateful.

"How good you are to me!" she exclaimed softly. "I shall not forget it."

Corona smiled, but said nothing, and ten minutes later the carriage thundered under the archway of the gate. Corona took Vittoria through the state apartments, where they were sure of meeting no one at that time, and into her bed room by a door she seldom used. Then she pointed to another at the other side.

"That is the way to my sitting room, my dear," she said. "Orsino is there alone."

With a sudden impulse, she kissed her on both cheeks and pushed her towards the door.

XIV.

ORSINO heard the door of his mother's bed room open, and rose to his feet, expecting to see Corona. He started as Vittoria entered, and touched the writing table with his hand as though he were unsteady. The young girl came forward towards him quickly, and the color rose visibly in her face while she crossed the little room. Orsino was white, and did not hold out his hand, not knowing what to expect, for it was the hand that had killed her brother but two days ago.

Vittoria had not thought of what she should do or say, for it had been impossible to think. But as she came near,

both her hands went out instinctively, to touch him. Almost instinctively, too, he drew back from her touch a little. But she did not see the movement, and her eyes sought his, as she laid her fingers lightly upon his shoulders and looked up to him. Then the sadness in his face, that had been almost like fear of her, relaxed toward a change, and his eyes opened wide in a sort of hesitating surprise. Two words, low and earnest, trembled upon Vittoria's lips.

"Thank God!"

In an instant he knew that she loved him in spite of all. Yet, arguing against his senses that it was impossible, he would not take her at her word. He took both her hands from his shoulders and held them, so that they crossed.

"Was he really your brother?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," she answered faintly, and looked down.

Perhaps it seemed to her that she should be ashamed of forgiving, before he had said one word of defense or uttered one expression of sorrow for what he had done. But she loved him, and since she had been a little child she had not seen her brother Ferdinando half a dozen times. It was true that when she had seen him she had been drawn to him, as she was not drawn to the two that were left, for he had not been like the others. She knew that she would have trusted Ferdinando if she had known him better.

Orsino began his defense.

"We were fired upon several times," he said. Her hands started in his, as she thought of his danger. "I saw a man's coat moving in the brush," he continued, "and I aimed at it. I never saw the man's face till we found him lying dead. It was not an accident, for bullets cut the trees overhead and struck the carriage." Again her hands quivered. "It was a fight, and I meant to kill the man. But I could not see his face."

She did not speak for a moment. Then, for the first time, she shrank a little, and withdrew her hands from his.

"I know—yes—it is terrible," she said in broken tones; and she glanced at him, and looked down again. "Do not speak of it," she added suddenly, and she was surprised at her own words.

It was the woman's impulse to dissociate the man she loved from the deed, for which she could not but feel horror. She would have given the world to sit down beside him and talk of other things. But he wished the situation to be cleared forever, as any courageous man would.

"I must speak of it," he answered. "Perhaps we shall never have the chance again——"

"Never? What do you mean?" she asked quickly. "Why not?"

"You may forgive me," he answered earnestly. "You know that I would have let him shoot me ten times over rather than hurt you——"

"Orsino——" She touched his arm nervously, trying to stop him.

"Yes—I wish I were in his grave to-day! You may forgive, but you cannot forget—how can you?"

"How? If—if you still love me, I can forget——"

Orsino's eyes were suddenly moist. It seemed as though something broke, and let in the light.

"I shall always love you," he said simply; as men sometimes do when they are very much in earnest.

"And I——"

She did not finish the sentence in words, but her hand and face said the rest.

"Sit down," she said, after a little silence.

They went to a little sofa and sat down together, opposite the window.

"Do you think that anything you could do could make me not love you?" she asked, looking into his face. "Are you surprised? Did you think that I should turn upon you and accuse you of my brother's death, and say that I hated you? You should not have judged me so—it was unkind!"

"It has all been so horrible that I did not know what to expect," he said. "I have not been able to think sensibly until now. And even now—no, I have not judged you, as you call it, dear. But I expected that you would judge me, as God knows you have the right."

"Why should I judge you?" asked Vittoria softly and lovingly. "If you had lain in wait for him and killed him treacherously, as he meant to kill you, it would have been different. If he had

killed you, as he was there to kill you—as he might have killed you if you had not been first—I—well, I am only a girl, but even these little hands would have had some strength! But as it is, God willed it. Whom shall I judge? God? That would be wrong. God protected you, and my brother died in his treachery. Do you think that if I had been there, and had been a man, and the guns firing, and the bullets flying, I should not have done as you did, and shot my own brother? It would have been much more horrible even than it is, but of course I should have done it. Then why are you in such distress? Why did you think that I should not love you any more?"

"I did not dare to think it," answered Orsino.

"You see, as I said, God willed it—not you. You were but the instrument, unconscious and innocent. It is only a little child that will strike the senseless thing that hurts it."

"You are eloquent, darling. You will make me think as you do."

"I wish you would, indeed I wish you would! I am sorry, I am grieved, I shall mourn poor Ferdinando, though I scarcely knew him. But you—I shall love you always, and for me, as I see it, you were no more the willing cause of his death than the senseless gun you held in your hand. Do you believe me?"

She took his hand again, as though to feel that he understood. And understanding, he drew her close to him and kissed her eyes, as he had done that first time, out on the bridge over the street.

"You have my life," he said tenderly. "I give you my life and soul, dear."

She put up her face suddenly, and kissed his cheek, and instantly the color filled her own, and she shrank back, and spoke in a different tone.

"We will put away that dreadful thing," she said, drawing a little towards her own end of the sofa. "We will never speak of it again, for you understand."

"But your mother, your brothers," answered Orsino. "What of them? I hear that they do not acknowledge——" he stopped, puzzled as to how he should speak.

"My mother is ill with grief, for Ferdinando was her favorite. But Tebaldo

and Francesco have determined that they will act as if he were no relation of ours. They say that it would ruin us all to have it said that our brother had been with the brigands. That is true, is it not?"

"It would be a great injury to you," answered Orsino.

"Yes. That is what they say. And Tebaldo will not let us wear mourning, for fear that people would not believe what he says. This morning when the princess' note came, Tebaldo insisted that I should accept, but my mother said that I should not come to the house. They had a long discussion, and she submitted at last. What can she do? He rules everybody—and he is bad, bad in his heart, bad in his soul! Francesco is only weak, but Tebaldo is bad. Beware of him, for though he says that Ferdinando was not his brother, he will not forgive you. But you will not go back to Sicily?"

"Yes, I must go. I cannot leave San Giacinto alone, since I have created so much trouble."

"Since poor Ferdinando is dead, you will be safer—I mean——" she hesitated. "Orsino!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I knew that that he would try to kill you—that is why I wanted to keep you here. I did not dare tell you—but I begged so hard—I thought that for my sake, perhaps, you would not go. Tebaldo would kill me if he knew that I were telling you the truth now. He knew that Ferdinando had friends among the outlaws, and that he sometimes lived with them for weeks. And Ferdinando wrote to Tebaldo, and warned him that although he had signed the deed, no one should ever enter the gate of Camaldoli while he was alive. And no one did, for he died. But the Romans would think that he was a common brigand; and I suppose that Tebaldo is right, for it would injure us very much. But between you and me there must be nothing but the truth, so I have told you all. And now beware of Tebaldo; for, in spite of what he says, he will some day try to avenge his brother."

"I understand it all much better now," said Orsino thoughtfully. "I am glad you have told me. But the question is, whether your mother and your brothers will ever consent to our marriage, Vittoria. That is what I want to know."

"My mother—never! Tebaldo might, for interest. He is very scheming. But my mother will never consent. She will never even see you again, if she can help it."

"What are we to do?" asked Orsino, speaking rather to himself than to Vittoria.

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone of perplexity. "We must wait, I suppose. Perhaps she will change, and see it all differently. We can afford to wait—we are young. We love each other, and we can meet. Is it so hard to wait a while before being married?"

"Yes," said Orsino. "It is hard to wait for you."

"I will do anything you like," answered Vittoria. "Only wait a little while, and see whether my mother does not change. Only a little while!"

"We must, I suppose," said Orsino reluctantly. "But I do not see why your mother should not always think of me as she does today. I can do nothing to improve matters."

"Let us be satisfied with today," replied Vittoria, rather anxiously, and as if to break off the conversation. "I was miserably unhappy this evening, and I thought you were in Sicily; and instead, we have met. It is enough for one day—it is a thousand times more than I had hoped."

The handle of Corona's door turned very audibly just then, and a moment later the princess entered the room. With-

out seeming to scrutinize the faces of the two, she understood at a glance that Vittoria had accepted the tragic situation, as she herself would have done; and that if there had been any discussion, it was over.

Vittoria colored a little, when she met Corona's eyes, realizing how the older woman had, as it were, arranged a lovers' meeting for her. But Corona herself did not know whether to be glad or sorry for what had happened.

Nor was it easy for any one to foresee the consequences of the present situation. It was only too clear that the young people loved each other with all their hearts; and Corona herself was very fond of Vittoria, and believed her to be quite unlike her family. Yet at best she was an exception in a race that had a bad name; and Corona knew how her husband and his father would oppose the marriage, even though she herself should consent to it. She guessed, too, that Vittoria's mother would refuse to hear of it. Altogether Orsino had fallen in love very unfortunately, and Corona could see no possible happy termination to the affair.

Therefore, against her own nature and her affection for her son, she was conscious of a certain disappointment when she saw that the love between the two was undiminished, even by the terrible catastrophe of Ferdinando's death. It would have been so much simpler if Vittoria had bidden good by forever to the man who had killed her brother.

(To be continued.)

IN A CATHEDRAL.

HALF blinded by the sunset's sanguine fire,
I seek a vast, dim church, where straggling shine
Of silver lamps about the Virgin's shrine
Accentuates the darkness, and the choir
Voices in wingèd chant life's vain desire.
Here oft I come, and in a shadowy line
Troop pilgrims, priests, with thousand eyes on mine.
Today I see nor palmer, prince, nor friar,
For, as I enter'd, one was there who press'd
These tawny jonquils in my hand—and all
The world is but a background where is set
That face I cross'd two oceans to forget;
That face, star pale 'twixt golden coronal
And gold narcissus swooning on her breast.

Bessie Gray.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE SCANDINAVIAN MONARCH.

His majesty King Oscar II of Sweden and Norway is one of the most interesting rulers of Europe, apart from the attention recently attracted to him in this country by the proposal to put into his hands the selection of a possible arbitrator of disputes between the United States and Great Britain.

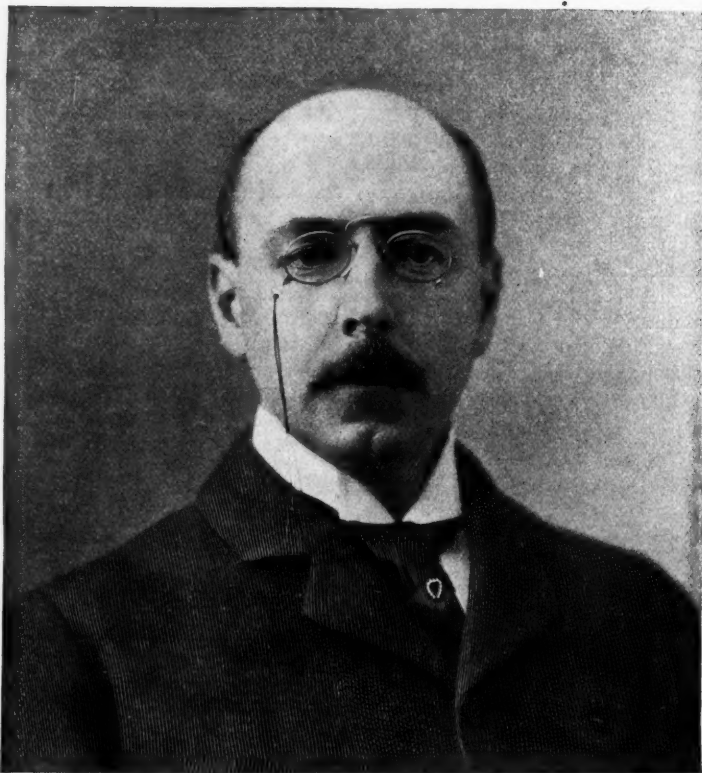
King Oscar entered the Swedish navy as a midshipman at the age of eleven, and rose, through all the grades, to be a com-

mander. He has read and traveled a great deal, and is a scholar and a poet of real merit. It is said that he accepted the crown, upon the death of his brother, about twenty five years ago, with reluctance. King Oscar is an athlete in build and life. He is more than six feet tall and is well proportioned, looking every inch a king. He is very democratic in his tastes. It is said that were he an American, he would be voted a "jolly good fellow," and he has frequently shown



OSCAR, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.



CHARLES F. SPRAGUE, CONGRESSMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

a truly royal courtesy to transatlantic travelers who have visited Stockholm.

A MILLIONAIRE CONGRESSMAN.

The richest member of the new Congress is probably Charles F. Sprague, of the eleventh Massachusetts district. Mr. Sprague belongs to one of the old New England families, and is a grandson of Peleg Sprague, United States Senator from Maine and afterwards a district judge in Massachusetts. His other grandfather was William Lawrence, brother of the Abbott Lawrence who served as American minister in London during Taylor's administration. Most of his wealth came from his marriage to Miss Pratt, of Brookline, who was one of the greatest heiresses in the country when she married Mr. Sprague six years ago.

Mr. Sprague proved himself a true Bostonian by graduating at Harvard. Not long afterward, he entered public life by

serving in the common council of the New England city, whence he passed successively to the State Assembly, to the State Senate, and to Congress—this last success being won by the largest majority scored by any Massachusetts member. At Washington he has leased the house which Levi P. Morton occupied as Vice President. It is one of the finest in the capital, and its tenants are likely to make their mark socially. Time will show whether further political promotion awaits Mr. Sprague, or whether he will suffer the disappointment that seems to attend nearly all the very rich men who essay a public career.

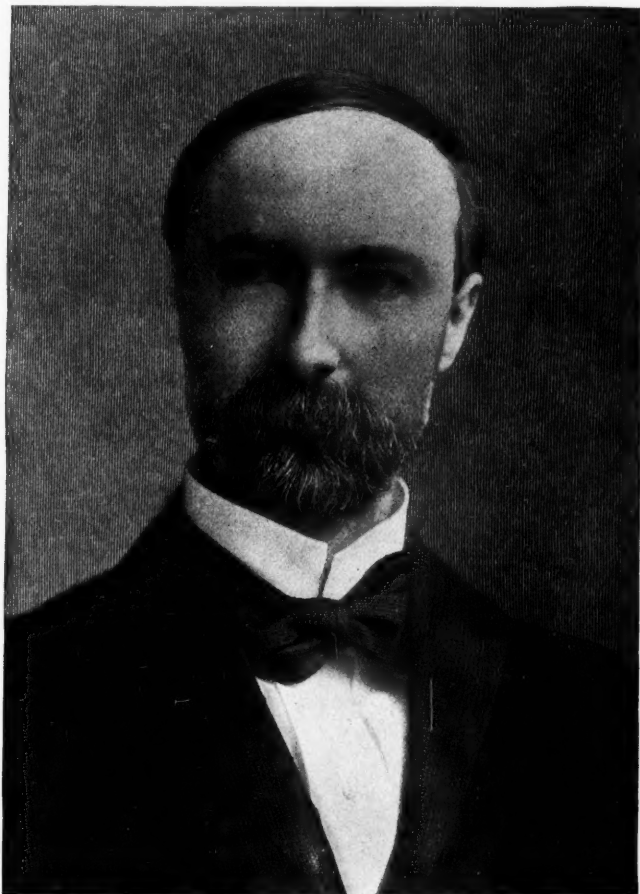
INDIANA'S NEW SENATOR.

Charles W. Fairbanks, who has just succeeded Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, in the United States Senate, will, in the judgment of his friends, take a high place as a member of that body. Mr. Voor-

hees, familiarly known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," has been a conspicuous figure in Washington for more than thirty years. Under ordinary circumstances his successor would have difficulty in maintaining Mr. Voorhees'

his mark and took a high rank in his profession: He is now said to be worth several millions.

"I believe that the happiest days of my life," said Senator Fairbanks recently, "were those when I was struggling along,



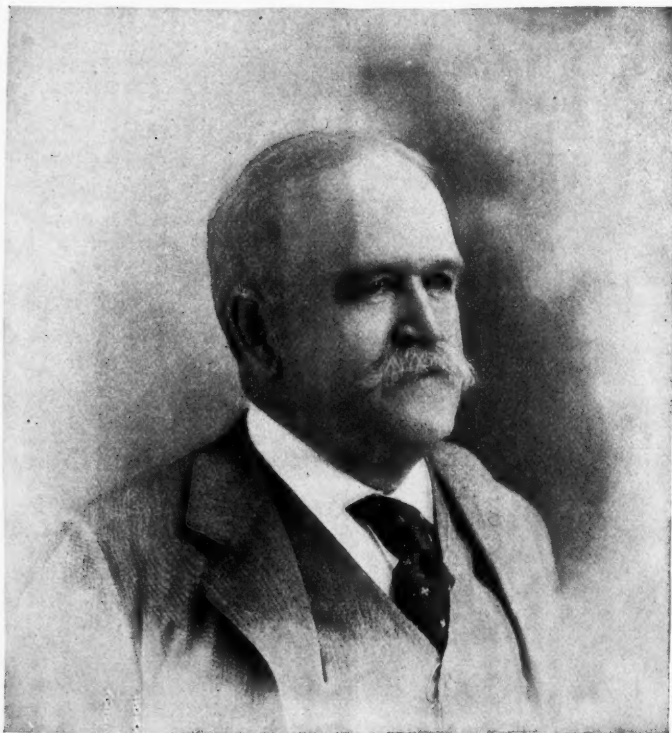
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA.

From a photograph by Marceau & Bassett, Indianapolis.

place in the public estimation. Mr. Fairbanks, however, might equally well lay claim to his predecessor's euphonious sobriquet, for he measures shoulders as well as intellect with Mr. Voorhees. He was born on a farm in Ohio, taught school, and worked his way through college. While studying law he learned telegraphy, and acted as agent of the Associated Press near Pittsburgh. When he was admitted to the bar, he soon made

trying to make both ends meet, and scarcely knowing whether I should succeed in doing it or not. I like to look back on those days now. Did I work hard? Yes; but the man who is not willing to work does not deserve to succeed in anything."

In national politics Mr. Fairbanks is one of the comparatively new figures, his first prominent appearance in that arena being at the St. Louis convention of last



JOHN D. LONG.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1897, by William Taylor, Hingham.

year, where he was selected as temporary chairman.

A SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

John D. Long of Massachusetts, who at the time of writing this is understood to have accepted the navy portfolio in Major McKinley's cabinet, may be characterized as the most scholarly man among the President's advisers. He is an accomplished linguist, a polished speaker, and a very ready and graceful debater. It is said of Mr. Long that had he been educated in the field of diplomacy, he would have taken the very highest rank. He served several terms in Congress, and it was while in that body that he made Mr. McKinley's acquaintance. On leaving Congressional life, he served three terms as Governor of Massachusetts. Some years ago Mr. Long announced his intention of retiring from politics and devoting a few years to making money. It is

understood that this purpose has been successfully carried through, and that he goes into the cabinet a rich man, as the result of a Boston law practice that is said to have given him an income of something like fifty thousand dollars a year.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

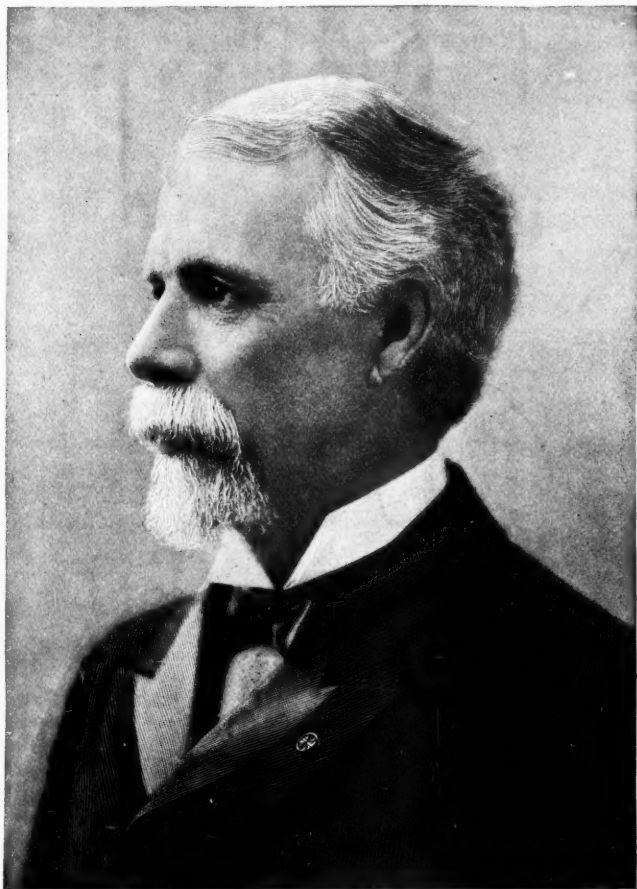
General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, Mr. McKinley's secretary of war, is an example of Western development of sturdy New England stock. Born in Ohio, and reared on a farm in Michigan, he had few early advantages, and so poor were his parents that when Alger was a lad in his teens he often worked for the neighbors for sixpence a day, or even for a few cupfuls of flour. And yet he managed to save enough money to enable him to spend several terms at the Richfield Academy, besides rendering assistance to a brother and sister.

At nineteen young Alger entered a law

office at Akron, Ohio, and two years later, though in poor health, he was admitted to the bar. At the outbreak of the civil war, though he had but just married Miss Annette H. Henry, he tendered his services to the government, and in August,

general for "gallant and meritorious service during the war."

When peace was declared General Alger returned to Michigan, where, in the lumber and railroad business, he amassed a considerable fortune. It was not until

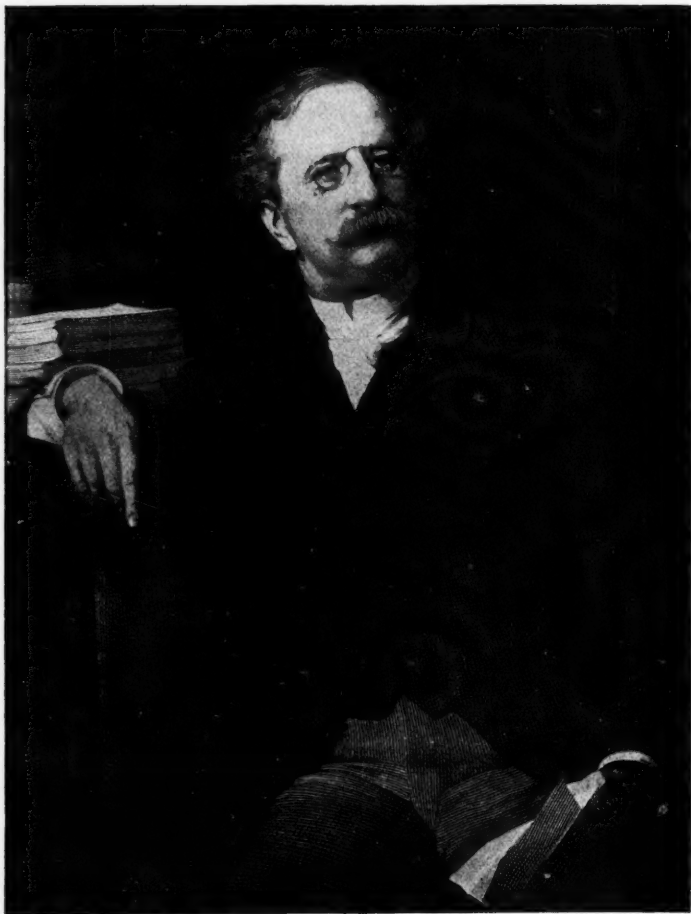


GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

1861, he was made a captain in the Second Michigan Cavalry. Philip H. Sheridan was a captain in the same regiment, and the relations between Alger and Sheridan were of the closest throughout the war. Alger served under Sheridan, Kilpatrick, and Custer. In 1864 he was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers for his bravery at Treville Station, and one year later he received the brevet rank of major

1884, when he was elected to the governorship, that he became actively interested in politics. He declined a renomination, but in 1888 he was conspicuous as a Presidential possibility, receiving more than a hundred votes in the Republican convention that nominated General Harrison. Secretary Sherman, who was also a candidate, conceived the idea that Alger or his friends had used improper methods in



JOHN H. HOLMES.

From the painting by F. Harvey Young.

securing the support of delegates from the South who had been instructed to vote for the Ohio Senator. In a book of personal memoirs published a few years ago, Mr. Sherman referred to this circumstance with some apparent bitterness. It is said, however, that the differences between these two statesmen have been amicably arranged, Sherman acknowledging that he had done Alger an injustice.

General Alger is personally very popular wherever he is known. He has been commander in chief of the Grand Army, is a member of the Loyal Legion, and is a warm friend of the old soldier. The new secretary of war has a very interesting family of two daughters and one son,

and his home in Washington will doubtless be one of the social centers of the capital during the next four years.

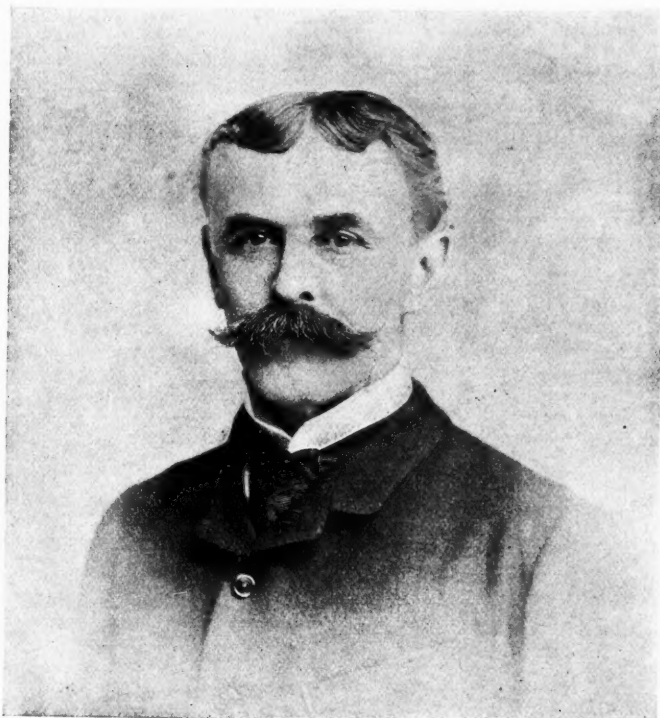
THE EDITOR OF A GREAT DAILY.

John H. Holmes, the editor of the Boston *Herald*, has been called the Horace Greeley of New England journalism. For more than twenty five years Mr. Holmes has controlled the destinies and shaped the policies of his paper, and, since the death of Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, he has unquestionably stood at the head of his profession in his State.

When Mr. Holmes took editorial charge of the *Herald* it was a sheet of small influence and limited circulation, but under

his management it has become one of the great newspaper properties of the country. With the majority of successful editors, Mr. Holmes started at the foot of the ladder, working his way up from the composing room to the editorial chair. Although a veteran journalist, he is apparently just in the prime of his manhood. Elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Holmes contributes

years the Pennsylvania had but two presidents, and those two were among the famous names of our railway history—Thomas A. Scott and George B. Roberts. Both of these men may be said to have grown up in the company's service, and to have devoted their lives to developing it into the great system it is today. Their successor has served an equally long and



FRANK THOMSON, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

an interesting paper on the old and new journalism, in which he opens a discussion likely to attract general attention.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW PRESIDENT.

The president of a great railroad corporation is not selected by accident. He must be a man of ripe experience, exceptional capacity, and thorough knowledge of his business. Such a man is Frank Thomson, the new head of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Thomson's post is one of great traditions in the railroad world. In thirty

thorough apprenticeship, and knows from practical experience every detail of the vast business now under his control. He began his career in the car shops at Altoona, and has worked his way up. During the civil war, when Colonel Scott was superintending the transportation of troops and supplies, Mr. Thomson proved so valuable as his chief's assistant that his subsequent rise was rapid. As general manager of the company's lines east of Pittsburgh, he was identified with the introduction of the block signal system, and with the perfecting of the Pennsyl-



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

From a photograph by Cox, New York.

vania's track and roadbed. His success is a signal testimony to the value of the rule that governs all promotions in the company's service, where merit is the sole test of eligibility—a plan adopted long before "civil service reform" became an issue in politics.

Mr. Thomson is a man of fifty five, a widower with two children—a son at Harvard, and a daughter who is well known

in Philadelphia society. Outdoor sports—usually fishing or hunting—are his amusements. He is a patron of art, literature, and music, and his home at Corkerhill shows evidences of taste and culture.

A LEADER OF AMERICAN FICTION.

If a dozen people were asked to name the best known living American author, ten would probably select William Dean

Howells. While such a declaration does not of necessity make Mr. Howells pre-eminent, it declares his prominence. He undoubtedly stands at the head of the school of realistic writers in this country.

Mr. Howells was born in Ohio, the starting place of so many distinguished men. He began his literary career by setting type on a small country newspaper. In those days he believed himself a poet; but while he has produced some very creditable verses, his reputation was made, and will be sustained, as a writer of prose. Novelists, as a rule, do not care to discuss the work of their colleagues, but in an article printed elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Howells writes of his literary favorites with great frankness.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Mrs. Mark A. Hanna will be one of the social leaders at the national capital during the next four years. Mrs. Hanna has never had any previous Washington experience, and until last year her personal acquaintance with politicians was very limited. She is, however, a woman who is destined to win a reputation in official society comparable to the fame her husband has gained in the political arena.

Mrs. Hanna comes of a literary family. Her brother, whose name is Rose, lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A few years ago he was employed in Mr. Hanna's private office in Cleveland, but he did not display any particular talent for a business career, and resigned his position, to undertake the writing of a "Constitutional History of the United States." The first volume of his work was published about a year ago, and it has been very favorably received by the critics. His sister, Mrs. Hanna, has written short stories, which have been read with approval by her friends. No doubt it would not be a difficult matter for her to find a publisher for her work, if she so desired.

Judge Nathan Goff of West Virginia, who is understood to have had the refusal of a place in the McKinley cabinet, has had a remarkable career. Judge Goff was one of the youngest brigadier generals in the Union army during the war, reaching that rank before he was twenty four. He went through one especially trying experience, when for several months he was held at Richmond as a prisoner of war, and practically under sentence of death. A Confederate officer who had been captured in Baltimore—a young man named Kenna, afterwards a United

States Senator from West Virginia—had been convicted as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged. When the news of Kenna's fate reached Richmond, General Lee, in retaliation, issued an order that a Federal prisoner of the same rank should be executed on the same day and in the same manner. The officers confined at Richmond were permitted to draw lots, and Goff was selected as the victim. He had acquaintances in the Confederate capital, who sent word of his plight to President Lincoln, and the execution of Kenna was postponed; but for more than six weeks Goff did not know, from day to day, whether he had twenty four hours to live. Through the influence of friends on both sides of the line, however, the two officers were finally exchanged, each returning to his respective command; and after the war they became personally good friends. Senator Kenna was a brilliant man, and his untimely death, a few years ago, was deeply regretted on all sides, irrespective of politics.

It is said that Judge Goff hopes to go to the Senate some day, and declined to enter the cabinet for that reason. He has already held a cabinet post, having served as secretary of the navy during the closing months of Hayes' administration.

* * * *

James Wilson, of Iowa, the new secretary of agriculture, was a member of the Forty Ninth Congress. His seat was contested, but the House elections committee did not report on his case until the closing days of the session. The report was against Wilson, and, if adopted, would seat his opponent. The Republicans had resorted to filibustering tactics to prevent any action on the case. There was every indication that they would be successful, as the session expired at noon on the 4th of March. The hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes to twelve. The Democrats were exasperated at not being able to get their man in, and the Republicans were increasing their bad temper by chaffing.

Sam Randall, of Pennsylvania, arose in his place and asked consent to take up and pass the bill placing General Grant on the retired list with the rank of general. It could only be considered by unanimous consent, as the election case had the right of way. Every one realized that the famous commander was on his death bed, and that if the bill retiring him was not passed then, it would be too late to be of any service. There was a hush in the proceedings. Then the voice of the chairman of the elections committee was heard saying: "Mr. Speaker, I object." There were cries of "Shame!" and "Withdraw it!" from all over the House, but the objector remained firm. Mr. Wilson obtained

the floor, and declared that if the objection to the Grant bill were withdrawn he would request his Republican friends to permit a vote on his case. The proposal was accepted, and inside of five minutes the Grant bill became a law and Mr. Wilson was unseated. A ringing cheer went up from both sides, and Mr. Wilson was congratulated on his generosity.

When Senator Elkins became secretary of war in President Harrison's cabinet, General Schofield was the "major general commanding the army." There is always more or less friction between the secretary of war, the representative of the civil power, and the senior officer of the army, who represents the military department. "There were personal reasons," Mr. Elkins said recently, in discussing some of the incidents of his career, "why I might have hesitated to call General Schofield to account for any invasion of my official prerogatives. When the civil war opened, I was a boy, and a very green country boy, in Missouri. My father and two of my brothers sympathized with the Confederates, but I decided to join the Union army, and enlisted in a local company. I had not been in the service very long when General Schofield, who was then a major general of volunteers, came out to our neighborhood on a tour of inspection. It was the first time that I, or any of my regiment, for that matter, had seen a major general. Schofield made his headquarters in a house on the outskirts of the town, and I remember what curiosity there was among the members of my company to get a glimpse of the distinguished man. Officers and privates struggled with each other for the privilege. I climbed up on the shoulders of my captain, and peeped through a window at the general, who made a very deep impression upon me. Even after I became secretary of war, I found myself standing in awe of Schofield. I made up my mind, however, that it would not do to disclose my feelings, or to permit any army officer to ride over the civil head of the department.

"Upon my arrival in Washington, General Schofield was among my first callers. I recalled the Missouri incident to him—of course he had forgotten it—and said, 'General, I shall never outlive the awe which you inspired in me on that occasion; but at the same time, as secretary of war, I am now your superior. I do not intend to interfere with you in strictly military matters; but where any question may arise, I hope that you will not forget that the secretary of war, next to the President, is the head of the army.' General Schofield and myself never

had any friction; but unless the secretary of war is very careful, his department may be seriously embarrassed by conflicts between his authority and that of the commanding general."

Thomas C. Platt, who has returned to the Senate in triumph after an absence of sixteen years, will doubtless be more or less in evidence during the McKinley administration. Mr. Platt has several peculiarities. One of them is never to destroy a letter or scrap of writing that may be sent to him. For ten years or more his mail has averaged from one hundred to two hundred letters and telegrams a day, but each one has been preserved and filed away for future reference.

Perhaps some of the Senator's correspondents would write to him less freely if they knew that their letters would not be destroyed. One of his friends asked him if he preserved his documentary collection with a view to writing a book of memoirs later on in life. "I hope not," was the emphatic reply. "When I arrive at the reminiscent stage, and feel tempted to write a book, I shall go to bed with a bottle of laudanum and not wake up; and yet," he added pensively, "I dare say that I could write some things that might interest a large number of people."

Senator James T. Morgan, of Alabama, is one of the veterans of the United States Senate, in which he is now serving his fourth term. The late Justice Woods of the Supreme Court once said that Mr. Morgan was as clever a lawyer as any in the upper house of Congress, though at the time that body contained such men as Thurman, Edmunds, Matt Carpenter, and Roscoe Conkling. A good many stories of Senator Morgan's legal battles are told in the cloak rooms. Here is one which he tells himself, with every indication of satisfaction:

Twenty years or more ago Morgan was retained by three sisters. Their mother had died, and no will could be found, although it was believed that she had made one. In fact, the three sisters claimed to have seen their mother draw up her last testament. The women were placed on the stand, but their testimony was conflicting, and they did not agree on some of the main points. The opposing counsel, Judge Boyles, was quick to take advantage of this important fact. In summing up, he said dramatically, "We fortunately put these ladies on the stand, and no two of them agreed as to how that will was written. They had it on all sorts of paper, and written with all kinds of ink and pencils."

When it came Morgan's turn to reply, he

stepped to the front with a Bible in his hand, and said, "I hold in my hand a book that I was taught to believe and reverence at my mother's knee. Gentlemen of the jury, I know that every one of you learned to look upon this sacred volume with respect when a mother's holy love guided your youthful footsteps. In this book I studied the life of the Master, and let me tell you why I believe that the four gospels have recorded the truth. It is because they differ in some of the minor details. If Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John got together to frame a fictitious history, they would have been careful to fix the details so as to exclude any discrepancies.

"Now, in Matthew we read that Christ when on trial was clothed with a scarlet robe. In Mark, Luke, and John it is recorded that He wore a purple robe. In Matthew, Mark, and Luke we read that one Simon of Cyrene bore the cross to the place of crucifixion. In John it is written that Jesus bore the cross Himself. All differ as to the words written above the cross. Matthew has it, 'This is Jesus, the King of the Jews'; Mark, 'The King of the Jews'; Luke, 'This is the King of the Jews'; John, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.'

"I say to you that these very differences stamp the gospels with divine truth. Now if these young ladies had gotten together in collusion to tell a story of the writing of a will that never existed, they would have agreed on all the details. This would have been their first thought. Their recollections differ because the act of which they have testified occurred when their souls were troubled at the death bed of their beloved mother. As with the gospels, the discrepancies of their evidence are a testimony to the truth of what they utter."

Senator Morgan won his case.

* * * *

William M. Evarts has disappeared almost as completely from public view as if he had passed out of the world. As a political factor Mr. Evarts has ceased to exist; but he is still living at his old residence, which faces Stuyvesant Square, New York. The house is old fashioned, but of the solid, substantial kind upon which a century more or less seems to make little impression. When first built, it stood in the center of metropolitan fashion; today, the great world has moved far up town.

A writer recently called on Mr. Evarts to interview him on the past and the present. "My son," said the venerable statesman kindly, "the story of my life has been written. I have nothing to add to it."

"Do you not wish to say something about the changes that have taken place since you retired from public life?" said his visitor.

Mr. Evarts shook his head slowly.

"No," he whispered, "nothing."

He was seated in front of an open grate fire, with his gaze fixed upon the embers, and his thoughts evidently turned toward the past. He has not been down town to his law office for several years. The topics of today have no interest for the veteran who for thirty years helped to make American history.

* * * *

At a recent reunion held in Atlanta, Captain E. P. Howell, the proprietor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, was asked by a Northern visitor, "What would the old Confederate soldiers do in the event of a war with Spain?"

"If there are any Confederate soldiers," said Captain Howell, "who, after serving through four years of the civil war, are still hankering after a fight, I have yet to hear of them. But in the event of a brush with a foreign country, I believe that the South would furnish as many troops for the defense of the old flag as any section of the country.

"I entered the Confederate army myself," Captain Howell continued, "under a misapprehension. I had been at a meeting in Atlanta, at which Robert Toombs, the Vice President of the Confederacy, was the principal speaker. Mr. Toombs delivered a very eloquent speech. I can almost repeat it word for word today, so deep was the impression it made on me. Among other things he said that the people of the North did not intend to fight, so entirely were they engaged in the pursuit of the almighty dollar; and that they did not know one end of a gun from the other, and could not hit the side of a barn. 'You sons of the South,' cried Mr. Toombs eloquently, 'know how to shoot and to ride, and no Yankees will ever be able to stand against your impetuous valor.'

"The next day I enlisted, and a few weeks later found my company and myself engaged in a skirmish with the aforesaid Yankees. The fire was pretty hot, and we gracefully retired to a patch of woods, where every man selected a tree most suitable to his proportions, for protection. The Federals were intrenched behind a bluff, less than a hundred yards away, and whenever a man indiscreetly ventured from behind his tree he was pretty sure to receive a bullet. The sergeant of our company occupied a tree adjoining mine, and after the firing had been going on for half an hour or more, he remarked to me, 'Lieutenant, do you remember the speech Bob Toombs made the other day in Atlanta?' I said, 'Yes, sergeant, I have a very distinct remembrance of it. He said these Yankees didn't know how to shoot.' 'Well, it seems to me,' answered the sergeant, ducking his head, 'that they are learning pretty blamed fast!'

THE NEW JOURNALISM AND THE OLD.

BY JOHN H. HOLMES.

The editor of the Boston "Herald" surveys existing conditions in the newspaper world, summarizes the methods and the influence of the great American daily journals, and estimates the value and importance of the so called "new journalism."

THE American newspaper grows out of the national life. Divide the continent into kingdoms and empires, and the great journals we see today would cease to exist. Give us kings and emperors and immense standing armies, and capitals with antagonistic interests, and the papers which today command huge circulations would be destroyed forever. It is because we have no Napoleons, no Alexanders, no Bismarcks, and no Von Moltkes that American editors are able to create the sheets which pour with such amazing rapidity from the press. With all its defects, therefore, the American newspaper testifies to the political happiness of the American people.

What is the modern American newspaper? It is not a daily record of strife between peoples, it does not concern itself with the doings of ambitious and unscrupulous statesmen of rival countries, but it reveals, for the most part, incidents in the daily life of unimportant individuals. An army of reporters goes forth from the various offices of the metropolitan press in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, as do multitudes of agents in the minor cities and towns, and they compress and enlarge their accounts of the work of the police, the courts, the hospitals, and the educational and religious institutions; they concern themselves with events in the worlds of amusement, art, charity, business, finance, and politics. Fortunate are the people when the attention of journalists is concentrated upon such themes, rather than upon international strife, dynastic quarrels, and foreign policies.

The day of the small newspaper is probably gone forever. The modern editor must have space in which to turn. Space to him is what floor room is to the shop-keeper. It makes the difference between mammoth establishments and puny ones. The department stores exist only because they have room. That modern hotel is preëminently successful which has, not cramped, but spacious quarters, fitted with every modern appliance for saving trouble to its guests. So is it with newspapers. Complaint is frequently made that the daily and Sunday issues are too bulky, but the fact is that they could not be so profitably published were they reduced in size. For in journalism as well as in trade, you must have counter room to accommodate and display your goods—here linens, there prints, in another part laces, and in still another silks.

It is not to be presumed that every customer who enters the astonishing dry goods establishments of New York visits all the departments therein. The shopper inspects and buys mainly the articles of which she is in search, stopping by chance at such other counters as may arrest her attention. Patrons of fashionable restaurants do not attempt to partake of all the dishes on the menu, or all the brands on the wine card. It is precisely the same with the reader of newspapers. No one is expected to devour the entire sheet.

The criticism of size is the cheapest and shallowest that is made on the newspaper issues of the day. Successful editors well understand that they must create variety if they would secure great circulations. But the methods which were employed in

the old time folios are just as true and applicable today. While night editors can make orderly arrangements of news, economizing the reader's time, desk editors can work to the same end through the noble art of condensation, thereby giving managing editors the opportunity to introduce features that will vitally affect the value of the property. The duties of desk editors should not be limited to the punctuation of dispatches, or the writing of headlines. No error is more common. Unnecessary consumption of space often tends not to business success, but to disaster.

Upon space economy as a foundation, the work of the managing editor begins. Here it is that his creative power is manifested. Journals there are, and journals of large circulation, too, which would live in their present form were the directing minds to be withdrawn, so long as news gathering associations and the "city force" were permitted to exist and present the fruit of their labors in attractive form. But the true editor impresses upon his journal the personality that makes it unique. He studies to condense the items which are common to his contemporaries. He economizes space that he may get variety.

When two or three or four papers present substantially the same news, and frequently in the same words, it is obvious that one editor has an advantage over others only in so far as he is able to give something which his competitors have not provided. In the newspaper, as in the commercial world, it is the specialty that attracts and insures permanency. Apart from news which, unforeseen by man, springs up from the soil at night, in police, hospital, and fire records; apart from departments limited to transactions in commercial and financial markets; apart from marine news snatched from the telegraph wires and cables, the creative work of the editor has its scope and influence.

The editor does his best work in seclusion. Time spent in the great newspaper offices is usually time frittered away. A thousand trivial interruptions consume morning, afternoon, and evening, and the wearied chief retires conscious that his duties have been most imperfectly performed. But in the quiet of his own

library the eye of imagination can survey all the vast concerns of earth. No country is so remote that he cannot put his agents at work there; no cabinet so guarded that he cannot penetrate its secrets; no ruler so omnipotent that his call will find no response. But to accomplish all these things, to follow foreign statesmen in their daily walks, to put special and pertinent questions to leaders of public life; to outline fiscal policies; to keep a watchful eye on governors of States and mayors of cities; to ferret out abuses in asylums and institutions of charity; to throw the lime light of publicity upon educational systems; to initiate and promote wise legislation—to do any and all these things requires thought; and no man in a newspaper office, from attic to basement, is so valuable as he who in retirement simply sits and thinks, and then by note of local suggestion, or telegraphic letter of instruction, starts into life and activity all those wonderful agencies that contribute to the making of the modern newspaper.

Nor does the power of the editor stop here. He knows not journalism who does not control a forceful editorial page. He knows not shoals or rocks who does not, by suggestion or approval, direct or sanction the utterances of thoughtful men. He who does not this is like the captain of a vessel which always sails upon smooth waters and under favorable winds. He is merely a trader in information, and not in the true sense of the term a journalist. To be free from corporate control; to be emancipated from the will of selfish individuals; to be so far above personal considerations that he is able to speak in the sole interest of the public welfare, influencing the national life by the creation of sound public sentiment—that is a gratification which the mere purveyor of news knows not. And it is on this foundation that the pillars of the republic must always rest.

It would be interesting could we hear the comments of the elder Bennett, and Greeley, and Raymond, and the elder Bowles, upon the "new journalism," of which we hear so much. Its features are not altogether bad. Many of the ideas that characterize it are not new. To be sure, attention is arrested and circulation demanded by devices not known a few

years ago. The purpose is to catch the eye by printer's tricks and startling pictures. Simplicity is not one of the strongest attributes of the "new journalism." To present an item simply is, in the opinion of the "new journalist," an act which robs a paragraph or an article of more than half its value. Consequently head lines, which ordinarily would have been confined to one column in width, are extended across two or three or four columns, or an entire page; telegraph despatches are set in double measure; important communications from noted men are surrounded with borders. But the assertion of "enterprise" thus made is not always sustained by the subject matter.

Another feature characteristic of the "new journalism" is the liberality with which its promoters expend money in the furtherance of their aims. Its conquests are costly. The services of its ministers in this country have been secured by purses of more than ordinary length and fullness; and while its domestic expenditure has been large, its foreign outlay must have been appalling. Many journalists conceive great undertakings, but refrain from executing them on account of the expense involved. The "new journalist" is not troubled with hesitation on that score. Like the general who orders guns to be trained in position where effective service can be rendered, he does not stop to count the cost.

The cost of producing the modern newspaper has been greatly enhanced by the free use of illustrations. It requires no inconsiderable sum to meet the weekly requirements of the art department, which is now as much a portion of a newspaper outfit as are the presses themselves. Every event has to be set off with "cuts," the more numerous and the more startling the better. The photographer and the artist have full scope for their skill. Half page and full page illustrations are the rule. With every report of a thrilling event, an artist has to be commissioned; with every correspondent, a clever artist is sent. What this means in the annual total of expense cannot easily be guessed.

Additional expense is, of course, incurred by the introduction of color presses and color printing. The process is ex-

pensive, but from the experience of the old world, and of the most prosperous journals of the new, it seems as if the future line of development lay in this direction. The magazines point the way. The enormous circulations attained by the great American monthlies go to show how essential a feature illustrations are in the successful production of periodical literature. News carries the Sunday papers only a part of the way toward success; the "magazine features" double their popularity.

He who is asked to make a newspaper simply to satisfy the tastes of a class has a comparatively easy task. It is when distribution reaches to hundreds of thousands of copies that the editor's real difficulties begin. Individual criticism often neglects to take this into account. The resident of Fifth Avenue has little in common with the denizen of Grand Street and its tributaries. Yet the director of a daily paper whose circulation reaches the half million mark must put all of those localities under contribution, and must cover not only the metropolitan but also the rural districts. The tax upon ingenuity is, therefore, exceedingly onerous, and it becomes heavier when evening editions are added to the morning and Sunday issues.

In the production of a daily journal which is not distinctly a class newspaper, the modern editor is often criticised for attempting too much. But why should the journalist be condemned for doing in his own line what every successful merchant does in his? There is, for example, in New York a great dry goods firm which fills a building in upper Broadway with lines of goods adapted to the wants of the people who naturally congregate in that locality. The same firm has in Grand Street another establishment filled with goods adapted to east side patronage. If this firm should transfer to its Broadway establishment the stock of its Grand Street house, and vice versa, the censorious would be justified in predicting bankruptcy for both shops. The journalist has his Broadway business and his Grand Street business, but he must, and can, conduct them under one roof; his paper must circulate in upper localities and lower localities.

Huge circulation is exceedingly profit-

able. It produces a revenue from the sale of the paper, and a still greater revenue from the volume of advertising, which naturally seeks such an avenue to publicity. Vast circulation and vast revenue are the incentives which spur the "new journalist" to action. But the aim of the true journalist has a longer range. He cannot ignore commercial results; they are, of course, essential; but beyond them he has another purpose—power. Yet, in the achievement of this end, he is confined to a very limited space in his own journal. To produce revenue he gives up twenty columns of space; to gain influence, he is circumscribed to three. But if he does not have revenue, if he does not give up the twenty columns, then he can have no influence, because he cannot get the circulation without supplying what circulation demands.

On the other hand, the power of a newspaper is not necessarily proportionate to the extend of its circulation. Character determines the influence of a journal, as it determines the influence of a man. The *Times* has probably the smallest circulation of the London morning newspapers, but it is the most powerful and one of the most profitable in the world. A certain New York daily, which claims a phenomenal sale, had, twenty years ago, under another management, a circulation of but fifteen or twenty thousand copies. But its editor deeply impressed himself on the democratic thought

of this country. His editorials were rewritten and his ideas were turned over in a thousand Democratic newspaper offices; and in that way the ideas presented in his columns had perhaps a larger circulation, and certainly a far greater influence, than the utterances of the same paper have today, in spite of its colossal sale.

Seven eighths of any American newspaper is perishable stuff; it is the other eighth that leavens the whole mass. In the whole range of American journalism there are today probably not more than seven or eight thinking newspapers. All the rest are echoes. A man who reads the daily exchanges of the country may see an idea travel from the Atlantic slope to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, as visibly as a train of freight cars runs over the Vanderbilt System.

A few men sitting in a few editorial rooms, launch the ideas that create public opinion. They do not go out into the street to ascertain the sentiment of the country. They make the sentiment of the country. Their thought will come back to them in railroad cars, in hotels, in clubs, in drawing rooms, at dinner tables, in casual conversation; and they can recognize it. Their business is to make this country think as they think, and they do it just as effectively as a Carlyle, sitting in the obscurity of a Scottish farm house, can, through his printed page, influence the thought and movement of the world.

AN EASTER PASTORAL.

WHEN the sturdy cowslips blow
And the sedges sprout,
Chloe's eyes are full of shine
While her red lips pout.

Ere the crocus opes again,
You will not discover
Such a sony little maid—
Such an ardent lover.

Tho' the robin be a-wing,
Shamed his cheery note;
Hopeless to outvie, in sooth,
Chloe's lyric throat.

Snowdrops white and daffodils,
Drop your blooms together
O'er the pathway of her life—
Make it heartsome weather.

Elizabeth Alden Curtis.

EN PASSANT.*

BY VIVANTI CHARTRES.

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Viviane's Diary.

PASQUIER has sent me my dress. I look as if I had been born in it. I can circle my waist with my two hands, adding four fingers of Jack's. Jack's fingers are rather broad. The price is atrocious. I shall break it to Jack by instalments of ten pounds at a time. I wore it today to go to see Earle Bright, the man who is illustrating my story for the *Planet*. It was rank waste. He is an old man, forty or fifty, and does not know the difference between Pasquier and ready made. He was quite patronizing, and said that my story was weakly immoral. The only thing he took pleasure in illustrating was the dog, he said; the one decent character in the book. I was not at all brilliant or witty. I suppose he thinks Jack writes my stories for me.

Earle Bright's Diary.

My poor Louise's health is not good. She worries too much over senseless things: the house, the servants, the expenses. It tells on her nerves, and makes her cross and miserable. She was very trying when I left her this morning to go down to the studio. Yet she knows I cannot work at home.

I am working well. The full page picture for Mrs. Jack Carson's "Exit Mary" is a little masterpiece, and the dog careering all over the story is quite a *trouvade*. The authoress called on me today. She is impertinent and not pretty.

Viviane's Diary.

"Exit Mary" is a huge success. How did I write it? I must be horribly clever. The pictures are poor. That man has not understood the spirit of the story. He has made the husband broad and good looking, instead of a little, fat, impossible

man. I ought to have sent Jack to him, to show.

I went to his studio to tell him so and to find fault with him, but somehow, when I got there, I did not. We talked about me the whole time. I wish I had not worn that grandmotherly velvet cape. I suppose I looked hideous. I am hideous, with my curved nose and sulky under lip. I am glad I look passable when I laugh. I am going to see him again tomorrow, about illustrating "Ethel."

Earle Bright's Diary.

The little authoress called again. She seems very silly. She laughed the whole time, irrelevantly, at whatever was said. I am to illustrate a new story for her.

Viviane's Diary.

It is six o'clock, and I have just come home. I sat in the dirty studio two hours, talking to that dingy man. He irritates me. He is not at all polite. I stayed because I wanted to, not because he asked me. I missed three afternoon teas and a musicale, and I forgot all about Mrs. Clarence's esthetic Rossetti reading, which I had promised faithfully to grace.

This man Bright is a bore. He talks so slowly, he almost sends me to sleep. I do not know why I volunteered to go and see him again tomorrow. I did not volunteer. I asked permission. I have never known myself so meek. His eyes disturb me. They are as slow as his speech, and they wander all over my face, finding faults.

I wish I were pretty.

Earle Bright's Diary.

She has nice, strong teeth, and pretty hands, and wide, deep eyes. I believe she touches them up with burnt cork or a

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match, or whatever women use. Poor Louise is much more natural and simple than other women I see.

Viviane's Diary.

I do not know what is the matter with me. I suppose it is the weather. My mother's Italian nerves and my father's German dreaminess fight in my soul, and make me what I am. I am very happy and excited and wild. Jack is ill. I wish he were not. I hate ill things.

I am going to have tea at Mr. Bright's studio. I asked if I might, and he said yes, if I brought the tea with me and made it myself. I make vile tea. Now I am going with two pounds of English Breakfast, some spoons, two of our Dresden cups and saucers, a spirit lamp that I use for curling my hair, and a kettle—all in Jack's little traveling bag.

Jack is cross and vulgar. When I went in just now for the bag, with my hat on, he asked me whether I was going away to stay the night—stupid thing!

* * * *

There! Now I shall be late. That tiresome Markowsky called with his violin and ten pounds of sheet music under his arm. It seems I had invited him for this afternoon. What could I have been thinking about? I remember that when I heard him last week at the Altas' I thought him so painfully beautiful. His tall frailty and his wild Hungarian eyes haunted me all the next day. That is why I wrote to him and told him to call. Now, I have sent him in to Jack. I have told him to play his violin to Jack. Dear Jack! He has such a bad sick headache. Well, I'm off.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Of course she will not come. Of course I never expected she would. In fact, it would inconvenience me greatly if she did. She upsets the place, and crumples the pictures, and adds little men smoking pipes to all the sketches she lays hands on. She has no respect for art, or for anything else.

She tells me her father was an Italian brigand and her mother a German princess. She tells dreadful falsehoods, and I find myself believing them. Now, her father being an Italian brigand would explain many peculiarities about her—her

insolent, sensuous eyes, her warm, wild mouth, her lack of propriety and reserve—while she might have inherited her curving nose and patrician hands and dreamy, thorough bred intellect from the German princess.

I am a fool. Here she is.

Viviane's Diary.

I hate young people. I am tired of them. They jar on my nerves with their violence and their harshness and shrillness and quickness. I like old men; gentle, slow, restful, old men with gray hair and kind, quiet eyes; old men of about forty or fifty. I should like them to be older still. Earle Bright must be a hundred, by the way he talks and drinks his tea. I like him. How I ever could put up with Jack's brisk vulgarity, and cousin Italo's passionate excitability, and the loudness of that ill bred young Frenchman—the man I thought I was going to fall in love with a month ago—I do not comprehend.

Earle Bright soothes and rests me. I should like to spend the rest of my life sitting at his feet, listening to his slow voice, and feeling the weight of his large hand on my forehead. He has large, white hands; calm hands, that I should like to lay my face against. And he has brown eyes with clouds in them.

Earle Bright's Diary.

A brilliant offer from the *Art World*. I am most pleased and gratified.

I have given orders that I am not to be disturbed. I cannot see any one.

Viviane's Diary.

I have been to his studio three times, and hung about his door like a beaten dog. If he had come out and seen me, I should have died of shame, and fainted for joy. What does he mean by not letting me in? Has any one ever dared to treat me like this before? Has any one ever wished to do so?

I am going to write a story in which the heroine kills herself, and I shall have it sent to him, to illustrate, together with the announcement of my death. Then he will cry, with his horrible placid eyes and straight, calm mouth.

I shall write it at once. The *Planet* would take it; and after the success of "Exit Mary," they would pay me any—

thing I asked. I shall insist upon twopence halfpenny a word.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Ars longa, vita brevis. I am tired. I wish I had some of that tea. I believe in tea. It is a powerful stimulant and tonic.

Viviane's Diary.

I have seen him again. I went into his rooms and threw all his sketches in the air, and his pencils on the floor, and his objections out of the window. I made him some of that dreadful tea. I sat on a dilapidated divan and played a guitar that had only two strings to it. I sang Italian street songs and German *liebeslieder* to him. He understands German. He is not so stupid as one would think.

When I saw how glad he was to see me, I wondered why I had wanted so much to come. When I left he did not ask me to come back. I do not understand him. I think of him all day and all night.

Earle Bright's Diary.

I wish she would leave me to my work. What does she want of me? I try to find a note of mockery in her voice, or a gleam of laughter in her eyes, and can find neither. She is sincere, perhaps! But she is not pretty, and she is not good.

I wonder why I think of her so much!

Viviane's Diary.

I love him! I love him! I love him! I told him so, suddenly, today. He turned very pale, and looked hideous for two or three minutes. Then he put his heavy hand on my head and told me to go away. He says he has a wife. I never thought of asking him about it. It makes no difference in the face of love such as mine. Have I not Jack—poor Jack, who works so hard all day with his stocks and his bonds, and whose heart will break when I tell him of my love for Earle? He nearly died two months ago when I told him I loved Adolphe Reynaud. I was mistaken. I did not love that silly Frenchman. I never have loved before today. Never! *Mio Dio!* How pale he was! My heart leaps into my throat every time I recall that clouding look in his eyes, and the kindly touch of his fingers on my hair.

I love him! I love him! I love him! How can I live till tomorrow without see-

ing him again? It is only nine o'clock. Jack is lying on the sofa, asleep, with his mouth open. He is disgusting. I wonder what Earle looks like when he is asleep. Horrible, I suppose. I hate people to be asleep.

I am going out. I cannot stay indoors, listening to Jack's wheezing snore; and this white dress is the prettiest thing I have ever worn—rather low in the neck, and with no sleeves worth mentioning, but what can one expect of a bodice that consists of two large bows in the front and a small one in the back? I shall put on a long, dark cloak, and a melodramatic lace veil round my head.

When I knock at the door of his studio, he will say "Come in," in his every day voice. Then I shall open the door, and he will raise his stern, pale face. How I know his face!

Just listen to that brute Jack!

* * * *

He was not in his studio. I might have known it. The whole place was shut up and dark. I remembered the address of his house, and told the cabman to drive me there. The man grumbled, and said his time was up and his horse tired, so I gave him five shillings, and promised him more. We drove miles. Why *will* people live in Chelsea?

He lives in a flat. The cabman lit a match for me to see the names, and said, "Here's Bright. Here you are. This one's Bright," so loud that I thought the whole house would hear. Then he spat on the steps, and went back to his horse.

I rang the bell. The door clicked and clicked, and I pushed it open and went in. On the second landing a servant girl was holding a door open. I went up slowly, very much out of breath.

"Whom do you wish?" said the servant girl. I looked past her down the lighted hall of the apartment. There was an open door to the right, and voices of men, laughing.

"Does Mrs. Thomas live here?" I asked.

"No, she don't," said the girl. "This is Mrs. Bright's. There ain't no Thomas on this floor."

Just then Mr. Bright came out of the room to the right, and turned down the

passage towards us. He had no waistcoat on, and looked large and stout. I turned my back and ran away, panting, down the stairs and into the carriage.

Earle Bright's Diary.

*Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt.*

Viviane's Diary.

He is as cool, and serious, and reserved as if I had never said anything. I detest him. I adore him. I shall never be satisfied until I see him broken and vanquished, at my feet. I have never been so ignored and insulted in my life. I think of nothing but this stupid, middle aged man. I cannot work or read or speak. I do not eat anything, and am looking like an ugly little skeleton. I write to him three times a day, and send the letters by messenger. He never answers, and the messenger boys cost me a small fortune, I keep them waiting so long, while I change my mind, and tear up letters, and write them over again.

I have almost finished the story in which the heroine dies. I feel as if it were my own sentence of death. This morning I told Jack I could live with him no longer. He lit his cigar and said:

"Who is it this time? Not Bright?"

I went out of the room and slammed the door. One could hear his vulgar laugh all over the house.

Earle Bright's Diary.

All my women figures look alike, with their thin Italian profiles. My magazine story heroines, my Empress Josephines, my Virgin Marys—all have curving noses and pouting under lips. The result is modern, but startling.

The condition of my spirit is as incoherent as my art. My moods are sullen and impatient. No wonder my poor Louise— Another messenger boy!

Viviane's Diary.

I have seen him again. He looked pale and puffy. I had gone to him to say that I could not live without him any longer—to ask him to leave all, and come to Italy with me. I had thought of some very pretty phrases about Italy and leaving all, so I said them. The result was astounding. He caught hold of my hands; his eyes were bloodshot and his mouth trembling. He could not say a

word but, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" Then he put his head down on my hands and began to cry. His hair is very gray, and there is not much of it.

I was moved. I never thought he cared about me. That is what made me so wild over him. So the tears came into my eyes too.

He said that he hardly believed it; that he could not see why I should love him. I said, "No more can I," and then he laughed and pressed my hands to his eyes. They were disagreeably wet. Poor fellow! How he loves me!

I am going to the Van Heuven's ball tonight. I hope I shall not look a fright. I am taking malt and cod liver oil to fatten up again. My elbows look so peaky.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Alea jacta est. I will do as she wishes, go where she bids. Her overmastering passion has conquered my will. She is right, right a thousand times! Life is too short for us to murder our wishes, and strangle our joys. I have lived like a miserable fool the forty five years of my life. I will live like a god for what remains. Italy and Viviane! Rome—and her mouth! Naples—and her laughter! Venice—and her arms! How have I lived all these wretched, wasted years in the ditch of conventionality, in the mud of commonplace!

Forty five years of imbecile respectability, of stagnant idiocy! How have I stood it? How could I ever stand it again? Oh, my sunshine, my wild bird of passion! To what dazzling lands of joy will you lead me? My God! What has she found to love in me? I never thought I should be loved like this.

Viviane's Diary.

He sends me so many roses that they can hardly get into the house. I dislike these large, impudent flowers. They look like red cabbages, I shall send them to Mrs. Van Heuven. She will think it a pretty, foreign way of being polite. He has sent me a lot of sketches; all Italian landscapes—Vesuviuses, and Capris, lagunas, and Maremmas, with two small figures on each of them, hand in hand. I suppose they are meant to be himself and me. How puerile!

If I did go to Italy with him—and

really, for all that Jack seems to care, I might as well go as not—I should insist upon his dressing better than he does. He looks positively shabby. A man of his age must be particularly careful about the way he dresses. That man Markowsky wears his clothes well, although he is a mad Hungarian violinist. But then he is so tall and slender. Very good looking, too. He says I sent him away two weeks ago, when he came with his music. I wonder what I did that for! He is such a magnificent musician, and such an ornament to one's drawing room.

That cat of a Mrs. Van Heuven would give her eyes to have him.

She shan't.

Earle Bright's Diary.

All the vile, little details of my past life—the life I have led until two days ago—offend me. The vulgar chatter, the sordid worries, the stupid little satisfactions—I am already as far removed from them all as if I were in a sunny southern land, wandering through the art galleries of Florence and the wonders of Rome with her hand upon my arm. When I think of it, the blood rushes to my eyes and blinds me.

She is coming today. She was to have been here at four. It is a quarter past. Poor little bird! What is detaining her? How she must beat her bright wings against the restraint that keeps her from me even these few minutes! My wild, impatient bird!

Viviane's Diary.

If there is one thing in the world that enraptures me, it is music. I ought to have been a musician and not a writer. Raff, for instance! Is there anything like Raff's Canzone except Raff's Cavatina? I picture Music to my soul as a tall and slender seraph with dark eyes, long, curling hair, and a young, young mouth.

Oh, dear me! It is nearly five o'clock. I ought to have been at the studio ages ago.

But such weather! I do not suppose he expects me in such weather.

Earle Bright's Diary.

I wish she would come. Her eyes haunt me, her voice pursues me, her smile obsesses me. I think of her night and

day. What God given wonder is this that has come into my life? I cannot live without her any longer. Oh, my love, my love! Let us go away together—away!

Viviane's Diary.

My *grandes passions* are like those Spanish inns where you find nothing but what you bring with you. My soul, like a huge Gladstone bag, has enough passion and tenderness and joy and glory in it to decorate a palace and live on for a year. I carry it all with me, and unpack it in some dingy hovel—Bright's studio, for instance—and say, "What a beautiful place! How I should like to live here forever!" Then, one day, while I am out, a little devil comes and packs the passion and the tenderness and the glory and the joy all up again; and when I come in and see the desolate, shabby place, I wonder how I ever came.

Poor, dingy Spanish inns!

Earle Bright's Diary.

She did not come yesterday. She has not been today. I am wretchedly anxious and unhappy.

Viviane's Diary.

Dear old Jack is taking me to the great Wagner festival at the German embassy. Markowsky is going too. I have ordered two dresses from Pasquier, by telegraph. One is a ball dress of silver *crêpe de Chine*. Dear, good Jack! He says he does it as a reward because I finished my story so well. It is quite true. The heroine's death is a *chef d'œuvre*. I cried while I was writing it.

I shall post it off to the *Planet* tomorrow.

Earle Bright's Diary.

She has not been, or written, for five days. I called, and they told me she was out. I heard her laughing, up stairs.

Viviane's Diary.

The *Planet* has taken my story. I am to have threepence a word. I have sent it to Grandon Vane to illustrate. He is wonderfully clever, Markowsky says. One of the young school. There's nothing like the young school.

The dresses are here—dreams! They cost eighty pounds each. Dear, *good* Jack! How he spoils me! How I love him!

F. MARION CRAWFORD AND HIS WORK.

An interesting conversation with one of the leaders of our contemporary literature—
Mr. Crawford tells how he became a novelist, draws comparisons between his books,
and relates the personal experiences that suggested his latest story, "Corleone."

AMONG readers of present day fiction it is conceded that F. Marion Crawford stands at the head of the school of romanticist writers. His success has been remarkable. He is one of the few novelists who have leaped into instant fame and a comfortable income by the product of his pen.

Ordinarily the most successful writers of fiction wait for years to obtain recognition from a discriminating public, but in Mr. Crawford's case it was different. From the day of the appearance of his first book, "Mr. Isaacs," fifteen years ago, his position as a writer has been assured. His initial novel made an enviable reputation for its author, and Mr. Crawford has added to this fame by each of his subsequent productions. He now has twenty nine novels to his credit, to say nothing of numerous magazine and special articles. This is about an average of two novels a year.

Some of the astute critics have attempted to poke fun at Mr. Crawford and his work by accusing him of having invented a patent process for grinding out books by the yard, and saying that it was a bad year with him when he did not produce four or five novels. This is not only not true, but it creates a false impression in the minds of those who have not read Mr. Crawford's books. They are far from having the appearance of being hastily or crudely prepared.

Two novels a year is not a remarkable record for a man in good health and in the prime of life. Indeed, there may be writers who have produced less who would have produced more had there been any urgent demand for their writings.

Although Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, and has lived much abroad, he is of American parentage, and is considered an American novelist. His early education was obtained here, and he is a thoroughly patriotic disciple of Uncle Sam. Much of his time, however, is passed in Italy, which is the scene of so many of his novels. During the winter he was in this country for several months, superintending the production of the dramatization of "Dr. Claudius."

Speaking of "Corleone," Mr. Crawford's novel now running in this magazine, the author said recently:

"I regard 'Corleone' in some respects as my very best effort. It contains chapters which I think are better than anything I have ever written. Upon the whole, I think I am better satisfied with 'Corleone' than any of my other books. Of course, I have not reached my ideal. But then, did you ever hear of any one who ever did? I never have, I am sure.

"'Corleone' tells a great deal about the interior of Sicily, brigandage, and the mafia. The mafia in Sicily is not the mafia as it is understood in this country. The mafia in Sicily is not a secret society, but a general disposition, or state of mind, common to all the middle and lower classes of Sicilians. The truth is, as I have explained in detail in 'Corleone,' all Sicilians are banded together to resist the government or any constituted authority. It is second—I was about to say first—nature with them. An evidence of this is found in the fact that the Italian government has never even attempted to impose the salt tax, which is one of the burdens of the mainland. The authorities can make but little

headway in governing Sicily, as any native who undertakes to help them is regarded as a traitor, and it becomes the solemn duty of his fellows to 'remove' him forthwith.

"I have had exceptional advantages for studying Sicily, as I have spent a good deal of time in the island. Two years ago I was the guest of an Englishman who is one of the heirs to a large estate upon Mt. *Ætna*. You may form some idea of the size of the estate when I tell you that it is more than eighty miles round it. My friend lives in an old monastery which I have fully described in the book under another name.

"Life at this castle or monastery was certainly exciting enough. My friend was very unpopular with the mafia owing to the fact that he had undertaken to resist brigandage and blackmail in the vicinity of his estate, which was a dangerous thing to attempt. One had to be constantly on guard. It was hardly safe to go out into the garden, for instance, without the protection of a pistol, and we never thought of driving or riding any distance about the place without a battery of Winchester and pistols. My friend is receiving the sympathy and encouragement of the Italian government, and he is gradually getting the upper hand of the brigands in his immediate locality.

"The brigands of Sicily and the brigands on the mainland of Italy have no points of resemblance to speak of. Of course there are comparatively few brigands now on the mainland, but where they exist they are no better than common footpads, dirty and ragged, who would not hesitate to cut a throat for five cents; in fact, they never were anything but highwaymen. But the brigand of Sicily is in most cases an outlaw who has been driven into the bush owing to some little indiscretion, such as the killing of a friend in a quarrel. He is generally well dressed and may be highly educated. He would not hold you up to take your watch or any loose change that you might happen to have about you. Far from it. But if he knew, or had reason to believe, that you were a rich prize, he would seize you if he could and hold you for a ransom. The ambition of the true brigand is to make a "ten strike" and then get away to South America.

"There is a great scarcity of weapons among the peasantry or poorer classes in Sicily. Only the well to do are permitted to carry arms. The penalty for carrying concealed weapons among the poorer classes is very severe, and it is rigorously enforced.

"It has always seemed to me that the city of Naples is perhaps from a moral point of view the center of gravity of wickedness in Italy. I account for it from the fact that Naples was originally a Greek colony. It was only under Augustus Cæsar that it was annexed to Rome, but of course some trace of the Greek element remains, and we all know what a degenerate the average Greek is today. If you want further proof go to the far east and study him in his native lair. In some villages of Sicily today, Greek is practically the only language spoken. The aristocracy of Naples has no longer the strength nor the wealth to hold a leading position, and the bad character of the middle and lower classes in Naples is a proverb.

"The real Italian Italy begins south of Florence. North of Florence there is such a large descent from other nationalities that the native or original Italians are almost lost sight of. Northern Italy was overrun centuries ago by Gauls, Goths, Lombards and other tribes from the north of Europe, and their descendants predominate in that section of Italy today.

"It would hardly do for me to anticipate all the details and incidents developed in 'Corleone.' That would not be fair to the readers of your magazine. I can speak of a number, however, without divulging the plot of the story. The chapter, for instance, where one brother chases the other on horseback is probably the best piece of descriptive writing I have ever done.

"Non Catholics will hardly understand or appreciate the part which relates to the inviolable sacredness of the confessional. A priest discovers a man in his church who has just committed a murder. The priest catches him red handed. The murderer immediately confesses his crime to the priest, and the latter under the rules of the church must hold the confession sacred. Subsequently the murderer accuses the priest of the very crime which he himself committed. The priest

is tried for the crime. He is only safe at last when the real murderer reveals the truth on his death bed."

"Is it a fact that the Catholic church would not sustain a priest in breaking the rule regarding confessions in a case like the one you describe?"

"Yes. The church holds that it would be better for the priest to suffer in silence rather than to violate the seal of confession. No exceptions can be made; were they permitted, the value of confession itself would be destroyed."

"Would the rule hold good in this country?"

"Certainly. Catholics will understand it. I am a Catholic myself, and if I had committed the worst crime known I should not hesitate to confess it to any priest in this country in good standing, as I should know that he would not divulge it."

"Have you ever known of an actual incident in real life such as the one you have mentioned?"

"Yes. A case almost similar happened in Poland a number of years ago. The priest was sent to Siberia, and was there for many years before the truth was revealed by the death bed confession of the real criminal. But, fortunately, such cases do not happen very often. Still, they are not impossible, nor even improbable."

Mr. Crawford's books have always sold well. His publishers in this country put the sales at fully six hundred thousand copies. Altogether, more than a million copies of his books have been printed and sold, besides the numerous translations into foreign languages.

Mr. Crawford writes his novels by hand. "I once tried dictating," he said, "but did not find it satisfactory. In working I sit with my right side to my desk, keep my body erect, and write with my whole arm. Some writing teachers tell their pupils to sit facing the desk, but experience has taught me that that is not the correct position.

"One of the questions most frequently asked me," Mr. Crawford added, "is how I became a novelist, or discovered that I had any aptitude for fiction. It happened in this way. I had returned from India, and was dining with my uncle, Sam Ward, at the New York Club. It goes without saying that it was a good dinner, as Uncle Sam had a world wide reputation for that sort of thing. Over the coffee and cigars I began telling my experiences in India. Among other things I told a story about a most interesting man I had met in Simla, the summer resort in the Himalayas. I suppose I became interested in my subject, and the story did not lose anything in the telling. When I had finished the tale, Uncle Sam slapped his hand on the table and said, 'You must write that one. It will at least make a good short story for a magazine. If you will write out the story,' he added with a smile, 'I will promise to find a publisher.' Somehow the idea caught my fancy, and I began at once. Before I went to bed that night, I had written part of the first chapter of 'Mr. Isaacs.' I kept at it steadily every day, and very soon what I had expected to make into a magazine article took the proportions of a full sized novel. In due time the book was finished. Its success surprised me; it was far beyond anything that I had ever dreamed of.

"Having tasted blood, it was not difficult for me to persuade myself to become a novelist. I began at once my second book—'Dr. Claudius.' When 'Dr. Claudius' appeared some of the critics were good enough to say that it was a rank failure, and that it was quite evident that I was a 'one book man.' 'Dr. Claudius' now stands fourth, I believe, in the statement of sales of my novels, which shows that criticism is not always infallible. But I am not one to find fault with the critics. Upon the whole, they have treated me more than well, and I have obtained many good suggestions from them."



FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS

II.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(*Second Paper.*)

Lawrence's career of social and artistic triumphs, his popularity and notoriety, and his portrait gallery of the beautiful women and famous men of the nineteenth century's first three decades.

LAWRENCE'S social gifts had as much to do with his success as his talent as an artist. He had an extraordinary faculty of endearing himself to the men and women who have become the historical characters of his day. It does not appear to have been the result of anything particularly fine in his character, but came from an irresistible charm of manner, which attracted even in his earliest youth. He went everywhere and knew everybody, and even George III, who had been declaring that there was only one painter in the world, and that there never had been but one painter in the world—the American, Benjamin West—intrusted Lawrence with dozens of commissions, although he had never given one to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua twice painted the king and queen, but it was at his own request and expense. In contrast to this treatment of a man who had so widely diverged from the traditions of English art that he had practically created a school, the boy Thomas Lawrence, not yet twenty three, was made painter in ordinary to the court.

The admission of Lawrence to the Royal Academy was the subject of a great deal of talk, and formed the topic of the day for the wits. He was young, he was self taught, he had never traveled in Italy—a fact which, the critics urged, made his work impossible. Peter Pindar published a poem which he called "The Right of Kings," after the Academy had

first rejected Lawrence, and then, at the king's command, had elected him :

Go, sirs, with halters round your wretched necks—

Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks—

And much offended majesty implore;

Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view,

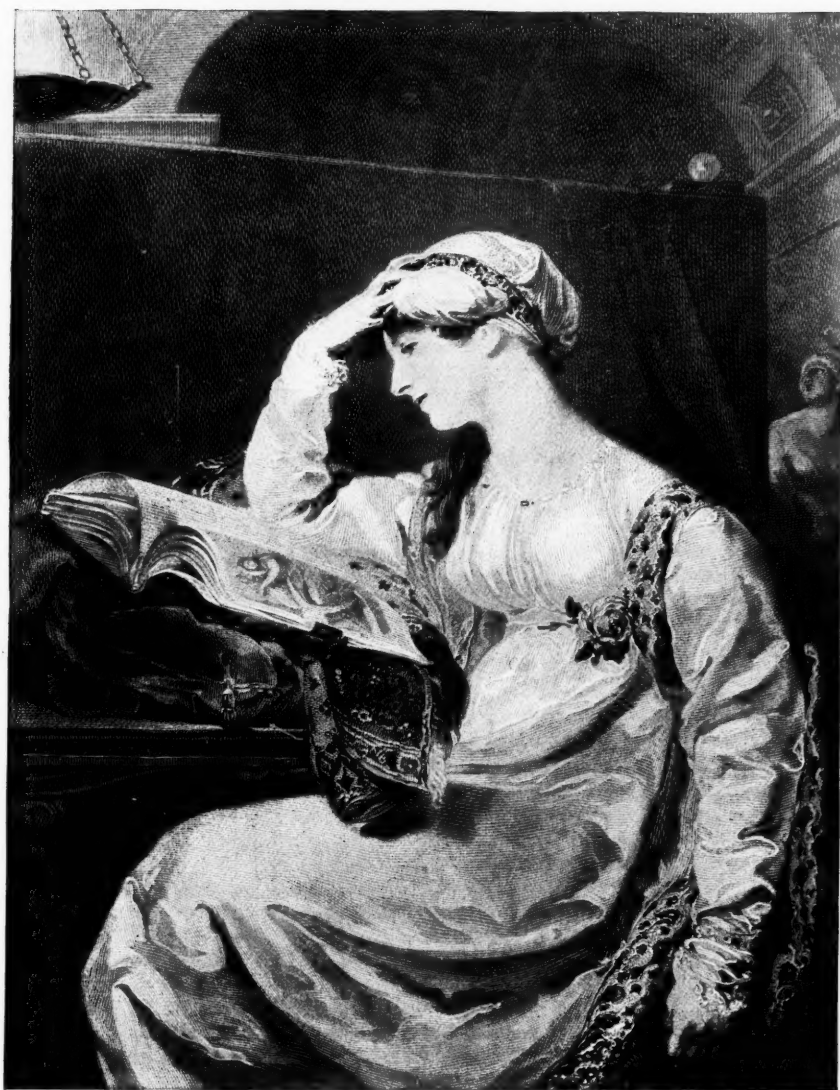
"Have pity on a sad abandon'd crew,

And we, great king, will sin no more ;

Forgive, dread sir, the crying sin,

And Mr. Lawrence shall come in ! "

Lawrence's great success began when he was asked to paint full length portraits of the king and queen, to be sent as presents to the Emperor of China. Lord Macartney was to go to Peking to present them. The idea of the gift was ridiculed all over Europe, and young Mr. Lawrence received an advertisement which made his name widely known and sent more orders to him than he could fill. Although at this time he received only about a hundred dollars for a portrait, he painted so rapidly, and received so many commissions, that he considered himself a rich man, and began the course of extravagance which kept him always in debt. A handsome young fellow who was so popular personally, and who was received with intimacy in high places, had to be a trifle more prudent than Lawrence to escape criticism. If an astrologer had been called upon to draw the painter's horoscope, it would doubtless have been said that he was born under a planet which insisted upon notoriety; for while his friends always regarded him as a man



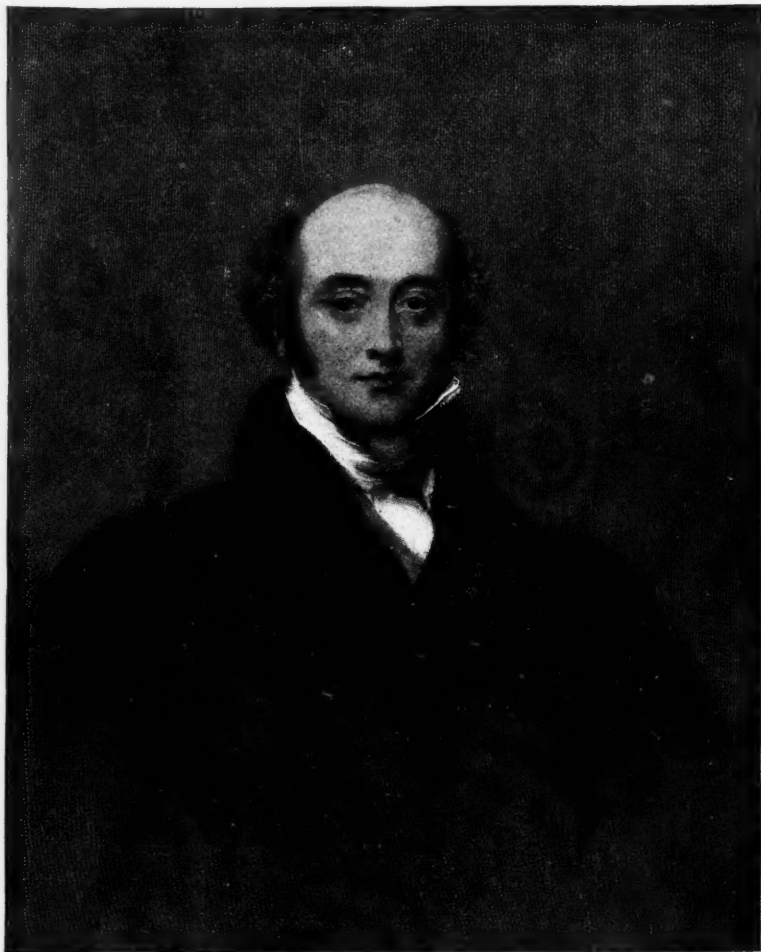
MRS. WOLFFE.

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

of blameless life, if sometimes weak, he was perpetually in the midst of a storm of talk.

In the opening years of the nineteenth century, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the midst of their quarrels, the latter stayed with her daughter at Blackheath, where Mr. Lawrence entered the royal household on a very intimate footing. He taught the princess to model

in clay, and often spent several days at Montague House. This resulted in what has been called the "delicate investigation," when the king sent a commission to look into the conduct of his daughter in law. The investigators brought back a report which was something like the Scotch verdict of "not proven." They thought that at any rate the princess had been guilty of "levity." Then did Law-



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

From an engraving by J. Sartain after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

rence show that talent and charm of manner do not make a complete gentleman, by publishing a statement that gave solemn particulars of the occasions upon which he had been alone with her royal highness. He asserted that he never was with her "behind a door which was locked, bolted, or fastened, otherwise than in the common or usual manner, which leaves it quite in the power of any person on the outside to open it, so help me God, Thomas Lawrence." One William Cole, a servant, was Lawrence's accuser. The king ordered the man indicted for perjury, but he was never brought to trial.

Lawrence was on terms of the greatest intimacy with the families whose seats were near Montague House. One of these was William Lock, of whose wife and children he painted portraits. Mr. Lock was one of the best known collectors in England, and was considered at that time the most enlightened judge of art. Dr. Johnson, who was one of his early friends, left a tribute to his scholarship, and Lawrence, writing of him, said: "I am the better for his life and for his death." It was his constant friendship that brought Lawrence through the trouble of the "investigation."

The friendship of the Kemble family was one of the earliest of the advances which Lawrence made. He painted John Philip Kemble many times, and was particularly successful with the famous

the figure being taken from that of a pugilist named Jackson. It is gigantic and most theatric, and at the same time it has more genius than most of Lawrence's works. The picture, of which we



MASTER LOCK.

From an engraving by W. Humphrys after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

tragedian; but although he admired Mrs. Siddons more than any woman of her time, his portraits of her were not strong. One of his great pictures was of Kemble as *Hamlet*. Another, painted much earlier, caused a great deal of criticism. It was in the character of *Rolla* in "Pizarro." Only the face was Kemble's,

give an engraving, is or recently was the property of Sir Robert Peel.

In 1814 Lawrence made his first visit to the continent, whence the prince regent called him home to paint the portraits of the series of princes and generals, statesmen and diplomats, that fill the Waterloo chamber at Windsor Castle.

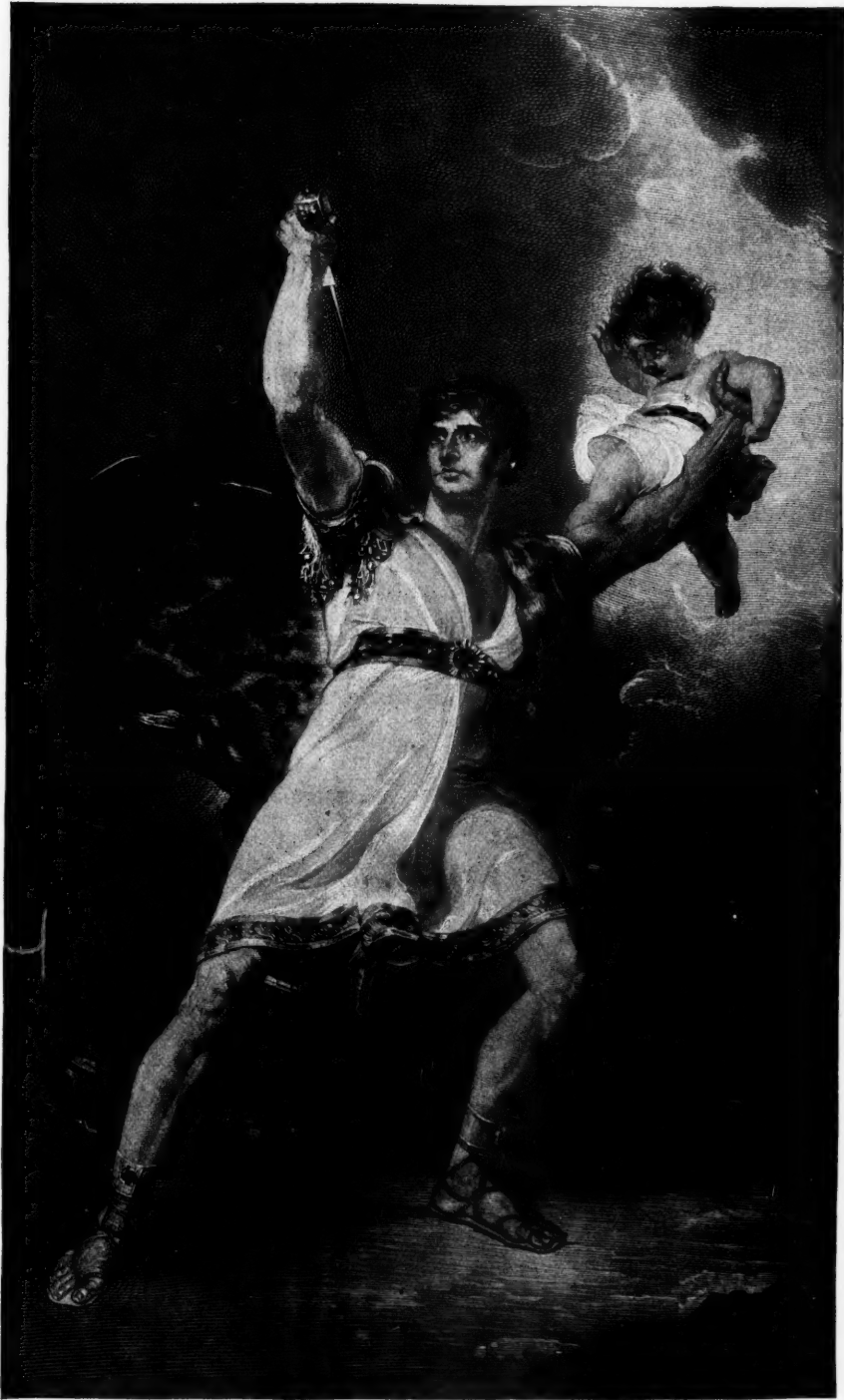


MISS MURRAY.

From an engraving by George H. Phillips after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The exhibition of 1815 showed a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and one of the pictures of Mrs. Wolfe, a lady who came to have the greatest influence upon the life and fortunes of Lawrence. She was the wife of the Danish consul, Jens Wolfe, who was a patron of the arts, and entertained at his home, Sherwood Lodge, all the eminent artists in London. Lawrence

became a constant visitor there, and he and his sister became the close friends of Mrs. Wolfe. Later, she separated from her husband. She went to reside in Kent, about fifty miles from London; but this did not prevent the *Literary Gazette* from writing articles which kept Lawrence's friends always on the defensive. But the best evidence that her friendship for the



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS "ROLLA" IN "PIZARRO."

From an engraving by S. W. Reynolds after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot!"



LORD DURHAM.

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

painter was upon the highest plane comes from their correspondence, which neither ever expected to be made public. Lawrence wrote to her as he wrote to no other person, giving her his ideas concerning his work, and his most intimate thoughts. The public crowded about his portraits of Mrs. Wolfe as they had before those of the Princess of Wales, with an interest far beyond their merits as paintings.

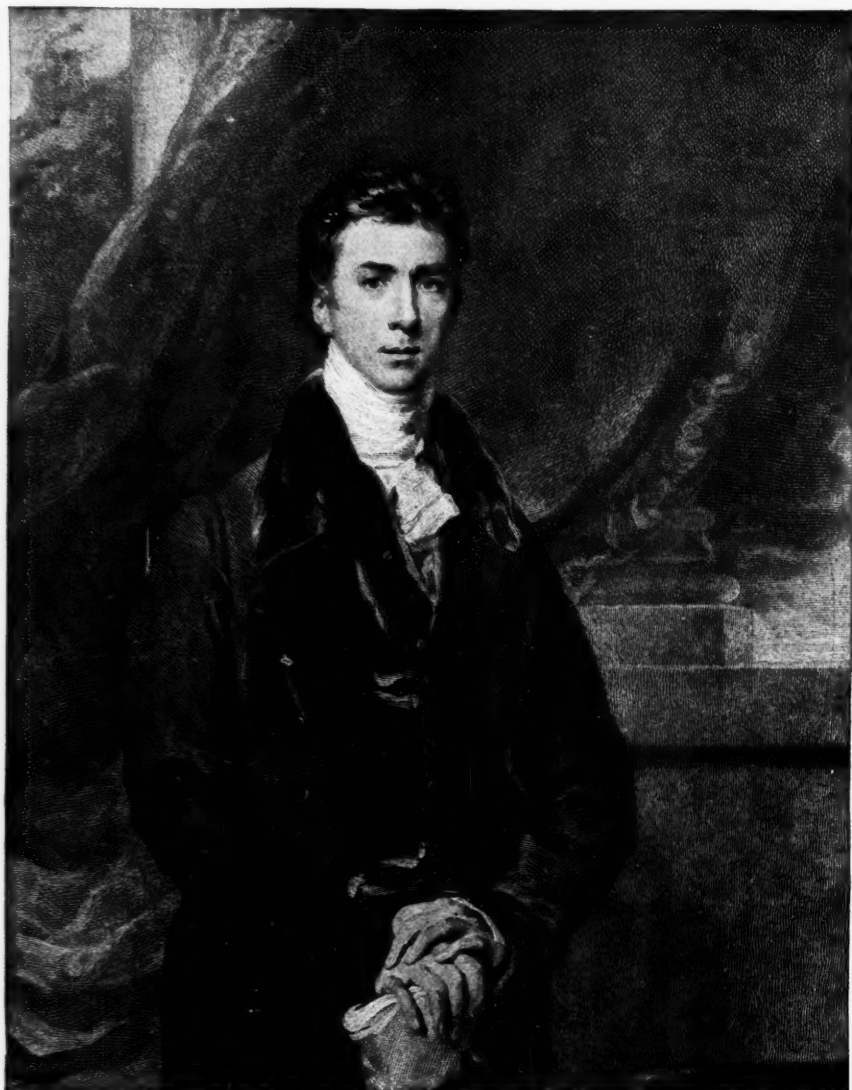
In 1818, Lawrence exhibited his famous picture of Wellington on the horse that

the Iron Duke rode at Waterloo. This picture is at Windsor. During the congress of that year, at Aix la Chapelle, he received orders to paint all the allied sovereigns who had not already sat for him—a commission which delighted a man who had an innate love for finery, and was never happier than when he had a uniform before him. He wrote home an account of his work which fairly bristles with imperial and royal titles. But though he had an unequalled opportunity



"THE PROFFERED KISS."

From an engraving by E. Abot after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

From an engraving by William Walker after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

to produce an immortal series of portraits, the results do not compare with what he did after he had studied in Rome. It makes us regret as much as those early critics that he took his education at the wrong end of his life.

Of his last works, some show real genius. One of these is the child portrait of Miss Murray, the little daughter of the Right Hon. G. Murray, M.P. It has a lightness

and charm which Lawrence put into all his portraits of children, and an intangible atmosphere which we call great art.

His death came suddenly in January, 1830, while he had in his hands an engraving of a portrait of Mrs. Wolfe, which he was retouching. He was interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he rests by the side of his predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place in the Isle of Man is the house of Parson Quayle, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane. But even here, he fails to find the spiritual refuge he seeks. A lay brother, Brother Paul, is tormented by fears as to the fate of his sister, Polly Love. When these are confirmed by an incautious admission of John Storm, he goes to the father superior and begs to be allowed to make an effort to reclaim the erring girl. His petition is refused. John Storm, who has been made guardian of the gate, cannot endure the sight of Brother Paul's suffering, and offers to allow him to leave the convent secretly at night, and to admit him in the morning.

On learning of John Storm's determination to enter the monastery, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motives, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame. She tries to obtain an engagement to sing or recite, but fails, and is glad to accept the offer of employment in a small tobacco shop kept by a Mrs. Jupe.

XXIX.

AT the end of the fourth week, after Glory had paid her fee to the agent, she called on him again. It was Saturday morning, and the vicinity of his office was a strange and surprising scene. The staircase and passages to the house, as well as the pavement of the streets, as far as to the public house at the corner, were thronged with a gaudy but shabby army of music hall artists of both sexes.

When Glory attempted to pass through them she was stopped by a cry of "Tyke yer turn on treasury day, my dear," and she fell back and waited.

One by one they passed up stairs, came down again with cheerful faces, shouted their adieux, and disappeared. Meanwhile they amused themselves with salutations, all more or less lively and familiar, told stories and exchanged confidences, while they danced a step or stamped about to keep away the cold.

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"You've chucked the slap on with a mop this morning, my dear," said one of the girls.

"Have I, my love? Well, I was a bit thick about the clear, so I thought it would keep me warm."

"It ain't no use facing the donna of the casa with that," said a man who jingled a few coins as he came down stairs, and away went two to the public house.

Sometimes a showy brougham would drive up to the door, and a magnificent person in a fur lined coat, with diamond rings on both hands, would sweep through the lines and go up stairs. When he came down again his carriage door would be opened by half a dozen loafers who would call him "dear old cully," and tell him they were "down on their luck" and "hadn't done a turn for a fortnight." He would distribute shillings and half crowns among them, cry "Ta ta, boys," and drive away; whereupon his pensioners would stroke the threadbare edges of their astrakhan collars, tip winks after the carriage, and say, "That's better than crying cabbages in Covent Garden, ain't it?" Then they would all laugh knowingly, and one would say, "What's it to be, cully?" and somebody would answer, "Come along to Poverty Point then," and a batch of the waiting troop would trip off to the corner.

One of the gorgeous kind was coming down the stairs when his eye fell on Glory, as she stood in a group of girls who were decked out in rose pink and corresponding finery. He paused, turned back, reopened the office door, and said in an audible whisper,

"Who's the pretty young ginger you've got here, Josephs?"

A moment afterwards the agent had come out and called her up stairs.

"It's salary day, my dear, wait there," he said, and he put her into an inner room, which was tawdrily furnished in faded red plush, with a piano, and colored prints of ballet girls and boxing men, and was full of the odor of stale tobacco and bad whisky.

She waited half an hour, feeling hot and ashamed and troubled with perplexing thoughts, and listening to the jingle of money in the adjoining room, mingled with the ripple of laughter and some-

times the exchange of angry words. At length the agent came back, saying, "Vell, vhat can I do for you today, my dear?"

He had been drinking; his tone was familiar, and he placed himself on the end of the sofa upon which Glory was seated.

Glory rose immediately. "I came to ask if you have heard of anything for me," she said.

"Sit down, my dear."

"No, thank you."

"Heard anything? Not yet, my dear. You must wait—"

"I think I've waited long enough, and if your promises amount to anything you'll get me an appearance, at all events."

"So I would, my dear—I would get you an extra turn at the Vashington, but it is very expensive, and you've got no money."

"Then why did you take what I had, if you can do nothing? Besides, I don't want anything but what my talents will earn. Give me a letter to a manager—for mercy's sake do something for me!"

There was the shrug of the ghetto as the man rose and said, "Very vell, if that's it, I'll give you a letter and vel-come."

He sat at a table and wrote a short note, sealed it carefully in an envelope which was backed with advertisements, then gave it to Glory and said, "Daddle doo. You'll not require to come again."

Going down stairs she looked at the letter. It was addressed to an acting manager at a theater in the farthest west of London. The passages of the house and the pavements outside were now empty; it was nearly two o'clock, and snow was beginning to fall. She was feeling cold and a little hungry, but making up her mind to deliver the letter at once, she hastened to the Temple station.

There was a matinée, so the acting manager was "in front." He took the letter abruptly, opened it with an air of irritation, glanced at it, glanced at Glory, looked at the letter again, and then said in a strangely gentle voice, "Do you know what's in this, my girl?"

"No," said Glory.

"Of course you don't—look," and he gave her the letter to read. It ran:

Dear —. This wretched young ginger is worrying me for a shop. She isn't worth a —. Get rid of her, and oblige.

JOSEPHS.

Glory flushed up to the forehead, and bit her lip; then a little nervous laugh broke from her throat, and two great tears came rolling from her eyes. The acting manager took the letter out of her hands and tapped her kindly on the shoulder.

"Never mind, my child. Perhaps we'll disappoint him yet. Tell me all about it."

She told him everything, for he had bowels of compassion. "We can't put you on at present," he said, "but our saloon contractor wants a young lady to give out programs, and if that will do to begin with—"

It was a crushing disappointment, but she was helpless. The employment was menial, but it would take her out of the tobacco shop, put her into the atmosphere of the theater, and bring fifteen shillings a week as well. She might begin on Monday, if she could find her black dress, white apron, cap, and cuffs. The dress she had already, but the apron, cap, and cuffs would take the larger part of the money she had left.

By Sunday night she had swallowed her pride with one great gulp and was writing home to Aunt Anna:

I'm as busy as Trap's wife these days—indeed, that, goddess of industry is nothing to me now; but Christmas is coming, and I shall want to buy a present for grandfather (and perhaps for the aunts as well), so please send me a line in secret saying what he is wanting most. Snow! snow! snow! The snow it snoweth every day.

On the Monday night she presented herself at the theater and was handed over to another girl to be instructed in her duties. The house was one of the best in London, and Glory found pleasure in seeing the audience assemble. For the first half hour the gorgeous gowns, the beautiful faces, and the distinguished manners excited her and made her forget herself. Then little by little there came the pain of it all, and by the time the curtain had gone up her gorge was rising, and she crept out into the quiet corridor where her colleague was seated already under an electric lamp reading a penny number.

The girl was a little tender black and white thing looking like a dahlia. In a quarter of an hour Glory knew all about her. During the day she served in a shop in the Whitechapel Road. Her name was Agatha Jones—they called her Aggie. Her people lived in Bethnal Green, but Charlie always came to the theater to take her home. Charlie was her young man.

In the intervals between the acts Glory assisted in the cloak room, and there the great ladies began to be very amusing. After the tinkle of the electric bell announcing the second act she returned to the deserted corridor, and before her audience of one gave ridiculous imitations in dead silence of ladies using the puff and twiddling up their front hair.

"My! It's you that oughter be on the styge, my dear," said Aggie.

"Do you think so?" said Glory.

"I'm going on myself soon. Charlie's getting me on the clubs."

"The clubs?"

"The foreign clubs in Soho. More nor one has begun there."

"Really?"

"The foreigners like dancing best. If you can do the splits and shoulder the leg it's the mykings of you for life."

When the performance was over they found Charlie waiting on the square in front of the house. Glory had seen him before, and she recognized him immediately. He was the young Cockney with the rolled fringe who had bantered the policeman by Palace Yard on Lord Mayor's Day. They got into the underground together, and when Glory returned to the subject of the foreign clubs Charlie grew animated and eloquent.

"They give ye five shillings a turn, and if yer good for anythink ye may do six turns of a Sunday night, not ter speak of special nights and friendly leads and sech."

When Glory got out at the Temple Aggie's head was resting on Charlie's shoulder and her little gloved fingers were lightly clasped in his hand.

On the second night Glory had conquered a good deal of her pride. The grace of her humor was saving her. It was almost as if somebody else was doing

servant's duty and she was looking on and laughing. After all, it was very funny that she should be there, and what delicious thoughts it would bring later! Even Nell Gwynne sold oranges in the pit at first, and then some day when she had risen above all this—

It must have been a great night of some sort. She had noticed red baize and an awning outside, and the front of one of the boxes was laden with flowers. When its occupants entered the orchestra played the national anthem and the audience rose to their feet. It was the prince with the princess and their daughters. The audience was only less distinguished, and something far off and elusive moved in her memory when a lady handed her a check and said in a sweet voice:

"A gentleman will come for this seat."

Glory's station was in the stalls, and she did not go out when the lights went down and the curtain rose. The play was a modern one—the story of a country girl who returned home after a life of bitterness and shame.

It moved her and thrilled her, and stirred the smoldering fires of her ambition. She was sorry for the actress who played the part, the poor thing did not understand, and she would have given worlds to pour her own voice through the girl's mouth. Then she was conscious that she was making a noise with her hands, and looking down at them she saw the crumpled programs and her white cuffs, and remembered where she was, and what, and she murmured, "O God, do not punish me for these vain thoughts!"

All at once a light shot across her face as she stood in the darkness. The door of the corridor had been opened, and a gentleman was coming in. He stood a moment beside her, with his eyes on the stage, and said in a whisper:

"Did a lady leave a seat?"

It was Drake! She felt as if she would suffocate, but answered in a strained voice:

"Yes, that one—program, please."

He took the program without looking at her, put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and slid something into her hand. It was sixpence.

She could have screamed. The humiliation was too abject. Hurrying out, she threw down her programs, put on her cloak and hat, and fled.

But next morning she laughed at herself, and when she took out Drake's sixpence she laughed again. With the poker and a nail she drove a hole through the coin, and then hung it up by a string to a hook over the mantelpiece, and laughed (and cried a little) every time she looked at it. Life was so funny! Why did people bury themselves before they were dead? She wouldn't do it for worlds. But she did not go back to the theater for all that, and neither did she return to the counter.

Christmas was near, the shops became bright and gay, and she remembered what beautiful presents she had meant to send home out of the money she had hoped to earn. On Christmas Eve the streets were thronged with little family groups out shopping, and there were many amusing sights. Then she laughed a good deal, she could not keep from laughing.

Christmas day opened with a rimy, hazy morning, and the business thoroughfares were deserted. They had sucking pig for dinner, and Mr. Jupe, who was at home for the holiday, behaved like a great boy. It was afternoon before the postman arrived with a bag as big as a creel, and full of Christmas cards and parcels. There was a letter for Glory. It was from Aunt Anna.

We are concerned about the serious step you have taken, but trust it is for the best, and that you will give Mrs. Jupe every satisfaction. Don't waste your savings on us. Remember there are post office savings banks everywhere, and that there is no friend like a little money.

At the bottom there was a footnote from Aunt Rachel:

Do you ever see the queen in London, and the dear prince and princess.

She went to service that night at St. Paul's Cathedral. Entering by the west door, a verger in his cloak directed her to a seat in the nave. The great place was dark and chill and half empty. All the singing seemed to come from some unseen regions far away, and when the preacher got into the curious pulpit he looked like a jack in the box, and it seemed to be a drum that was speaking.

Coming out before the end she thought she would walk to the Whitechapel Road, of which Aggie had told her something. She did so, going by Bishopsgate Street, but turning her head away as she passed the church of the Brotherhood. The motley crowd of Polish Jews, Germans, and Chinamen, in the most interesting street in Europe, amused her for a while, and then she walked up Houndsditch and passed through Bishopsgate Street again.

At the Bank she took an omnibus for home. The only other fare was a bouncing girl in a big hat with feathers.

"Going to the market, my dear? No? I hates it myself, too, so I goes to the 'alls instead. Come from the country, don't ye? Same here. Father's a farmer, but he's got sixteen besides me, so I won't be missed. Live? I live at old Nan's dress house now. Nice gloves, ain't they? My hat? Glad you like the style. I generally get a new hat once a week, and as for gloves, if anybody likes me——"

That night in her musty bedroom Glory wrote home while little slyboots slept:

"The best laid plans o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley."

Witness me!

I intended to send you some Christmas presents, but the snow has been so industrious that not a mouse has stirred if he could help it. However, I send three big kisses instead and a pair of mittens for grandfather, worked with my own hands, because I wouldn't allow any good Brownie to do it for me. Tell Aunt Rachel I do see the prince and princess sometimes. I saw them at the theater the other night. Yes, the theater! You must not be shocked—we are rather gay in London—we go to the theater occasionally. It is so interesting to meet all the great people. You see I am fairly launched in fashionable society, but I love everybody just the same as ever, and the moment the candle is out I shall be thinking of Glenfaba and seeing the "Waits," and "Oiel Verree," and "Hunting the Wren," and grandfather smoking his pipe in the study by the light of the fire, and Sir Thomas Traddles, the tailless, purring and blinking at his feet. Merry Christmas to you, my dears! By by!

XXX.

"'WHERE'S that bright young Irish lady?' the gentlemen's alwis sayin', my dear," said Mrs. Jupe, and for very shame's sake, having no money to pay for board and lodgings, Glory returned to the counter.

A little beyond Bedford Row, in a rook-

ery of apartment houses in narrow streets, there lives a colony of ballet girls and chorus girls who are employed at the lighter theaters of the Strand. They are a noisy, merry, reckless, harmless race, free of speech, fond of laughter, wearing false jewelry, false hair, and false complexions, but good boots always, which they do their utmost not to conceal.

Many of these girls pass through the Turnstile on their way to their work, and towards seven in the evening the tobacconist's would be full of them. Nearly all smoked, as the stained forefinger of their right hands showed, and while they bought their cigarettes they chirruped and chirped until the little shop was like a tree full of linnets in the spring.

Most of them belonged to the Frailty Theater, and their usual talk was of the "stars" engaged there. Chief among these were the "Sisters Bellman," a trio of singers in burlesque, and a frequent subject of innuendo and repartee was one Betty, of that ilk, whose name Glory could remember to have seen blazing in gold on nearly every hoarding and sign.

"Says she was a governess in the country, my dear."

"Oh, yus, I dare say. Came out of a sloop shop in the Mile End Road, though, and learned 'er steps with the organ man in the court back of the jam factory."

"Well, I never! She's a wide un, she is!"

"About as wide as Broad Street, my dear. Use ter sell flowers in Piccadilly Circus till somebody spoke to 'er, and now she rides 'er brougham, doncher know."

Then the laughter would be general, and the girls would go off with their arms about one another's waists, and singing, in the street substitute for the stage whisper, "And 'er golden 'air was 'anging dahn 'er back!"

This yellow haired and yellow fingered sisterhood saw the game of life pretty clearly, and it did not take them long to get abreast of Glory.

"Like this life, my dear?"

"Go on! Does she look as if she liked it?"

"Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't," replied Glory.

"Tell that to the marines, my dear. I use ter be in a shop myself, but I couldn't

a-bear it. Give me my liberty, I say; and if a girl's got any sort o' figure—unnerstand, my dear?"

Late that night one of the girls came in breathless and cried, "Hooraa! What d'ye think? Betty wants a dresser, and I've got the shop for ye, my dear. Guinea a week and the pickings, and you go to-morrow night on trial. By by."

Glory's old infirmity came back upon her, and she felt hot and humiliated. But her vanity was not so much wounded by the work that she was offered as her honor was hurt by the work she was doing. Mrs. Jupe's absences from home were now more frequent than ever. If the business that took her abroad was akin to that which had taken her to Polly Love—

To put an end to her uneasiness Glory presented herself at the stage door.

"You the noo dresser, miss?" said the doorkeeper. "Collins has orders to look after you. Collins!"

A scraggy, ugly, untidy woman who was passing looked back and listened.

"Come along of me, then," she said, and Glory followed her, first down a dark passage, then through a dusty avenue between stacks of scenery, then across the open stage, up a flight of stairs, and into a room of moderate size which had no window and no ventilation, and contained three cheval glasses, a couch, four cane bottom chairs, three small toilet tables with gas jets suspended over them, three large trunks, some boxes of cigarettes, and a number of empty champagne bottles. Here there was another woman, as scraggy and untidy as the first, who bobbed her head at Glory and then went on with her work, which was that of taking gorgeous dresses out of one of the trunks and laying them on the couch.

"She told me to show you her first act," said the woman called Collins, and throwing open another trunk she indicated some of the costumes contained in it.

It was a new world to Glory, and there was something tingling and electrical in the atmosphere about her. There were the shouts and curses of the scene shifters on the stage, the laughing voices of the chorus girls going by the door, and all the multitudinous noises of the theater before the curtain rises. Presently there was a rustle of silk, and two young ladies

came bouncing into the room. One was tall and pink and white, like a scarlet runner, the other was little and dainty. They stared at Glory and she was compelled to speak.

"Miss Bellman, I presume?"

"Ye mean Betty, dwon't ye?" said the tall lady, and at that moment Betty herself arrived. She was a plump person with a kind of vulgar comeliness, and Glory had a vague sense of having seen her before somewhere.

"So ye've come," she said, and she took possession of Glory straightway. "Help me off of my sealskin."

Glory did so, the others were similarly disrobed, and in a few moments their three ladyships were busy before the toilet tables with their grease, and rose pink, and black pencils.

Glory was taking down the hair of her stout ladyship, and her stout ladyship was looking at Glory in the glass.

"Not a bad face, girls, eh?"

The other two glanced at Glory approvingly. "Not bad," they answered, and then hummed or whistled as they went on with their making up.

"Oh, *thank you*," said Glory with a low curtesy, and everybody laughed. It was really very amusing. Suddenly it ceased to be so.

"And what's its nyme, my dear?" said the little lady.

A sort of shame at using in this company the name that was sacred to home, to the old parson, and to John Storm, came creeping over Glory like a goosing of the flesh, and by the inspiration of a sudden memory, she answered, "Gloria."

The little lady paused with the black pencil at her eyebrows, and said:

"My! What a nyme for the top line of a bill!"

"Ugh! Mykes me feel like Sundays, though," said the tall lady, with a shudder.

"Irish, my dear?"

"Something of that sort," said Glory.

"Brought up a lydy, I'll be bound?"

"My father was a clergyman," said Glory, "but—"

A sudden peal of laughter stopped her, whereupon she threw up her head and her eyes flashed, but her stout ladyship patted her hand and said:

"No offense, Glo, but you re'lly mustn't

—they're *all* clergymen's daughters, doncher know."

A sharp knock came to the door, followed by the first call of the call boy, "Half hour, ladies." Then there was much bustle and some irritation inside the dressing room, and the tuning up of the orchestra outside. The knock came again, "Curtain up, please." The door was thrown open, the three ladies swept out—the tall one in tights, the little one in a serpentine skirt, the plump one in some fancy costume—and Glory was left to gather up the fragments, to listen to the orchestra, which was now in full power, to think of it all and to laugh.

The ladies returned to the dressing room again and again in the course of the performance, and when not occupied with the changing of their dresses they amused themselves variously. Sometimes they smoked cigarettes, sometimes sent Collins for brandy and soda, sometimes talked of their friends in front—"Lord Johnny's 'ere again. See 'im in the prompt box? It's 'is sixtieth night this piece and there's only been sixty nine of the run"—and sometimes they discussed the audience generally: "Don't know what's a matter with 'em tonight; ye may work yer eyes out and ye can't get a 'and."

The curtain came down at length, the outdoor costumes were resumed, the call boy called "Carriages, please"; the ladies answered "Right ye are, Tommy"; her plump ladyship nodded to Glory, "You'll do middling, my dear, when ye get yer 'and in"—and then nothing was left but the dark stage, the blank house, and the "Good night, miss," of the porter at the stage door.

So these were favorites of the footlights! And Glory Quayle was dressing and undressing them and preparing them for the stage! Next morning before rising Glory tried to think it out. Were they so very beautiful? Glory stretched up in bed to look at herself in the glass, and lay down again with a smile. Were they so much cleverer than other people? It was foolishness to think of it, for they were as empty as a drum. There must be some explanation, if a girl could only find it out.

The second night at the theater passed much like the first, except that the ladies were visited between the acts by a group

of fellow artists from another company, and then the free and easy manners of familiar intercourse gave way to a style that was most circumspect and precise, and, after the fashion of great ladies, they talked together of morning calls and leaving cards and five o'clock tea.

There was a scene in the performance in which the three girls sang together, and Glory crept out to the head of the stairs to listen. When she returned to the dressing room her heart was bounding, and her eyes, as she saw them in the glass, seemed to be leaping out of her head. It was ridiculous! To think of all that fame, all that fuss about voices like those, about singing like that, while she—if she could only get a hearing—

But the cloud had chased the sunshine from her face in a moment, and she was murmuring again, "O God, do not punish a vain, presumptuous creature!"

All the same she felt happy and joyous, and on the third night she was down at the theater earlier than the other dressers, and was singing to herself as she laid out the costumes, for her heart was beginning to be light. Suddenly she became aware of some one standing at the open door. It was an elderly man with a bald head and an owl's face. He was the stage manager; his name was Sefton.

"Go on, my girl," he said. "If you've got a voice like that why don't you let somebody hear it?"

Her plump ladyship arrived late that night, and her companions were dressed and waiting when she swept into the room like a bat with outstretched wings, crying, "Out o' the way! Betty Bellman's coming! She's lyte."

There were numerous little carpings, back bitings, and hypocrisies during the evening, and they reached a climax when Betty said,

"Lord Bobbie is coming round to-night, my dear."

"Not if I know it, my love," said the tall lady. "We are goin' to supper at the Nell Gwynne club, my dearest."

"Surprised at ye, my darling."

"You are a nice one to preach, my pet!"

After that encounter two of their ladyships, who were kissing and hugging on the stage, were no longer on speaking terms in the dressing room, and as soon

as might be after the curtain had fallen, the tall lady and the little one swept out of the place with mysterious asides about a "friend being a friend," and "not staying there to see nothing done shabby."

"If she don't like, she needn't, my dear," said the boycotted one, and then she dismissed Glory for the night with a message to the friend who would be waiting on the stage.

The atmosphere of the dressing room had become oppressive and stifling that night, and, notwithstanding the exaltation of her spirits since the stage manager had spoken to her, Glory was sick and ashamed. The fires of her ambition were struggling to burn under the drenching showers that had fallen upon her modesty, and she felt confused and compromised.

As she stepped down the stairs the curtain was drawn up, the auditorium was a void, the stage was dark, save for a single gas jet that burned at the prompter's wing, and a gentleman in evening dress was walking to and fro by the extinguished footlights. She was about to step up to the man when she recognized him, and turning on her heel she hurried away. It was Lord Robert Ure, and the memory that had troubled her at the first sight of Betty was of the woman who had ridden with Polly Love on the day of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Feeling hot and foolish and afraid, she was scurrying through the dark passages when some one called to her. It was the stage manager.

"I should like to hear your voice again, my dear. Come down at eleven in the morning sharp. The leader of the orchestra will be here to play."

She made some confused answer of assent, and then found herself in the back street, panting audibly and taking long breaths of the cold night air. She was dizzy, and was feeling, as she had never felt before, that she wanted some one to lean upon. If anybody had said to her at that moment, "Come out of the atmosphere of that hotbed, my child, it is full of danger and the germs of death," she would have left everything behind and followed him, whatever the cost or sacrifice. But she had no one, and the pain of her yearning and the misery of her shame were choking her.

Before going home she walked over to the hospital; but no, there was still no letter from John Storm. There was one from Drake, many days overdue:

DEAR GLORY,—Hearing that you call for your letters, I write to ask if you will not let me know where you are and how the world is using you. Since the day we parted in St. James' Park I have often spoken of you to my friend Miss Macquarrie, and I am angry with myself when I remember what remarkable talents you have, and that they are only waiting for the right use to be made of them. Yours most kindly,

F. H. N. DRAKE.

"Many thanks, good Late-i'-th'-day," she thought, and she was crushing the letter in her hand when she saw there was a postscript:

P.S.—This being the Christmas season I have given myself the pleasure of sending a parcel of yuletide goodies to your dear old grandfather and his sweet and simple household; but as they have doubtless long forgotten me, and I do not wish to embarrass them with unnecessary obligations, I will ask you not to help them to the identification of its source.

She straightened out the letter and folded it, put it in her pocket and returned home. Another letter was waiting for her there. It was from the parson:

So you sent us a Christmas box after all! That was just like my runaway, all innocent acting and make believe. What joy we had of it! Rachel and myself, I mean, for we had to carry on the fiction that Aunt Anna knew nothing about it, she being vexed at the thought of our spendthrift spending so much money. Chalse brought it into the parlor while Anna was up stairs, and it might have been the ark going up to Jerusalem, it entered in such solemn stillness. Oh, dear! oh, dear! The bun loaf, and the almonds, and the cheese, and the turkey, and the pound of tobacco and the mull of snuff! On account of Anna everything had to be conducted in great quietness, but it was a terribly leaky sort of silence, I fear, and there were hot and hissing whispers. God bless you for your thought and care of us! Coming so timely it is like my dear one herself, a gift that cometh from the Lord; and when people ask me if I am not afraid that my granddaughter should be all alone in that great and wicked Babylon I tell them, "No; you don't know my Glory; she is all courage and nerve and power, a perfect bow of steel, quivering with sympathy and strength."

XXXI.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone at the Brotherhood and yet the project was unfulfilled. John himself had delayed its fulfilment from one trivial cause after another. The night was too dark or not dark

enough; the moon shone or was not shining. His real obstacle was his superstitious fear. The scheme was very easy of execution, and the father himself had made it so. This and the father's trust in him had almost wrecked the enterprise. Only his own secret anxieties, which were interpreted to his consciousness by the sight of Brother Paul's wasting face, sufficed to sustain his purpose.

"The man's dying. It cannot be unpleasant to Providence."

He said this to himself again and again, as one presses the pain in one's side to make sure it is still there. Under the shadow of his difficulty his character was going to ruin. He grew cunning and hypocritical, and could do nothing that was not false in reality or appearance. When the father passed him he would drop his head, and it was taken for contrition, and he was commended for his humility.

It was now the last day of the year, and therefore the last of his duty at the door.

"It must be tonight," he whispered, as Paul passed him.

Paul nodded. Since the plan of escape had been projected he had lost all will of his own and become passive and inert. But John's energy was active enough, and he watched his opportunity like a thief.

How the day lingered! And when the night came it dragged along with feet of lead. It seemed as if the hour of evening recreation would never end. Certain of the brothers who had been away on preaching missions throughout the country had returned for the Feast of the Nativity, and the house was bright with fresh faces and cheerful voices. John thought he had never before heard so much laughter in the monastery.

But the bell rang for compline and the brothers passed into church. It was a cold night, the snow was trodden hard, and the wind was rising. The service ended and the brothers returned to the house with clasped hands and passed up to their cells in silence, leaving Brother Paul at his penance in the church.

Finally the father put up his hood and went out to lock the gate, and the dog, who took this for his signal, shambled up

and followed him. When he returned he shuddered and shrugged his shoulders.

"A bitter night, my son," he said. "It's like courting death to go out in it. Heaven help all homeless wanderers on a night like this." He was wiping the snow from his slippers. "So this is the last day of your penance, Brother Storm, and tomorrow morning you will join us in the community room. You have done well; you have fought a good fight and resisted the assaults of Satan. Good night to you, my son, and God bless you!"

He took a few steps forward and then stopped. "By the way, I promised you the 'Life of Père Lacordaire,' and you might come to my room now and fetch it."

The father's room was on the ground floor to the left of the staircase, and it was entered from a corridor which cut the house across the middle. The rooms that opened out of this corridor to the front looked on the courtyard, and those to the back looked across the city to the Thames. The father's room opened to the back and faced the river. It was as bare of ornament as any of the cells of the religious, but it had a small fire and a writing table on which a lamp was burning. The window was before you as you entered, the fire was to the right, and the bed was directly facing it. Over the bed there was a little shelf where the father kept his spectacles and the book he was reading, and under the shelf there was a line of hooks for keys.

As they entered the room together, the father hung the key of the gate on one of these hooks above the bed. It was the third hook from the end nearest the window, and the key was an old one with very few wards. John watched all this, and even observed that there were books on the floor, and that a man might stumble if he did not walk warily. The father picked up one of them.

"This is the book, my son. A most precious document, the very mirror of a living human soul. What touched me most perhaps were the father's references to his mother. A monk may not have his mother to himself, and if the love of a woman is much to him he is miserable indeed until he has fixed his eyes on the most blessed among women."

As John was coming out of the father's room he met Brother Andrew going into it with clean linen over one arm and a ewer of water in the other hand.

He threw the book on his bed in the alcove, and sat down on the form at the door and tried to strengthen himself in his purpose.

"The man is dying for the sight of his sister. He can save her soul if he can only see her. It cannot be displeasing to God Almighty."

When he lifted his head the house was silent, except for the wind that whistled outside its walls. Presently there was a scarcely perceptible click, as of a door closing, and Brother Andrew came from the direction of the superior's room. John called to him and he stepped up on tip toe, for the monk hates noise as an evil spirit. The sprawling features of the big fellow were all smiles.

"Has the father gone to bed?" said John.

"Yes."

"Just gone?"

"No—half an hour ago."

"Then he will be asleep by this time."

"He was asleep before I left him."

"So he doesn't lock his door on the inside?"

"No, never."

"Does the father sleep soundly?"

"Sometimes he does and sometimes a cat would waken him."

"Brother Andrew—"

"Yes."

"Would you do something for me if I wanted it very much?"

"You know I would."

"Even if you had to run some risk?"

"I'm not afraid of that."

"And if I got you into trouble perhaps?"

"But you wouldn't. *You* wouldn't get anybody into trouble."

John could go no farther. The implicit trust in the simple face was too much for him.

"What is it?" said Brother Andrew.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said John. "I was only trying you, but you are too good to be tempted, and I am ashamed. You must go to bed now."

"Can I put out the lights for you?"

"No, I'm not ready yet. Ugh! what a

cruel wind. A cold night for Brother Paul in the church."

"Tell me, Brother Storm, what is the matter with Brother Paul? He makes me think of my mother, I don't know why."

John made no answer, and the lay brother began to go up stairs. Two steps up he stopped and whispered:

"Won't you let me do something for you, then?"

"Not tonight, Brother Andrew."

"Good night, Brother Storm."

"Good night, my lad."

John listened to his footsteps until they stopped far overhead, and then all was quiet. Only the whistling of the wind broke the stillness of the peaceful house. He slid back the grating and looked out. All was darkness except for the tiny gleam of colored light that came from the church, where Brother Paul sat to say his "Hail Mary."

This fortified his courage, and he got up to put out the lamps in the staircase and corridors. He began at the top, and as he came down he listened on every landing and looked carefully around. There was no sound anywhere except the light fall of his own deadened footstep. His superstitious fears came back upon him, and his restless conscience created terrors. The old London mansion, with its mystic cells, seemed full of strange shadows, and the wind howled around it like a fiend. One by one he extinguished the lamps. The last of them hung in the hall under the picture of Christ in His crown of thorns. As he put it out he thought the eyes looked at him and he shuddered.

It was now half past ten, and time to carry out his project. The back of his neck was aching and his breath was coming quick. With noiseless steps he walked to the door of the father's room and listened again. Hearing nothing, he opened the door wide and stepped into the room.

The fire was slumbering out, but it cast a faint red glow on the ceiling and on the bed. A soft light rested on the father's face and he was sleeping peacefully. There was no sound except the wind in the chimney and a fog horn blowing on a steamer in the river.

To reach the key, where it hung above

the bed, it was necessary to step between the fire and the sleeping man. As John did so his black shadow fell on the father's face. He stretched out his hand for the key and found that a bunch of other keys were now hanging over it. When he removed them they jingled slightly, and then his heart stood still; but the father did not stir, and he took the key of the gate off the hook, put the other keys back in their place, and turned to go.

The dog began to howl—somebody was playing music in the street—and the open door made the wind to roar in the chimney. The father sighed, and John stood with a quivering heart and looked over his shoulder. But it was only a deep human sigh, uttered in sleep.

At the next moment John had returned to the corridor and closed the door behind him. His throat was parched, his eyelids were twitching, and his temples were beating like drums. He went gliding along like a thief, and as he passed the picture of Christ in the darkness the wind seemed to be crying "Judas!"

Back in the hall he dropped on to the form, for his knees could support him no longer. Conscience, love, humanity, and religion clamored loud in his heart and tore him in pieces. "Traitor!" cried one. "But the man's dying," cried another. "Judas!" "She is hovering on the brink of hell, and he may save her soul from death and damnation!" When the struggle was over, conscience and religion were worsted, and he was more cunning than before.

Then the clock chimed the quarter, and he raised his head. The streets, usually so quiet at that hour, were becoming noisy with traffic. There was the shuffling of many feet on the hard snow, and the sharp crack of voices.

He opened the great door of the house with as little noise as possible, and stepped out into the courtyard. The bloodhound started from his quarters and began to growl, but he silenced it with a word, and the creature came up and licked his hand. He crossed the court with quick and noiseless footsteps, lifted the latch of the sacristsy and pushed through to the church.

There was a low droning sound in the empty place. It ran a space and was then

sucked in like the sound of the sea at the harbor steps. Brother Paul was sitting in the chancel, with a lamp on the stall by his side. His head leaned forward, his eyes were closed, and the light on his thin face made it look pallid and lifeless. John called to him in a whisper:

"Paul!"

He rose quickly and followed John into the courtyard, looking wild and weak and lost.

"But the lamp—I've forgotten it," he said. "Shall I go back and put it out?"

"How simple you are!" said John. "Somebody may be lying awake in the house. Do you want him to see that you've left your penance an hour too soon?"

"True."

"Come this way—quietly."

They passed on tip toe to the passage leading to the street, where some flickering gleams of the light without fell over them.

"Where's your hat?" said John.

"I forgot that too—I left it in the church."

"Take mine," said John, "and put up your hood and button your cassock—it's a cruel night."

"But I'm afraid," said Paul.

"Afraid of what?"

"Now that the time has come I'm afraid to learn the truth about her. After all, uncertainty is hope, you know, and then——"

"Tut! Be a man! Don't give way at the last moment. Here, tie my handkerchief about your neck! How helpless you are, though! I've half a mind to go myself instead."

"But you don't know what I want to say, and if you did you couldn't say it."

"Then listen! Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Go to the hospital where your sister used to be a nurse."

"Martha's Vineyard?"

"Ask for Nurse Quayle—will you remember?"

"Nurse Quayle."

"If she is on night duty she will see you at once. But if she is on day duty she may be in bed and asleep, and in that case——"

"What?"

"Here, take this letter. Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the porter. Tell him it comes from the former chaplain—you remember. Say it concerns a matter of great importance, and ask him to send it up to the dormitories immediately. Then——"

"Well?"

"Then *she* must tell you what to do next."

"But if she is out?"

"She may be—this is New Year's Eve."

"Ah!"

"Wait in the porch till she comes in again."

John's impetuous will was carrying everything before it, and the helpless creature began to overwhelm him with grateful blessing.

"Pooh! We'll not talk of that. Have you any money?"

"No."

"Neither have I. I brought nothing here except the little in my purse, and I gave that up on entering."

"I don't want any—I can walk."

"It will take you an hour, then."

A clock was striking somewhere. "Hush! One, two, three—eleven o'clock. It will be midnight when you get there. Now go!"

The key was grating in the lock of the gate. "Remember lauds at six in the morning."

"I'll be back at five."

"And I'll open the gate at half past five. Only six hours to do everything."

"Good night, then."

"Wait!"

"What is it?"

Paul was in the street, but John was in the darkness of the passage.

"Very likely you'll cross London in a cab with her."

"My sister?"

"Your sister went to live somewhere in St. John's Wood, I remember."

"St. John's Wood?"

"Tell her"—John was striving to keep his voice firm—"tell her I am happy—and cheerful—and looking strong and well, you know."

"But you're not. You're too good, and you're wearing yourself away in my——"

"Tell her I am often thinking of her, and if she has anything to say—anything to send—any word—any message—it can't be displeasing to the Almighty—but no matter! Go, go!"

The key had grated in the lock again, the lay brother was gone, and John was left alone.

"God pity and forgive me!" he muttered, and then he turned away.

The traffic in the streets was increasing every moment, and as he stumbled across the courtyard a drunken man going by the gate stopped and cried into the passage, "Helloa, there! I'm a-watchin' of ye!" The bloodhound leaped back and barked, but John hurried into the house and clashed the door.

He sat on the form and tried to compose himself. He thought of Paul as he had seen him at the last moment—the captured eagle with the broken wing scudding into the night, the night of London, but free, free!

In his mind's eye he followed him through the streets—down Bishopsgate Street into Threadneedle Street and along Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard. Crowds of people would be there tonight, waiting for the striking of the clock at midnight that they might raise a shout and wish each other a happy New Year.

That made him think of Glory. She would be there, too, for she loved a rich and abounding life. He could see her quite plainly in the midst of the throng with her sparkling eyes and bounding step. It would be so new to her, so human, and so beautiful. Glory! Always Glory!

He thought he must have been dreaming, for suddenly the clocks were all striking, first the clock in the hall, then the clocks of the churches round about, and finally the great clock of the cathedral. Almost at the same moment there was a distant sound like the rattle of musketry, and then the church bells began to ring.

The noises in the streets were now tumultuous. People were shouting and laughing. Some of them were singing. At one moment it was a Salvation chorus, at the next a music hall ditty. With measured steps over the hardened snow of the pavement there came tramping along a line of boys and girls crying—

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
 D'ye ken John P-e-e-l—

Their shrill trebles broke like a rocket on the topmost note, and there was loud laughter.

Glory again! Always, always Glory!

Then the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw himself as he was, a self deluded man and a cheat. The impulses that had prompted him to this night's work had really centered in Glory. It had been Glory first and Glory last, and his pity for Brother Paul and his fear for the fate of Polly had been only a falsehood and pretense.

The night wind was still howling about the house. Its noise mingled with the peal of the church bells, and together they seemed to utter the voices of mocking fiends: Judas! Traitor! Fool! Fool! Traitor! Judas!

He covered his ears with his hands, and his head fell into his breast.

XXXII.

THE LITTLE TURNSTILE,
 New Year's Eve.

HOORAA! Hooraa!

Feeling like bottled yeast this evening and liable to go off, I thank my stars I have three old babies at home to whom I am bound to tell everything. So lizzen, lizzen for all! Know ye then, all men (and women), by these presents that there is a gentleman in London who predicts wonderful things for Glory. His name is Sefton, and I came to know him through three ladies—I call them the Three Graces—whose acquaintance I have made by coming to live here. He is only an old mushroom with a bald, white head; and if I believed everything their ladyships say I should conclude that he is one of those who never sin except twice a year, and that is all the time before Christmas and all the time after it. But their Graces belong to that saintly sisterhood who would take away the devil's character if they needed it (they don't), and though the mushroom's honor were as scarce as the middle cut in salmon, yet in common loyalty Glory would have to believe in it.

It is all about my voice. Hearing it by accident when I was humming about the house like a bluebottle fly, he asked me to let him hear it again in a place where he could judge of it to more advantage. That turned out to be a theater—yes, indeed, a theater—but it was the middle of the morning, and nobody was there except ourselves and a couple of cleaners, so Aunt Anna needn't be afraid. Yes, the chief of the orchestra was present, and he sat before a piano on the edge of the maelstrom, in what we should call the high bailiff's pews—but they call them the

stalls—while the mushroom himself went back to the cavernous depths of the body, which in a theater they have properly christened the pit, and this morning it looked like the bottomless one.

Lor' a massy! Ever see the inside of a theater in the daytime? Of course you've not, my dears. It is what the world itself was the day before the first day—without form and void, and darkness is on the face of the deep. Not a ray of daylight anywhere, except the adulterated kind that comes mooching around corridors and prowling in at half open doors and floating through the sepulchral gloom like the sleepy eyes of the monsters that terrified me in the caves at Gny-Deigan when I used to play pirate, you member.

The gentlemen had left me alone on the sad with five or six footlights—which they ought to call facelights—flashing in my eyes, and when the pianist began to vamp and I to sing it was like pitching my voice into a tunnel, and I became so dreadfully nervous that I was forced to laugh. That seemed to vex my unseen audience, who thought me "rot," so I said, "Let there be more light, then," and there was more light, "and let the piano cease from troubling," and it was so. Then I just stiffened my back, and give them one of mother's French songs, and after the first verse I called out to the manager at the back, "Can you hear me?" and he called back, "Go on; it's splendid!" So I did "Mylecharine" in the Manx, and I suppose I acted both of my songs; but I was only beginning to be aware that my voice in that great place was a little less like a barrel organ than usual when suddenly there came a terrific clatter, such as comes with the seventh wave on the shingle, and my two dear men in the dark were clapping the skin of their hands off!

Oh, my dears! my dears! If you only knew how for weeks and weeks I had been moaning and lamenting that it was because I wasn't clever that people took no notice of me, you would forgive a vain creature when she said to herself, "My daughter, you are really somebody after all, you, you!" It was a beautiful moment, though, and when the old mushroom came back to the stage saying, "What a voice! What expression! What nature!" I felt like falling on his bald head and kissing it, not being able to speak for lumps in the throat, and feeling like the Methodist lady who poured out whisky for the class leaders, after they had presented her with a watch, and then told the reporters to say she had suitably responded.

Heigho! I have talked about the fashionable people I meet in London, but I don't want to be one of them. They do nothing but rush about, dress, gossip, laugh, love, and plunge into all the delights of life. That is not my idea of existence. I am ambitious. I want to do something. I am tired in my soul of doing nothing. Yes, it *has* been that all along, though I didn't like to tell you so before. There are people who are born in the midst of greatness, and they don't know how to use it. But to be one of the world's celebrities, that is so different. To have won the heart of the world, so that the world knows

"Here, take this letter. Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the porter. Tell him it comes from the former chaplain—you remember. Say it concerns a matter of great importance, and ask him to send it up to the dormitories immediately. Then——"

"Well?"

"Then *she* must tell you what to do next."

"But if she is out?"

"She may be—this is New Year's Eve."

"Ah!"

"Wait in the porch till she comes in again."

John's impetuous will was carrying everything before it, and the helpless creature began to overwhelm him with grateful blessing.

"Pooh! We'll not talk of that. Have you any money?"

"No."

"Neither have I. I brought nothing here except the little in my purse, and I gave that up on entering."

"I don't want any—I can walk."

"It will take you an hour, then."

A clock was striking somewhere. "Hush! One, two, three—eleven o'clock. It will be midnight when you get there. Now go!"

The key was grating in the lock of the gate. "Remember lauds at six in the morning."

"I'll be back at five."

"And I'll open the gate at half past five. Only six hours to do everything."

"Good night, then."

"Wait!"

"What is it?"

Paul was in the street, but John was in the darkness of the passage.

"Very likely you'll cross London in a cab with her."

"My sister?"

"Your sister went to live somewhere in St. John's Wood, I remember."

"St. John's Wood?"

"Tell her"—John was striving to keep his voice firm—"tell her I am happy—and cheerful—and looking strong and well, you know."

"But you're not. You're too good, and you're wearing yourself away in my——"

"Tell her I am often thinking of her, and if she has anything to say—anything to send—any word—any message—it can't be displeasing to the Almighty—but no matter! Go, go!"

The key had grated in the lock again, the lay brother was gone, and John was left alone.

"God pity and forgive me!" he muttered, and then he turned away.

The traffic in the streets was increasing every moment, and as he stumbled across the courtyard a drunken man going by the gate stopped and cried into the passage, "Helloa, there! I'm a-watchin' of ye!" The bloodhound leaped back and barked, but John hurried into the house and clashed the door.

He sat on the form and tried to compose himself. He thought of Paul as he had seen him at the last moment—the captured eagle with the broken wing scudding into the night, the night of London, but free, free!

In his mind's eye he followed him through the streets—down Bishopsgate Street into Threadneedle Street and along Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard. Crowds of people would be there tonight, waiting for the striking of the clock at midnight that they might raise a shout and wish each other a happy New Year.

That made him think of Glory. She would be there, too, for she loved a rich and abounding life. He could see her quite plainly in the midst of the throng with her sparkling eyes and bounding step. It would be so new to her, so human, and so beautiful. Glory! Always Glory!

He thought he must have been dreaming, for suddenly the clocks were all striking, first the clock in the hall, then the clocks of the churches round about, and finally the great clock of the cathedral. Almost at the same moment there was a distant sound like the rattle of musketry, and then the church bells began to ring.

The noises in the streets were now tumultuous. People were shouting and laughing. Some of them were singing. At one moment it was a Salvation chorus, at the next a music hall ditty. With measured steps over the hardened snow of the pavement there came tramping along a line of boys and girls crying—

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?

D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?

D'ye ken John P-e-e-l—

Their shrill trebles broke like a rocket on the topmost note, and there was loud laughter.

Glory again! Always, always Glory!

Then the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw himself as he was, a self deluded man and a cheat. The impulses that had prompted him to this night's work had really centered in Glory. It had been Glory first and Glory last, and his pity for Brother Paul and his fear for the fate of Polly had been only a falsehood and pretense.

The night wind was still howling about the house. Its noise mingled with the peal of the church bells, and together they seemed to utter the voices of mocking fiends: Judas! Traitor! Fool! Fool! Traitor! Judas!

He covered his ears with his hands, and his head fell into his breast.

XXXII.

THE LITTLE TURNSTILE, New Year's Eve.

HOORAA! Hoora!

Feeling like bottled yeast this evening and liable to go off, I thank my stars I have three old babies at home to whom I am bound to tell everything. So lizzen, lizzen for all! Know ye then, all men (and women), by these presents that there is a gentleman in London who predicts wonderful things for Glory. His name is Sefton, and I came to know him through three ladies—I call them the Three Graces—whose acquaintance I have made by coming to live here. He is only an old mushroom with a bald, white head; and if I believed everything their ladyships say I should conclude that he is one of those who never sin except twice a year, and that is all the time before Christmas and all the time after it. But their Graces belong to that saintly sisterhood who would take away the devil's character if they needed it (they don't), and though the mushroom's honor were as scarce as the middle cut in salmon, yet in common loyalty Glory would have to believe in it.

It is all about my voice. Hearing it by accident when I was humming about the house like a bluebottle fly, he asked me to let him hear it again in a place where he could judge of it to more advantage. That turned out to be a theater—yes, indeed, a theater—but it was the middle of the morning, and nobody was there except ourselves and a couple of cleaners, so Aunt Anna needn't be afraid. Yes, the chief of the orchestra was present, and he sat before a piano on the edge of the maelstrom, in what we should call the high bailliff's pews—but they call them the

stalls—while the mushroom himself went back to the cavernous depths of the body, which in a theater they have properly christened the pit, and this morning it looked like the bottomless one.

Lor' a massy! Ever see the inside of a theater in the daytime? Of course you've not, my dears. It is what the world itself was the day before the first day—without form and void, and darkness is on the face of the deep. Not a ray of daylight anywhere, except the adulterated kind that comes mooching around corridors and prowling in at half open doors and floating through the sepulchral gloom like the sleepy eyes of the monsters that terrified me in the caves at Gony-Deigan when I used to play pirate, you member.

The gentlemen had left me alone on the stage with five or six footlights—which they ought to call facelights—flashing in my eyes, and when the pianist began to vamp and I to sing it was like pitching my voice into a tunnel, and I became so dreadfully nervous that I was forced to laugh. That seemed to vex my unseen audience, who thought me "rot," so I said, "Let there be more light, then," and there was more light, "and let the piano cease from troubling," and it was so. Then I just stiffened my back, and gave them one of mother's French songs, and after the first verse I called out to the manager at the back, "Can you hear me?" and he called back, "Go on; it's splendid!" So I did "Mylecharine" in the Manx, and I suppose I acted both of my songs; but I was only beginning to be aware that my voice in that great place was a little less like a barrel organ than usual when suddenly there came a terrific clatter, such as comes with the seventh wave on the shingle, and my two dear men in the dark were clapping the skin of their hands off!

Oh, my dears! my dears! If you only knew how for weeks and weeks I had been moaning and lamenting that it was because I wasn't clever that people took no notice of me, you would forgive a vain creature when she said to herself, "My daughter, you are really somebody after all, you, you!" It was a beautiful moment, though, and when the old mushroom came back to the stage saying, "What a voice! What expression! What nature!" I felt like falling on his bald head and kissing it, not being able to speak for lumps in the throat, and feeling like the Methodist lady who poured out whisky for the class leaders, after they had presented her with a watch, and then told the reporters to say she had suitably responded.

Heigho! I have talked about the fashionable people I meet in London, but I don't want to be one of them. They do nothing but rush about, dress, gossip, laugh, love, and plunge into all the delights of life. That is not my idea of existence. I am ambitious. I want to do something. I am tired in my soul of doing nothing. Yes, it *has* been that all along, though I didn't like to tell you so before. There are people who are born in the midst of greatness, and they don't know how to use it. But to be one of the world's celebrities, that is so different. To have won the heart of the world, so that the world knows

you and thinks of you and loves you! Say it is by your voice you do it, and that your world is the concert hall, or even the music hall—what matter? You needn't *live* music hall, whatever the life inside of it. And then that great dark void peopled with faces that laugh or cry just as you please to make them—confess that it would be magnificent, my dear ones!

I am to go again tonight to hear what Mr. Sefton has to propose, but already this dingy little bed room smiles upon me, and even the broken tiles in the back yard might be the pavement of paradise! If it is true what he tells me—well, he that hath the bride is the bridegroom, and if my doings hereafter don't curl your hair I will try to show the inhabitants of this stupid old earth what a woman can do in spite of every disadvantage. I shall not be sorry to leave this place either. The rats in these old London houses (judging by the cries of woe), hold a nightly carnival for the eating up of the younger members of the families. And then Mrs. Jupe and Mr. Jupe—Mr. Dupe I call him, she deceives him so dreadfully with her gadding about—but anon, anon, good people!

It is New Year's Eve today, and nearly nine months since I came up to London. *Tempus fugit!* In fact *tempus* is *fugit*-ing most fearfully, considering that I am twenty one on Sunday next, you know, and that I haven't begun to do anything really. The snowdrops must be making a peep at Glenfaba by this time, and Aunt Rachel will be cutting slips of the rose trees and putting them in pots. Yandher place must be *urromassy** nice though, with snow on the roof and the sloping lawn, and the windows glistening with frost—just like a girl in her confirmation veil as she stands back to look at herself in the glass. I intend to see the New Year in this time on the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, where people congregate in thousands as twelve o'clock approaches to carry on the beautiful fiction that there is still only one clock in London, and they have to hold their noses in the air to watch for the moment when it is going to strike. But in the midst of the light and life of this splendid city I know my heart will go back with a tender twinge to the little dark streets on the edge of the sea, where the Methodist choirs will be singing, "Hail, smiling morn," preparatory to coffee and currant cake.

Who will be your "first foot" this year, I wonder? It was John Storm last year, you remember, and being as dark as a gipsy he made a perfect *quallagh*. And how we laughed when, disguised in the snow that was falling at the time, he pretended to be a beggar and came in just as grandfather was reading the bit about the Good Shepherd, and how He loved His lambs—and then I found him out! Ah me!

I am looking perfectly dazzling in a new hat today, having been going about hitherto in one of those little frights that used to be cocked up on the top of your hair like a hen on a cornstack. But now I am carrying about the Prince of Wales' feathers, and if he could only see me himself in them—

You see what a scatter brained creature I am! Leaving the hospital has made me grow so much younger every day that I am almost afraid I may come to contemplate short frocks. But really it's the first time I've looked nice for an eternity, and now I entirely retract and repent me of all I said about wishing to be a man. Being a girl I'll put up with it, and if all the old mushroom says on that head also is true—but then men are such funny things, bless them!

GLORY.

P. S.—No word from John Storm yet. Apparently he never thinks of us now—of me at all events—and I suppose he has resigned himself and taken the vows. That's one kind of religion, I dare say, but I can't understand it; and I don't know how a dog, even, can be nailed up to a wall and not go mad. In the night lying in bed I sometimes think of him. A dark cell, a bench for a bed, a crucifix, and no other furniture, praying with trembling limbs and chattering teeth—no, such things are too high for me, I cannot reach to them.

It seems impossible that *he* can be in London too. What a place this London is! Such a mixture! Fashion, religion, gaiety, devotion, pride, depravity, wealth, poverty! I find that for a girl to succeed in London her moral color must be heightened a little. *Pinjane*† won't do. Give her a slush of *pissaves*‡ and she'll go down sweeter. Angels are not wanted here at all. The only angels there are in London are kept framed in the church windows, and I half suspect that even they were women once, and liked bread and butter. And then Nell Gwynne's flag floats from the steeple of St. Martin's in the Fields, and now and again they ring the bells for her!

XXXIII.

At eleven o'clock that night Glory was putting on her hat and cloak to return home when the call boy came to the dressing room door to say that the stage manager was waiting to see her. With a little catch in her breath, and then with a tightening of the heart strings, she followed him to the stage manager's office. It was a stuffy place over the porter's lodge, approached by a flight of circular iron stairs and lumbered with many kinds of theatrical property.

"Come in, my dear," said the stage manager, and pushing away some models of scenery he made room for her on a sofa which stood by a fire that was going out. Then shutting the door, he bobbed his head at her and winked with both eyes, and said in a familiar whisper:

"It's all right, my dear. I've settled that little matter for you."

* Out of mercy.

† Manx dish, like Devonshire junket.
‡ Preserves.

"Do you mean——" began Glory, and then she waited with parted lips.

"It's as good as done, my dear. Sit down." Glory had risen in her excitement. "Sit down and I'll tell you everything."

He had spoken to his management. "Gentlemen," he had said, "unless I'm mistaken, I've found a prize." They had laughed. He was always finding prizes. But he knew what he was talking about, and they had given him *carte blanche*.

"You think there is really some likelihood then——" began Glory, with the catch in her breath again, for her throat was thick and her breast was heaving.

"Sit down, now do sit down, my dear, and listen."

He was suave, he was flattering, he was intimate, he was coaxing. She was to leave everything to him. Of course there was much to be done yet. She had a wonderful voice; it was finer than music. She had style as well; it was astonishing how she had come by it. Only a dresser, too—not even in the chorus. But stars were never turned out by nature. She had many things to learn, and would have to be coached up carefully before she could be brought out. He had done it for others, though, and he could do it for her, and if——

Glory's eyes were shining and her heart was beating like a drum.

"Then you think that eventually—if I work hard—after years perhaps——"

"You can't do it on your own, my dear, so leave yourself in my hands entirely, and don't whisper a word about it yet."

"Ah!" It was like a dream coming true; she could scarcely believe in it. The stage manager became still more suave and flattering and familiar. If she "caught on" there was no knowing what he might not get for her—ten pounds a week—fifteen, twenty, twenty five, even fifty perhaps.

Glory's palpitation was becoming painful, and at the bottom of her heart there was a certain fear of this sudden tide of fortune, as if Providence had somehow made a mistake and would as suddenly find it out. To appease her conscience she began to think of home and how happy she might make everybody there if God

was really going to be so good to her. They should want for nothing; they should never know a poor day again.

Meantime the stage manager was painting another picture. A girl didn't go a begging if he once took her up. There was S—— She was only an "auricomous" damsel, serving in a tobacconist's shop in the Haymarket when he first found her, and now where was she?

"Of course I've no interest of my own to serve, my dear—none whatever. And there'll be lots of people to tempt you away from me when your name is made."

Glory made some vehement protest and then was lost in her dreams again.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the stage manager. He was looking at her with glittering eyes.

"Do you know, my dear, you are a very fine looking young woman?"

Glory's head was down, her face was flushed, and she was turning her mother's pearl ring around her finger. He thought she was overwhelmed by his praises, and coming closer, he said:

"Dare say you've got a good stage figure too, eh? Pooh! Only business, you know! But you mustn't be shy with me, my dear. And besides, if I am to do all this for you, you must do something for me sometimes."

She hardly heard him. Her eyes were still glistening with the far off look of one who gazes on a beautiful vision. "You are so good," she said. "I don't know what to say, or how to thank you."

"This way," he whispered, and leaning over to her he lifted her face and kissed her.

Then her poor dream of glory and grandeur and happiness was dispelled in a moment, and she awoke with a sense of outrage and shame. The man's praises were flattery; his predictions were a pretense; he had not really meant it at all, and she had been so simple as to believe everything.

"Oh!" she said, with the feeble, childish cry of one who has received a pistol shot in battle. And then she rose and turned to go. But the stage manager, who was laughing noisily out of his hot red face, stepped between her and the door.

"My dear child, you can't mean—a trifle like that——!"

"Open the door, please," she said in her husky voice.

"But surely you don't intend—in this profession we think nothing, you know——"

"Open the door, sir!"

"Really—upon my word——!"

When she came to herself again she was out in the dark back street, and the snow was hard and dirty under foot, and the wind was high and cold, and she was

running along and crying like a disappointed child.

The bitterest part of it all was the crushing certainty that she had no talents and no chances of success, and that the man had only painted up his fancy picture as a means of deceiving her. Oh, the misery of being a woman! Oh, the cruelty of this great, glorious, devilish London, where a girl, if she was poor and alone, could live only by her looks!

(To be continued.)



THE LUTE OF SPRING.

By woodland paths she came,
Past leafless vine and tree;
A whisper and a name,
A smile and melody.

Around her all was mute;
She, only, knew to sing,
While on the tuned lute
She touched the silver string.

The brown leaves at her feet
Across their slumbers heard
A voice—a cadence sweet—
And lo, the blue winged bird!

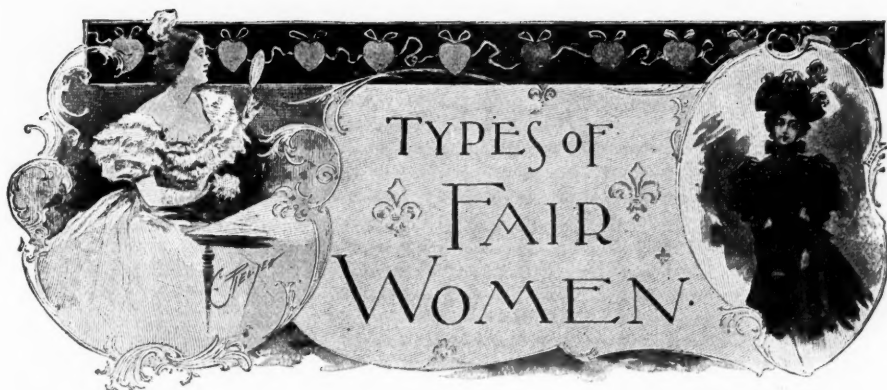
The barren branch above,
Its heart with hope athrill,
Leaned down and learned how love
With buds its arms could fill.

Her music woke the flowers;
All tremblingly and white
They came to bless the hours
With fragrance and with light.

Then suddenly there fell
On field and wood and stream
The magic of her spell
Ending their winter dream.

Blossom and leaf and song;
Joy at the morning's door!
What though the night were long,
April has come once more!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE Willing family is one of the very oldest in this country. A generation ago a member of it said, and no one contradicted him, "If America had a monarchy I should be the Duke of Philadelphia." They go back into the very earliest history of Pennsylvania, and were people of wealth and fashion long before the Revolution. They have been one of the com-

paratively few American families with the stamina to last and to keep their prestige from generation to generation. New York has one of the most beautiful of the daughters of the house of Willing in Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was Miss Ava Willing. Miss Eleanor Willing, her cousin, has also the characteristics of the women of her family, and, like Mrs.



MISS GOURDEAU, OF OTTAWA.
 From a photograph by Pittaway, Ottawa.



MISS EDITH WETMORE, OF NEWPORT.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

Astor, is a leader wherever she goes—and the Willings go everywhere. There is hardly a court in Europe where they are not known, and they are considered almost as much a part of New York society as any Knickerbocker family.

Miss Edith Wetmore, the elder daughter of Senator George Peabody Wetmore

of Rhode Island, is another woman of New York society who is also a cosmopolite. The Wetmore villa, Chateausur-Mer, at Newport, has long been famous as one of the fine houses of that exclusive place of summer palaces. Miss Wetmore's mother, as Miss Keteltas, was a New York beauty, and her daughters



MISS ELEANOR WILLING, OF PHILADELPHIA.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

have never lost touch with life in the metropolis. During the years when their father was Governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator, he found in his wife and daughters invaluable aids to his success in public life.

Paris is having a great deal to say, in these days, concerning the American

woman within her gates. During the days of the third empire, transatlantic visitors attracted a great deal of attention in the court circle as well as in the hotels and on the boulevards. It came to be a saying that when good Americans died they went to Paris; but for some reason or other, after the republic came in,

travelers from the United States ceased to flock thither, except as sightseers. Perhaps they had enough of the simplicity of a republican court at home. American women who married Frenchmen were absorbed into French life, and have almost

We reproduce here the portrait of Mrs. Crozer which was painted last year by George Burroughs Torrey, a young American artist who went to Paris some years ago to study his art in the atmosphere which has fostered the best painters of



MRS. BLACKSTOCK DOWNEY, OF TORONTO.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

lost their national characteristics. But our artists continue to find Paris a Mecca, and some Americans still make a permanent home there. Among these latter are Samuel Crozer, of Philadelphia, and his wife, daughter of Colonel Rockwell, of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Crozer have a fine chateau at Seine Port, near Paris, and are identified with the social life of the French capital.

this generation. It has been said that many portrait painters, after they go abroad, begin to paint types rather than individuals, and lose the likeness, without which the picture has little value. Mr. Torrey has not made this mistake, and his portrait of Mrs. Crozer is a characteristic sample of his graphic power.

The Canadian viceregal court has shown a great many beauties since Ottawa be-



MRS. CROZER, OF SEINE PORT, PARIS.
From the painting by George Burroughs Torrey.

came a capital, and brought the brilliant women from every part of the Dominion to its winter gatherings. Two Toronto women who have been seen there frequently have added much to the attractiveness of what has been called the gayest and brightest government circle in all Queen Victoria's empire. Canadian so-

over the loss of two people whose places could not be filled. Mrs. Norton is a brunette, with regular features and brilliant eyes, and a voice which might have given her fortune on the stage.

Mrs. Blackstock Downey is the daughter of one of Toronto's best known clergymen. Before her marriage she was a



MRS. NORTON, WIFE OF CAPTAIN NORTON OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

ciety has an energy which is not seen in India, and while so much is not said of its picturesqueness, and the novelist has never made its peculiar features familiar to the rest of the world, to the average Anglo Saxon mind it is much more interesting than the Asiatic peninsula.

Unfortunately for Canada, Mrs. Norton, who was a Miss Bickford, the daughter of the late H. O. Bickford, one of Toronto's prominent citizens, has gone to England to live. Her husband, Captain Norton, belongs to the Royal Engineers, and when his duties took him "home" there was mourning in the Dominion

noted beauty, and since she became the wife of Mr. Downey they have been among the leaders of Canadian society.

One of the prettiest of this year's social newcomers in Ottawa is Miss Gourdeau, daughter of Captain Gourdeau, the deputy minister of marine. For years Captain Gourdeau, who represents one of the oldest Canadian families, has been a prominent society man, and it was a great surprise to his friends, to whom he still appeared young, to see the introduction of a daughter. Miss Gourdeau, though scarcely out of her teens, inherits much of her father's personality.

An April Memory.

You said "Good by," just as we reached
the gate—

The little yellow gate that hung aslant ;
The golden afternoon was waxing late,
The light upon the hill tops growing
scant.

We paused; you said "Good by," and
nothing more,
And I passed up the pathway to the door.

There were no whispered words ; we did
not stay

To watch the fading glitter on the hill.
As I went up the iris bordered way
I heard a mellow cry of "Whip-poor-
will !"

The dew was falling, and the air replete
With fragrances bewilderingly sweet.

It seemed as if their quaint, sweet mean-
ing clung

About the words, the way you uttered
them ;

And in my heart a happy chime was rung
While stars embroidered evening's
dusky hem,

And "God be with you" floated in the air
Throughout the rose gold twilight every-
where.

The balmy sweetness of that April night!

I lay and listened to the river's sweep
Beneath wet flag and plum trees bloomy
white ;

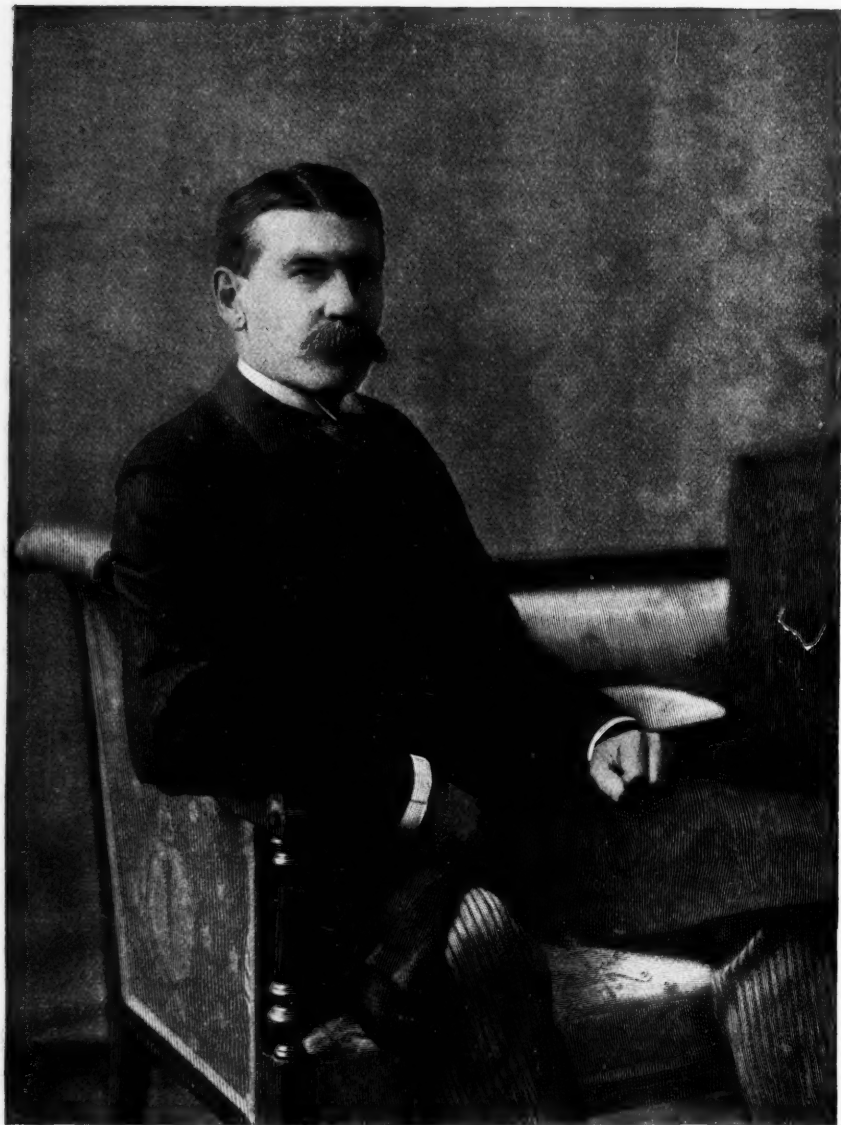
And when its music lilled me into
sleep,

All night I wandered by enchanted
streams,

"Good by" still thrilling softly through
my dreams.

Hattie Whitney.





From his latest photograph by Prince, New York.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

The new American ambassador to France, his fame as a speaker, and his remarkable record of ability and success in the civil war, in business affairs, and in public life.

WHEN General Grant was in the White House, George M. Pullman, who was a personal friend of the great soldier, said to him one day :

"I am in search of a man to relieve me from part of the responsibilities of my business. I want a young man, conscientious, clear headed, industrious, and of

real executive ability. Do you know where I can find him?"

"Yes," said Grant, "I know one such man, but you cannot get him. He is General Horace Porter, my private secretary, and I need him myself."

A year later, however, General Porter left Washington to become vice president of the Pullman company, a post which he held for more than twenty years, and resigned only a few months ago. This is only one of the many fields in which he has won the highest success. There have been few men more many sided. He is the polished citizen of the great world, the typical American gentleman, the club man, the after dinner speaker whose popularity is rivaled by not more than two or three others of his fellow countrymen. He is the man of business, who has directed the interests of half a dozen great corporations, and is a prominent officer of New York's most influential mercantile association—the Chamber of Commerce. He is the veteran soldier, with a military record of brilliant service on the field. For public life he has shown an equal aptitude, and as our ambassador to France—an appointment which at the time of writing is understood to be assured—he will be eminently the right man in the right place. No better choice could have been made for the representative of the great republic of the West at the capital of the great republic of Europe.

In literature, too, General Porter has done important work. What he writes is well written, and well worth writing. He is a scholar and a linguist, familiar with the classics and with several modern languages. He is interested in science, and has a turn for mechanical invention. The "chopping box" used on the elevated railroads of New York is a patented apparatus of his own devising.

The general is a Pennsylvanian, born on the banks of the "blue Juniata," and descended from a family of note in the annals of the Keystone State. His great grandfather, Robert Porter, came to America from Londonderry, the stalwart old stronghold of Irish Protestantism, about a hundred and fifty years ago. Andrew Porter, the immigrant's son, was one of General Washington's officers, and his son David Rittenhouse Porter was a

State Senator and twice Governor of Pennsylvania. Horace, fourth in the line of succession, was sent to the Lawrence scientific school at Harvard, and thence to West Point. He had newly graduated from the Military Academy—standing third in a class of more than forty—when the civil war broke out, and he went to the front as a lieutenant of artillery. After serving under General Hunter at the taking of Fort Pulaski, on the Savannah River, he was appointed to McClellan's staff. After Antietam, when Burnside superseded McClellan at the head of the Union forces in Virginia, Porter joined Rosecrans in Tennessee, as chief of ordnance in the Army of the Ohio. In the campaign around Chattanooga he met Grant, who recognized his soldierly abilities, and brought him East as an aide de camp, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Throughout the Wilderness campaign, and until the final scene of the struggle—where Porter was one of the witnesses who signed the formal document of Lee's surrender—he was Grant's close personal associate and trusted military aide. His service lasted from the first day of the war to the last; he was six times brevetted for "gallant and meritorious conduct in action," and he was fortunate in receiving but one wound—at Secessionville, South Carolina, in 1862.

It was Grant, too, who first brought Porter into political life, making him assistant secretary of war in 1867, when the victor of Appomattox entered President Johnson's cabinet for a few months. He kept his commission in the army up to 1873, when he resigned to begin his connection with the Pullman company, already mentioned. He was also one of the builders of the West Shore Railway, and its first president, and he is or has been a director of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and of the Continental National Bank. Last year he became president of one of the great railroad systems of the West, the St. Louis and San Francisco. Another presidency to which he has been elected and reelected several times is that of the Union League Club.

When the splendid white marble structure on Claremont Hill is dedicated, this

month, as the lasting memorial of the great captain whose body is to rest within it, the ceremony will mark the completion of an undertaking to which General Porter has devoted no little time and energy. The Grant Monument project was in danger of abandonment when he stepped to the front and by personal effort rescued it from a failure that would have been discreditable to New York and the nation. It was a graceful and fitting tribute to the memory of his old friend and commander.

Many samples of General Porter's oratory have been printed, but it is difficult to do justice in type—proverbially a cold medium—to the living charm of his style. A speaker's power depends on personality, manner, expression, and in these respects the general is perfectly equipped by nature and experience. His wit is unfailing, his fertility as a raconteur apparently exhaustless.

Mr. Gladstone might take General Porter as a capital instance of his theory

that the hardest work is not destructive of vitality when the worker has a variety of interests and conserves his energies by judicious distribution. The general himself, however, would perhaps attribute his vigorous health to the fact that whatever his social or official tasks may be, he always keeps eight clear hours for sleep. At the Union League Club, where much of his time has been spent during the last few years, it is an invariable rule that, whether he retires early or late, he shall not be disturbed until precisely eight hours later. Whatever may be the secret of it, the new ambassador to France has often been called the youngest man of his age in New York. He celebrates his sixtieth birthday this month, but his black hair is scarcely grizzled, and his eye is as keen, his step as firm and elastic, as on the field of Chickamauga thirty three years ago.

It is quite possible that his present position may not be the last important public post to which he may be called.

R. H. Titherington.

THE BURDEN OF DESTINY.

WHOM the great goddess once has kissed
Between the brows,
His heart shall find no dwelling place
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof,
Where mountains loom,
And swirling winds about his face
With words of doom ;

The valleys, when he walks therein,
Are kind and warm ;
Yet ever drift across his soul
Strange gusts of storm.

If, weary, he shall stop beside
An opened door,
Dreaming, " This hearthstone is my goal,
To wend no more "—

A tumult as of snows adrift
Shall fill his ears,
His heartstrings feel the old time lure
Adown the years ;

And he shall turn from that warm light
With still regret
That dreams were made not to endure,
Nor to forget.

William Carman Roberts.

THE NATIONAL FREE LUNCH ROUTE.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A satirical view of official society in Washington—A well known New York journalist describes a curious phase of life in the capital city of the greatest of republics.

TRULY these are anxious days for the contingent that goes to make up the rank and file of what is known as "Washington official society."

A new administration has just come in, with a new President and Vice President, new cabinet officers, new heads of departments, and many new legislators. As the change this year involves also a change of the reigning party, the members of what many Washingtonians refer to contemptuously as the "free lunch brigade" are discussing, with no small degree of anxiety, what is to them a problem of vital importance. It is only natural that an American citizen, and particularly a resident of Washington, should be deeply interested in the personnel of the administration, but I will venture to say that no one in this broad land, outside of the class that I have designated, looks upon the new officials from such a purely material point of view.

The average intelligent citizen desires to know whether the new cabinet officer be honest, sagacious, and trustworthy. He hopes that the new secretary of state will be found sufficiently hard headed and well versed in international law to obtain from Lord Salisbury a satisfactory settlement of the Venezuela affair, and that the new secretary of the navy will maintain and strengthen the White Squadron and make it more and more a bulwark of defense and a source of pride to the American people. But the Washington brigadier cares little enough for the settlement of international questions or the efficiency of the navy. The qualities that make a patriot or a statesman out of a mere President or cabinet officer are nothing to him. The only questions that he asks are: "Is it to be a rich administration?" and "What are we to have in the way of food and drink along the line of the national

free lunch route?" All that he cares to know about an incoming official is the extent of his fortune, and his willingness to spend it.

The brigadier bitterly resents the appointment of the learned and venerable Judge Wisdomtooth, because he knows that the veteran jurist's life has been spent in his study and on the bench, and that he comes to Washington a poor man, with no desire save that of serving his country creditably. His ideal secretary of state would be a combination of Colonel Celery Canvasback, an impoverished Southern gentleman of epicurean tastes and a tendency toward lavish hospitality, and the Hon. Terence Piledriver, who caused himself to be made a legislator in order that the social ambitions of his wife and daughters might be gratified, and his own hold on government contracts rendered doubly secure.

And yet we should not think too harshly of the Washington brigadier for viewing official society from this peculiar point of view, for the instinct of self preservation is uppermost in every human mind—save that of the as yet undiscovered philosopher—and the question of how he is to fare during the next four years depends entirely upon the wealth and generosity of those who are to supply the sinews of war required for the maintenance of the nation's "official society."

In order that my readers may comprehend the meaning of this term I will explain that "official society" in Washington means simply the most elaborate free lunch route that the world has ever known, one whose ramifications extend through every branch of official life in the capital, offering food and drink to all who demand it. During the season there is an average of about fifty receptions a day, and at nearly every one of these refreshment of

some sort is offered. To most of them any presentable or semi presentable person may go unbidden, while those more exclusive assemblies, to which admittance is limited by cards of invitation, are easily accessible to any one who will take the trouble to ask for the necessary passport.

In order that the Washington brigadiers may arrange for their meals at regular hours during the season, the following system has been arranged: on Mondays the ladies who reside on Capitol Hill, no matter what their position may be, receive the public. On Tuesdays the brigadiers partake of the hospitality of the wives of Congressmen, and on Wednesdays the ladies of the cabinet have the honor of entertaining them. The heartiest meal of the week is enjoyed on Thursdays, when the wives of the Senators supply the fare, and the last is consumed on Fridays, at the expense of the ladies of the Supreme Court, and also at the houses of such of the foreign diplomats as have fallen into the American official habit. There are, besides, six Friday evening receptions at the White House during the season, and although full dress is expected on the part of the guests, and admittance is by card only, the experienced brigadier finds it an easy matter to attend each and every one of them. Of these receptions, one is in honor of the judiciary, another of the army and navy, a third of both houses of Congress, a fourth of the diplomatic corps, and two for the special benefit of "Washington society," by which is meant the honorable free lunch brigade of which I treat. On Saturday there is nothing but the President's reception at the White House, which is a hollow mockery to those who hunger or thirst, and an occasional ladies' luncheon given by the wife of the executive.

How the brigadiers get through Sunday, which is a veritable day of fasting so far as official society is concerned, is something that I cannot comprehend; but I do know, and the ladies of Capitol Hill know also, that they are all alive and hungry on Monday morning, and ready to begin another week of gratuitous feasting.

Beside the receptions which I have named, and which may be said to furnish the free lunch army with its regular daily

rations, there are various occasional receptions and entertainments to which admittance may be gained by the knowing ones. On New Year's Day the entire brigade is received by the President and his wife, and by the ladies of the cabinet; and there are during the season a great many White House receptions given in honor of special delegations or bands of pilgrims. Sometimes these affairs are merely dry formalities, but in other cases the President and his wife entertain their guests with lavish hospitality.

Of course the diplomats from abroad do not take kindly to the sort of official hospitality that is required of our native born statesmen, but the wives of the Japanese and Mexican ministers frequently throw open their drawing rooms to the migratory public, and there are one or two other accredited representatives who, from time to time, submit grudgingly to this great national nuisance. It is scarcely necessary to add that no more receptions are given by the Chinese minister. One was announced by the representative of the Celestial empire, about ten years ago, and it attracted a horde of free lunch fiends which, in point of numbers and voracity, has never been equaled. The affair was very cleverly satirized by *Puck* in a picture representing the members of the legation getting ready for their next reception by fitting up the dining room as a hog pen, with straw on the carpet, food scattered about the floor, and the champagne served in troughs.

But if the diplomats are averse to turning their homes into soup houses for the benefit of the Washington "casuals," they are in great demand themselves at official functions of all kinds, and a good many of them may be said to constitute a sort of high class free lunch brigade—scorning to gorge themselves at the expense of official society, but nevertheless feeding continuously, and without money or price, at the more exclusive tables in the capital. It may be said that almost any one attached in an official capacity to a foreign legation is a welcome guest at any station along the route.

I have said enough to show what an easy matter it is for a total stranger to obtain an entrée to a class of society which in other countries is extremely

difficult of access. The customs which I have described originated long ago, and are certainly primitive enough to have been handed down to us as a legacy of hate by the savage Indian tribes that once plucked the scalp and hurled the tomahawk on the plain where the official lunch counter of the nation now flourishes and bears fruit. That these customs continue at the present day is due to the fact that official society, as it is constituted, serves its purpose admirably—far better, indeed, than if it were organized on more exclusive lines. Indeed, when we see the wives of cabinet officers, Senators, Congressmen, and other high officials patiently submitting, week after week, to this infliction, we may be sure that there is some advantage in it for them; and such is precisely the state of the case.

When the member from lower Illinois, for example, receives a call from an uncouth but influential constituent, he gives thanks to Providence that, being an American legislator, it will be possible for him to show a great deal of attention to the uncouth constituent, the puffy, over dressed wife, and the three ungainly daughters, at a very slight cost in time and trouble to himself. So he tells them that the next afternoon at three he will escort them to a little reception at the residence of the secretary of the navy, after which they will proceed to the house of the secretary of war, in which, by a singular coincidence, an entertainment of a similar nature will be in progress. On the following day he hopes to have the pleasure of presenting them to the wife and daughter of his esteemed friend, Senator Bedrock, the result being that when the constituent and his family return home it is with grateful hearts and with minds firmly impressed with the power and importance of the member from their district.

It is true that they are not quite so deeply impressed two years later, when, spending the summer in Europe, they call upon their friend the Congressman, who is now reaping the precious reward of party loyalty as minister to a foreign court. Somehow, he finds it inconvenient to arrange for a social, friendly evening with the king and queen and the rest of the

royal family; nor does he gaily conduct his visitors from one well spread table to another, jovially introducing them to statesmen and diplomats, as he did in Washington two years before. No, there is nothing in all Europe that equals the Washington free lunch system in point of convenience to legislators who are elected by ballot.

Very likely the new minister notes the look of disappointment in the faces of his old friends, and is thankful that he owes his office to appointment, and not to the ballots of his fellow citizens.

Just before the close of the last administration, I attended an official reception of the very best sort that Washington can offer. It was given at the house of a cabinet minister, and as the refreshments offered were not such as would be chosen to feed a starving man, but few members of the free lunch brigade were in attendance. And in this connection I will remark that the wife of that particular cabinet officer has been in Washington many years and knows her business.

The reception was given in a fine, old fashioned house fronting a large square. Well trained men servants were in attendance to open the door, take the hats and coats of the guests, and announce their names to the hostess, who stood just inside the drawing room door, greeting the coming, speeding the parting, with unruffled good humor. She was assisted in her duties by a dozen or more ladies, the wives and daughters of men of national reputation. The rooms were filled with well dressed people, and it was difficult for me to believe that I was at a public function, one that any passer by of decent appearance was welcome to attend. The prevailing tone of the assemblage was one of conventional good breeding, but the hum of conversation was louder and of coarser fiber than that which one hears at a similar gathering in a private house. Indeed, if it had not been for the large number of soft spoken Southerners present the babel of tongues would have been offensive. There were not many of the regular brigadiers there, but seated against the walls of the dining room I saw numbers of sharp featured, keen eyed women of the class that obstruct the sidewalk in New York whenever there is a fashionable

wedding. They said nothing, these women, but they watched everything. Once in a while one of them would extend a bony hand and surreptitiously feel a guest's dress, to ascertain the quality of the fabric. They remained in the room for a long time, partaking freely of tea and cake; and I was told by my guide that Washington is full of such people, who come there every season from all parts of the country, for the special purpose of mingling with "official society."

That led me to inquire whether it would not be an easy matter for a person of unknown antecedents and connections to lay the foundations of social position on the tables of the national free lunch route.

"Nothing easier," he replied cheerfully. "All you have to do is to dress well, live in a good location, attend receptions, and scatter your visiting cards about freely. Some years ago a well-mannered woman with two rather pretty daughters rented a very handsome house not far from here, and straightway began a systematic course of visiting at official residences. Wherever she went she left beautifully engraved cards, bearing her own name and those of her daughters, as well as her address in a very fashionable street. In a short time the statesmen's wives began to include her in their perfunctory visiting rounds, and, as they were invariably entertained delightfully, her house grew more and more popular as the season advanced. Cards began to arrive for more exclusive parties and receptions, and invitations to dinners soon followed. Their progress was so swift and easy that it makes one sad to think of poor, brilliant *Becky Sharp's* struggles and sufferings. The end of the first season found them in possession of several invitations to fairly good country houses, and their prospects for the coming year were so bright that they had actually arranged to lease a larger house in a still more exclusive quarter of the town.

"Up to this moment not one of their newly made friends had found time, in the hurry and bustle of Washington life, to obtain any definite information in regard to this charming and popular trio of women. There is no knowing what matches the mother might have arranged for her daughters if a certain New Yorker had not chanced to meet them at a large ball, and then and there opened a mine under the feet of Washingtonians by explaining that the three were of more than questionable reputation, and had probably never seen the inside of a decent house before their arrival at the capital."

Of course it must be remembered that the city of Washington is not given over entirely to the pursuit of free lunch. There has always been there a society composed of conservative, well-bred people who look upon the crowds that swarm about the tables at official receptions very much as we regard those who hang about a charity soup kitchen. But this class is a comparatively small one, and keeps strictly aloof from the gay whirl of official life very much in the same spirit that keeps the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, aloof from the great entertainments at the Elysée.

But the free lunch brigade rejoices in official society, and just now its members are looking forward with anxious, beating hearts toward an administration that may hold so much or so little for them. And at the same time, they are looking back with tender regret to the palmy days long gone by, when Levi P. Morton fed the hungry, and Senators Stanford and Palmer, and other millionaire statesmen, poured streams of foaming wine down countless arid throats. And the brightest memory of all—one that starts the unbidden tear in many a brigadier's red eye—is that of William C. Whitney, who proved himself to be the greatest statesman that ever held a place in the cabinet by giving away champagne and terrapin at his weekly feasts.



STORIETTES

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

THE long train rattled frantically past the last group of outlying frame buildings, surged between two lines of empty freight cars, and then, with an agreeable decrease of clamor, settled down for the unbroken spin from Long Island City to Jamaica. The train boy, having completed three pilgrimages, confided his newspapers, candy, and magazines to their resting place forward in the smoker. Only an occasional snatch of conversation among the passengers varied the roar of the flying wheels—a roar sufficiently insistent, however, to distract the steadiest of nerves.

John Weatherley put his paper aside with a sigh of resignation, realizing that a survey of the monotonous panorama which was sweeping past the car window would be an open door to thoughts he had vowed to forget. He fought feebly for a time against the temptation to recall the past, but it would not be repulsed, and he soon abandoned the struggle and gave free rein to fancy.

It was all so familiar, that stretch of bleak meadow with its jungles of rank grass, broken here and there by dark and stagnant waterways. He seemed to know every inch of it, and found that he was instinctively looking ahead for clearly remembered landmarks. Yet it was five years since he had seen them, and each of those five had been full of life and color and novel experience. John Weatherley of today, the young mining engineer whose judgment was the pole star of a great syndicate, and whose weekly income touched four figures, was a different man from the student at the School of Mines, who half a decade before had taken his heart out into Long Island and there lost it among the Lynbrook pines. A different man certainly, and a more conspicuous—but a happier? That was the question which asked itself, and to which, perforce, he had to answer no. Months of exposure to Montana suns and snows had aged him, and responsibility was penciling his forehead; but, deep down under the cold, confident manner which the syndicate's president had once called "a hallmark of capacity," lay memory, like a stream that yearns for June under its shroud of December ice. The familiar landscape was indelibly associated in his mind with journeyings to the home of Dorothy Fenton, who, "with face made out of a rose," had stepped into his life and left a footprint which not even the rude tread of experience had been able to obliterate.

A pang stirred in Weatherley's heart, so vividly did the girl's eyes come before him. The hot, sweet air of the greenhouse, and the sunlight striking through the glass upon the polished foliage of the palms; his own words, so faltering, so inadequate; and hers, so kind, and, being kind, so cruel—could he never forget these things? He had left her that day and gone back to his work with a dull sense of conviction that in endeavor alone lay salvation. Day by day, month by month, year by year, he had beaten down the thought of what might have been; and yet, in spite of all his resolution, it was with him again, conjured to new life by a glimpse of the familiar scene, and as relentless, as bitter, as keen as it had been five years before.

The grinding of the air brakes as the train slid to a standstill at the Jamaica station aroused him from his reverie, and then, as the door swung open to admit a throng of passengers, his heart surged to his throat. After many days!

It was the work of an instant to shift his valise from the seat beside him to the floor, and then, hat in hand, he rose to meet her. When and how the conversation began he never knew, but details were trivialities. Dorothy was with him, her words, like chords of music, were in his ears, and from the violets she was wearing came the faint, sweet scent which had pursued him through all the nights and days since he had left her. It was enough.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he found himself saying, with conventional politeness.

"I have been making a duty call in Jamaica," answered the girl. "You know the call of duty is not to be disregarded, or I should not be here."

Weatherley smiled.

"Then blessings light upon the call of duty," he said. "You are still living at Lynbrook?"

"Yes, we are still at The Pines. I love the old place. I never expect to leave it. And you? I have heard great things of you, and I am really quite proud to be an old friend of the famous Mr. John Weatherley. Where do you happen to be bound at the present moment?"

"To Babylon. The president of the New York and Cape Colony Mining Company lives there, and I'm going out for a farewell consultation with him. To tell you a state secret, I expect to leave for Cape Town to-

morrow, by way of London. I have my choice of that or a position in the New York office."

"And you prefer—?"

"And I prefer the novelty of Cape Town. I've never seen Africa, and, albeit my view will be limited, I want the experience. One of my former classmates, Jim Strong, is after the same appointment, and I'm making this little expedition to clinch matters."

The stentorian tones of the brakeman interrupted him, and once more a little stream of passengers poured into the car. A stout woman, breathing laboriously, and towing a small boy by the hand, lunged down the aisle and sank heavily into the seat in front of them. The small boy struggled to a kneeling position and, pulling a tobogganing cap back from his forehead, fixed two round eyes, blue as bits of Delft, on Miss Fenton's violets.

"I wants those flowers!" he said abruptly.

"Well, you won't get them," replied Weatherley, with equal promptitude. And, for the time being, negotiations languished on the small boy's part.

"I wish you had time to stop at Lynbrook," resumed Dorothy. "It is an age since we have seen you at The Pines, and I am anxious to find out whether you are not very much the same Jack Weatherley I used to know."

"Almost," answered the man. "Time makes few changes in essentials; but the wrinkles are beginning to come, and yesterday I found a gray hair. I see, however, that the compliment may be far more fitly applied to you. I seem to have left you only last week. You are the same Dorothy Fenton, except—"

"Except—?"

"Except," he added softly, "that you are more beautiful—ten times more beautiful."

To that there was no answer, and the small boy took silence for encouragement.

"I wants those flowers!"

His lip quivered, and the bits of Delft grew moist. The stout lady slumbered, oblivious.

"Persevering young man, that," said Weatherley.

"So persevering that he shall have what he wants," answered Dorothy. She separated a third of the violets from the bunch at her belt, and gave them into the eager little outstretched hand.

"I wants 'em all!" said the small boy.

Dorothy surrendered the remaining violets with a laugh.

"He is irresistible," she explained.

Weatherley watched the recipient of gracious favors for a moment, and then turned to the girl at his side.

"It isn't every one," he said, "who is so fortunate as to obtain part of his desire at the second asking and all of it at the third."

Miss Fenton met his eyes squarely, and at the corner of her mouth lay a half smile.

"It isn't every one," she replied, "who realizes what wonders the second and third askings sometimes accomplish."

Somehow there was silence after that. A shrewd observer might have noted that Weatherley found his companion's eyessingularly absorbing, and that his hand was touching hers, but then it happened that no shrewd observer was eastward bound upon that particular train. It was only when the engine slackened speed near Lynbrook that Dorothy spoke.

"I suppose this is to be the parting of our ways," she began, with a palpable affectation of conviction.

"No," said Weatherley gravely. "I rather think that I shall drop off here and postpone my consultation indefinitely."

"And how about Cape Town?"

"Cape Town has been waiting for me since the day of its foundation, and it can continue to wait until the day of doom."

Then, as they rose, he bent forward until his head was on a level with the small boy's.

"I trust," he said, "that you will pardon the seeming abruptness of my manner when you spoke about the flowers. You see, an angel's disguise is so uncommonly hard to penetrate."

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

MY DREAMS.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to dream that I lived among lofty peaks, against which the clouds would break and discharge their thunders. Forests of tall trees covered the mountain sides, cataracts streamed from the cliffs, and a great river watered the central valley where stood my home. The day was always at its height, or the night was clear and silvery under the moon. Then I would awake, and find the world less beautiful than it had appeared in my dream. But the hills looked higher after I had dreamed of them as mountains; the little stream that trickled over the stones made more music than before; and the brook seemed almost a river.

Once in a dream I met a woman so beautiful, so pure, and so noble that I worshiped her. I felt that this adoration was to be eternal, because in her I saw perfections to which I could not hope to attain. And the woman loved me; so I felt that at length my life was complete. A long time afterwards I met a girl who seemed to resemble the woman of my dreams, and I thought that I could be happy forever with her. But when she proved unequal to my ideal, I was made wretched; and it seemed that there was nothing pleasing or interesting in life.

While I was in this miserable state I had a dream in which I saw myself as a worker for some great and glorious cause. Evil men opposed me, the ignorance and prejudices of others were in my way; but while I worked the earth seemed to grow greener, clouds parted, men broke into song. Few knew the worker, but all praised the work. When I awoke and remembered the dream, I said: "This is true life. If I could find such work and do it, I should count the success worth all my failures." But after I had spent many years in unselfish endeavor, encountering the opposition of men just as I had dreamed, I looked around me, and for all that I could see the earth was no fairer, and men neither happier nor better.

When I saw that even in my last and best endeavor my hope was not realized, I said: "Would that I had never dreamed; for then I should not have felt the anguish of disappointment." While I was musing in this strain, I saw a plain stretching away to the horizon. It was treeless and dreary. The wind swept furiously across it, whipping the long grass and whistling in my ears. I said: "This is life stripped of its illusions. We dream of mountains, but live on the plain. In dreams all things are beautiful and grand; but life is vexation and monotony."

Then I looked over the plain, and saw a house. It was small, and unpainted except on the front side. There were flowers in the yard, and a few young trees were growing near the road. I drew near, and saw a man planting a tree and a woman watering the flowers. I said to the man: "Why did you build that little house, and why did you paint it in front?"

He replied: "I dreamed of a castle. Then I built my little house, and painted it in front to make it look as nearly like a castle as I could."

"Why are you planting a tree?" I asked.

"Because I dreamed of a forest," he replied.

Then I turned to the woman and said:

"I see you spend a good deal of time taking care of these flowers. They do not amount to much; and soon they will be killed by the frost. If your garden were very handsome, or the flowers rare, I could understand your interest. But how you can love these homely little things enough to spend hours in their care, I cannot conceive."

"Sir," she replied, "I love these flowers because they are the best I can have. Sometimes I dream of a very beautiful country. There are trees, and streams of water, and flowers more beautiful than I can tell. I call it my dream garden; and I try to make this one that you see as much as possible like my dream garden."

Then I thought of my own dreams, and was thankful for them, one and all.

Alan Harrison.

A POLICE COURT EPISODE.

It was in one of the New York police courts, and it was as if the little waif had dropped in from another world to look upon the city's sin and misery, which flowed through the court in a stream of wretched humanity. The boy was eight years old, and for three years had lived with the Shakers of Canaan Four Corners. His mother, who had sent him there, had recently written, begging that he be returned to her, and the good Shakers had, with some misgivings, complied. The elders had bidden him a grave good by, the sisters had cried over him a little, and the few children of the little settlement had looked on in round eyed wonder, as their playmate in the solemn games of the quiet place set forth on his journey into the strange world of which they had heard the brethren and sisters speak with such awe and fear.

The boy's mother wrote that she would be at the Grand Central Station to meet him, but she was not there, and after some hours of futile waiting, he was taken in charge by a policeman, and delivered to the care of a children's society, who in turn sent him to the court, for the formal orders of the magistrate. The little fellow sat between the officer of the society and a reporter, and from time to time he spoke of his life at the Shaker village, and told his companions how the scenes enacted before his eyes in the court appeared to him. His voice was soft, and his features were refined. He was dressed in a neat suit of gray, of Shaker cut.

"Eldress Marion made it for me," he said; and his eyes brightened as he spoke of her. "But every one at the Shaker village is always well dressed," he added, looking in a puzzled way at the rags and filth of a couple of prisoners who at that moment were led to the bar. "I—I think I don't quite understand it. Don't the sisters see to mending clothes here?"

His face again brightened as he spoke of the house in which he lived. "A house as big as this! But there aren't as many brethren and sisters there as there are in this one room. And the men and the women never walk away touching each other, as they do here. I never saw even an elder take hold of a sister's arm. And they never go down the same stairs," he added, as he watched a policeman lead a woman to the prison stairway.

A girl in tawdry finery walked to the bar, and wept, and hung her head, ringed in, as she was, by a row of pitiless eyes, that re-

garded her without a touch of sympathy. The boy looked on with pained wonder. The sharp voice of the judge, the clamor of frequent disputes between prisoners and witnesses, the buzzing, droning undertone of sound, the close, foul air, all troubled him. But he was happy again as he told how, on the top of each great Shaker building, is a little tower with a big bell, and how the people gather when they hear the clanging strokes. His voice had a touch of awe as he spoke of the religious services, and described how, in swaying lines, the brethren and sisters moved about the room, gathering a blessing in their up turned palms, and how they sweetly sang together—

But he quivered and stopped, as, from the "pen," just out of sight, came the drunken song of a woman. His eyes filled with tears, he stirred restlessly, and his voice faltered as he asked, as he had asked before, where we thought his mother was, and why she had not come to meet him. We got him to talk about her, and to tell us how she looked. She was pretty, he said, and did not dress at all like the sisters of the Shaker community. He remembered that she used to cry a good deal, and sometimes she would sing to him to get him to sleep; "and sometimes there were tears in her voice, and then I would cry; and then she would pick me up in her arms, and kiss me, and try to make me happy again. And once in a while there was singing or quarreling in the next room, after mamma had left me, thinking I was asleep. But I did not like that singing so much."

The drunken song stopped, to be succeeded by drunken yells; and the boy shuddered. But the yells soon ceased, and he was led to speak again of the pleasant life at the Shaker settlement. He told of the great fields of grain, and how he used to trudge after the reapers. "And there were eight calves, and a big black heifer, too!" He forgot the misery and sin about him, and his face was eagerly aglow. "And you just go to Bridge Hill, and you see a white gate; and it was at that gate that I saw my mamma for the last time, when she went away after leaving me with the good folks."

The drunken woman who had been singing was led into the court, and with shambling jauntiness stepped to the bar. Her dress, although of good quality, was draggly, and it was clear that she had been in the gutter. She leered knowingly at the judge. The boy's hand spasmodically clutched the reporter's arm. The little fellow was gasping convulsively.

"Mamma!" he screamed.

The woman turned towards him. For a moment she was dazed, and then, like a flash,

full comprehension came to her. Her face grew horribly white and drawn.

"My God!" she cried.

Robert Shackleton.

MERELY A STORY.

THE fire was burning clearly. She was sitting in front of it, dreaming. Her elbows were on her knees, her face in her hands. They were beautiful pictures she saw there in the grate. Her lips were parted, her face flushed, the light of happiness in her eyes.

A step on the polished floor of the hall, a turning of the door knob, and—

"Oh, Jack!"

She stood erect; her face was white. The light in her eyes only glowed more deeply.

"Glad to see me, eh?"

What a soft, pleasant, musical voice he had! He gave the outstretched hand a gentle pressure, sank on the couch, and drew her down beside him. He was a man who had in his face the indefinite something that all women like, and he looked as if he knew it.

"Here you've been away two weeks, just enjoying yourself, while your father and I have been keeping bachelors' hall. Come, give an account of yourself. How many broken hearts have you left behind you?"

She looked into his eyes as he spoke.

"I never break hearts, Jack; I couldn't. I had a lovely time, but I did miss you so much!"

"Only think, I've lived in this house sixteen years, and you confess to missing me!"

"Sixteen years! So long?"

"It was after my father had been buried that your father brought me here, a gawky boy of eight. You were a wee thing then, and came into the hall to meet us, and your father said, 'Here, Helen, is a dear little brother I've brought you. Give him a kiss.' 'Yesterday your father and I were talking of you,' he continued. 'He said nothing would please him more than to see you and me married.' He paused. 'I'd like to please him, but—'"

"Yes, Jack." Her voice was soft as a twilight breeze.

"I told him that we didn't care for each other like sweethearts. Two people who grow up together, as you and I have, never do care for each other in that way."

The coals were growing black.

"He said, 'If she says no, I'm satisfied. Ask her, my boy.' Of course I couldn't tell him then how gone I am on Nellie Asher, so I thought just as soon as you reached home I'd surprise you with an offer of marriage and get you to say no, like the dear little sister you are."

She drew her hand out of his.

"There's one good thing—you won't have to promise to be a sister to me, for you are that." He laughed. "Come, will you have me? You say no, don't you?"

"Of course I say no, Jack—we couldn't care for each other—in that way—could we?"

There was no brightness in her eyes now. She spoke slowly; it ended like a sob. He looked at her, but she seemed to be smiling.

"Having proposed and been so cruelly rejected, I shall go and see a young lady who I know won't look upon my suit so scornfully." He laid his hand on her brown curls. Did she shiver? "I'll tell your father all about it tonight," he said laughingly, as he stood at the door.

She heard the door close. How cold she was! The fire had gone out.

Arba Eugene Powers.

"COMING."

FOR years he stood behind your chair in the restaurant. "Coming, sir!" he said.

The floor manager called him John. You, who called him "Waiter," or "Boy," did not know that he had a wife and five children, that he was more of a man, and a better citizen, than you who at midnight handed him your shining beaver, and sat at the table discussing, with another of your sort, your loves of women more than one.

How long John had been a waiter at the Lion no one knew. The present proprietor bought him with the other fixtures. He was as useful, certainly, as the brass door plate. The proprietor no more thought of raising his wages than those of the door plate. The latter required attention, John did not. It is usually believed that waiters make a great deal of money; but John said that ten dollars a week was all he ever earned. Tips? Not so many as you might think.

Ten dollars a week. Seven in the family. One dollar and forty cents each per week. Twenty cents a day apiece. Coal. Rent. It is easy, gentlemen.

This man John knew life. He could not write it, but he had read it. He knew men more accurately than most novelists do. He knew when to give a customer a finger bowl, and when not to trouble one with a napkin. Year after year the book of life lay open before him. He heard the girl with trembling lips beg her lover not to cast her off. He heard the well dressed husband berate his wife as they sat together at the table, with a smile upon the faces that the world saw. He saw flashy youth spend unearned money there. He saw honest poverty trying to husband dollars all too hardly earned. He saw it all, this terrible and horrifying comedy of life; and to all the

actors therein he was at hand, ready, patient.

"Coming!" he said.

That John should let fall a dish—that was strange, was it not? Yet it crashed loudly. The head waiter made a note. John saw it, out of the corner of his eye. A little later he dropped another dish. The head waiter made another note. John trembled. Twenty cents a day apiece, gentlemen, for this family at home. Broken dishes come out of that. John grew nervous. There were so many orders. Somehow he could not think; but clearly enough he could see the worn face of his wife, and the pale faces of his sick children. Diphtheria. Doctor, two dollars a visit. Twenty cents a day apiece, gentlemen.

When one has children who are sick, and a wife who is wearing out in caring for them, and one is at home, naturally he will wish to help in the nursing. Such being the case, one cannot sleep. John had not been sleeping. Without sleep, the best ordered machine of man, God, or Mammon will fail. John failed. John was worn and white as he leaned against the wall.

The head waiter made a sign. Another stepped into John's place, and in a moment all was as it had been. No one missed him. You spend fifty years trying to be remembered at one spot. You pass away, and forty minutes serve to make you quite forgotten.

They took John home, and laid him on the bed. The bed was not so full, now. Some of the children had died, it seems; just how many is not known. A child or so here and there is nothing. They come out of the darkness, and they go again into the darkness, and they are not, save in the hearts that bore and loved them.

Time wore on. The day had passed. The hour drew near at which John usually went on duty. The machinery of the brain is as good as that of a clock, surely, and John knew the time very well. He dragged himself half upright against the head of the bed, and began to button and smooth the imaginary jacket. He touched his thin hair with a trembling finger, and arranged an imaginary tie with hands that might have made us weep. His hands fell idle in his lap. His eyes half closed.

"Come unto me; I will give—I will give you rest!" So spoke a voice from heaven in that room. John's lips said it, so those about him knew. But to him all the room must have been glorified and ringing with the promise. The voice died away, and from the glory that was near about him John looked to the glory illimitable beyond.

"Coming! Coming, Lord!" he cried. And then he was still.

E. Hough.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

The four weeks of German opera under the direction of Walter Damrosch should bring out all the lovers of Wagnerian music in New York. Of a necessity, the audience cannot be the distinctly fashionable gathering of the midwinter season, but it makes up in appreciation for any loss of social tone. This is just the season when so many of the regular box holders of the Metropolitan are in the South, or at their country houses; but there is no lack of less distinguished but more musical people to take their places.

Miss Susan Strong will not be found in the Damrosch forces, as was expected. She will sing at Covent Garden this spring, however, under Mr. Grau's direction, and on the scene of her successful debut as *Brunnhilde*. But Mr. Damrosch has an unusually good company, containing, in all, more than two hundred members. Lili Lehmann is, of course, the prima donna. The scenic arrangements are expected to be fine. Mr. Damrosch had duplicates made of the apparatus used at Bayreuth for the *Rhine Maidens* in the first act of "Das Rheingold," which had had no performance here for several years. His tenors are not so well known as some of his women singers, Paul Lange and Ernst Kraus being the two most important. The performances are essentially German, and have a Wagnerian flavor, whatever the opera happens to be.

MASCAGNI'S "IRIS."

Mme. Alma Dalma, who is better known to the American public as Mrs. Rudolph Aronson, is to create the title rôle in Mascagni's new opera of "Iris" in America. She has been giving its story to her friends.

Iris is a young and innocent Japanese girl, the one joy of a blind father. She is seen and loved by a prince who has heard her sing. Aided by his servants, he abducts her. This makes a most dramatic scene, and *Iris'* song as she is carried away is expected to make the success of the act, which ends when the blind old father finds his house deserted and calls for his child.

The next act is laid in the gayest part of Tokio, where the prince has taken *Iris*. Still innocent, she believes that she is in Paradise, and as every one can do what he pleases in Paradise, she tries to paint and to play upon musical instruments. When she makes daubs and discords she flings everything upon the ground and breaks into cries

of rage. Her father, entering, and believing her degraded, curses her. In the third act, she dies under her father's curse. She has had a moment's happiness, but has found it an illusion.

Mascagni himself is delighted with his opera, and says that if the public likes it half as well as he does, it will be a great success. He says that the melodies for it fairly flowed through his brain, so that he had no difficulty in writing them.

NORDICA'S CONCERT TOUR.

Mme. Nordica has probably made as much money by her concert tour as if she had been on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and she has let more people see her and know her; but she has gone through an amount of work under which few women could have stood up.

Her concert company comprises some very good artists beside herself. Scalchi, John C. Dempsey, and Barron Berthald, with Otto Lohse conducting, make up a company which is worth hearing; but probably most of their auditors sit through the performance impatiently. They certainly do so, if they have ever heard Nordica on the operatic stage. It is absurd to see this woman, in the very plenitude of her powers, traveling in concert when she is so much missed in opera. She has been giving the last act of "Siegfried" in costume with Mr. Berthald, but it is just tantalizing enough to make the listener wish for the rest of it.

We hear first one side of the story, and then the other. The latest is that Jean de Reszke has declared it his intention never to sing with Mme. Nordica again. Let it be hoped that the breach will be healed. We cannot do without either of them.

A NEW CONDUCTOR.

Colonel Mapleson did not make a financial success of his last opera venture, but he left the public richer in some ways. One of these was in our introduction to Bimboni.

This young man was unknown over here, but he had already made a reputation in Europe. His conducting of "Aïda" astonished our critics, and they wrote, with the enthusiasm of discoverers, of his marvelous style, of his spirit, and of the way in which he played upon his orchestra as if it had been a single instrument. But that very opera had already set the most critical of all musical centers half mad over him. In Vienna,

Dr. Hans Richter was so fascinated by "Aida," after he heard Bimboni conduct, that he offered to give the young man the baton in "Lohengrin" if he himself might conduct Verdi's masterpiece.

Another thing for which we have to thank Colonel Mapleson was the production of "Andrea Chenier," which otherwise might not have reached us for years. Giordano, the author of this clever musical romance, was recently married, and Verdi gave the bride a diamond mounted fan. The King of Italy sent the composer the Order of the Crown of Italy.

SOME CONCERT SINGERS.

Ella Russell, an American who has been singing successfully in England, is to be heard at some of our most important concerts this spring. She sings in the "Elijah" with the Oratorio Society in New York, in Boston with the Handel and Haydn Society, and with the Apollo Club in Chicago. She has great dramatic force, and a very high, strong voice.

The Apollo Club of the Western metropolis is doing better work every year. This year it gave a concert which was made up almost entirely of Chicago talent. The Auditorium was completely filled to hear it. The artists who made the deepest impression were Helen Buckley Anna Rommeis Thacker, and George Hamlin. The Rommeis sisters, of whom there are four, have been well known in Chicago for several years. Mrs. Thacker has a beautiful contralto voice, full of exquisite feeling. It reaches the hearts of the listeners in a way that is seldom possible with the greatest voices. Miss Buckley was almost entirely educated in Chicago, and so was Mr. Hamlin. But perhaps the greatest praise of all should be given to Mr. Tomlins, who trained the chorus of four hundred voices.

Like the New York organization of the same name, the Chicago Apollo Club possesses a solid, well trained chorus of fine voices. In New York, William R. Chapman says that if he were compelled to pay his singers the prices they receive for solo performances, one concert would cost as much as a great opera night.

MR. SEIDL'S FUTURE.

There seems to be some little doubt whether Anton Seidl will come back again to America. He goes to Covent Garden this month, to lead German opera whenever it is given there. He may return within a few weeks, and he may find that his native Europe possesses a strong enough attraction to hold him permanently. The "permanent orchestra," which was formed last year with Mr. Seidl as conductor, has accepted his resignation and elected Adolph Neuendorf in his place.

We can scarcely believe, however, that Europe is going to hold Mr. Seidl. He has identified himself too closely with New York. It is his home, and we fully expect him to return here in the autumn to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A WOMAN COMPOSER.

Miss Aus der Ohe appears to be in a fair way to make a reputation as a composer. During her European tour, last year, she wrote several pieces which have been given to the public, and this year she has had four numbers very well received—a bourrée, a minuet, a gavotte, and a saraband. Miss Aus der Ohe has also set to music several songs by Richard Watson Gilder.

Women as composers are rare. Many musicians have declined to believe that they can ever do really great work, on the ground that the feminine mind is not sufficiently comprehensive for such a task as orchestra composition. Up to this time no woman has entirely refuted the theory.

OPERA IN EUROPE.

In Europe, musical people do not lose interest in a singer as soon as his or her voice begins to decline. They still judge the artist, not by his own best form, but by the general average. Over here we will have no more of Patti because the Patti of today is not the matchless singer of a quarter of a century ago. In France and Italy they say she still ranks among the great, and they still give her new rôles to create. "Dolores," which is called a "lyrical drama," was produced in Nice at the end of February. The whole musical world of Europe was interested in the performance. It is a poem by Georges Boyer—a tragic ballad, based on the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and set to music by André Polonnais.

The story is interesting enough in itself, even without a musical interpretation. It is the year 1808, and the people of a Spanish city are rejoicing over the departure of the French army. But *Dolores*—the character rendered by Patti—warns them that the invaders will return; the withdrawal is a ruse intended to entrap *D'Alvina*, a patriotic leader, and the betrothed of *Dolores*. It is decided that *D'Alvina* shall pretend to die, and that his funeral shall be in progress when the French return. The soldiers' arrival makes an excuse for brilliant music by the military bands. They find the funeral in progress. The French general, *Fauvel*, has seen *Dolores*, and has fallen in love with her. He invites her to a ball given by the officers, but she declines. In the mean time some one has hinted to *Fauvel* that the funeral was not

real, and he declares his intention of opening the tomb and laying a palm on the breast of the Spanish patriot. At any risk this must be prevented. *Dolores* accepts the invitation to the ball, and does everything in her power to keep *Fauvel* by her side. The second act shows the ball room with *D'Alvina* disguised as a musician, furiously jealous of *Fauvel*. He meets *Dolores*, and charges her with treason. The accusation arouses the Spanish passion of the woman, and when *Fauvel* enters the room she rushes upon him and stabs him. "See!" she cries, "he is not my lover!"

The French general, magnanimous in the hour of death, asks them to place his sword in his hand that he may seem to have fallen in a duel, and tells his men, who rush in, that *D'Alvina* is blameless. *Dolores*, having made it impossible, by her reckless deed, to marry her lover, goes to a convent.

Patti, who still retains much of the fire of her youthful spirit, makes an excellent *Dolores*.

The operatic situation in Italy, during the past season, has not been particularly encouraging. Of the many new works that were produced, only two or three were worthy of notice—and this in face of the fact that we were told, only the other day, that a new and vigorous race of opera composers had arisen in Italy. The authors of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" and "*I Pagliacci*," the lights that were to lead the coming school, have done nothing to follow up their first successes. Mascagni has a new opera about to appear. Leoncavallo is promising another, written about Murger's "*Vie de Bohême*," a subject which Puccini has used this year with fair success. Giordano's "*Andrea Chenier*," which the Mapleson opera company produced here this year, and Leporini's "*The Easter Necklace*," were about the best of the new pieces. The success of the year was the revival of Verdi's "*Luisa Muller*." Wagnerian opera was sung in the classic halls of Milan. Sibyl Sanderson also sang her best rôles there during the past winter.

The new opera in Paris was "*Helle*," by Duvernoy. It was expected to be a great success, but proved disappointing. They are putting modern French novels into opera at a great rate in Paris. M. Cohen has made a musical version of Dumas' "*La Femme de Claude*," and Massenet has written a score for Daudet's "*Sapho*." Neither of them is by any means wonderful. Zola is writing the libretto for an opera for which Bruneau is preparing the music.

In Germany, the great popular success—one of the few Europe has known for some time—is "*The Return of Ulysses*," by August

Bungert. Connoisseurs from all over Europe gathered in Dresden to hear it, and decided that Bungert's place was in the first rank of composers; but some critics are insisting that it is not so much his music as the fine libretto. The composer has on hand six operas, which he calls "*The Homeric World*." He has been negotiating with the management of the Berlin opera for their production as a series, as he considers that they would lose by separate presentation, no less than Wagner's music dramas.

THE MUSICIAN OF THE NORTH.

Vienna lost its head and heart to Grieg this year, just as everybody has done who has ever heard the Norwegian's music properly interpreted. Some of the critics say that he is not really great as a pianist, and yet, playing his own works, he does something that no other pianist has done—he makes you live his life with him.

In Grieg's music, the whole spirit of the Northland seems to speak. He is the founder of the northern school of music. He says himself that his work is due to the influence of the Norwegian poet Richard Nordraak, who taught him the folk songs of Scandinavia, and how to interpret and to understand his own northern nature. The Viking blood, the beliefs in elemental gods, and in such creatures as werewolves, lingers in the northern blood. It can never flow in a commonplace current. Its fjords are too deep, its mountains too high, and its winters too long. It is not necessary to know all this. Grieg shows it to you in his music. It is unforgettable.

THE SCHUBERT CELEBRATION.

Only a few weeks ago a Schubert memorial celebration was held in Vienna, to honor a man who lived and died in abject want, unknown and unappreciated by the people about him, never receiving the encouragement of success, except with his songs, which became popular but never lifted him out of poverty or gave him a place in the artistic world. At this celebration they sang his songs, played his music, and exhibited his manuscripts and his poor, battered old piano, all that was left of his scanty possessions.

Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797, the youngest of four brothers, the sons of a schoolmaster, and all of them born with musical talent. He was taught by his father's friend, Michael Holzer, the first instructor of the day. At twelve Holzer told the boy that he could teach him nothing more, and recommended him to guide his studies by his own instinct. But the world did not notice his precocious genius, and young Schubert had to struggle for a bare subsistence. When he

was twenty one, his life was darkened by his hopeless passion for the daughter of Count Johann Esterhazy, whose piano teacher he had become; but he went on producing his wonderful music. Two of his operettas were performed, but they were failures. His songs were sung sometimes, but he would compose twenty where one ever reached the public. He wrote them with remarkable ease, sometimes turning off five or six in a day. "Hark, Hark, the Lark," was jotted down on the back of a bill of fare in a beer hall, and "Who Is Sylvia?" is said to have been written at the same time.

He had an opportunity once. The post of conductor at the Court Theater was vacant, and Schubert was requested to write some music as a test of his fitness for the position. At the rehearsal, the part he had designed for the prima donna was found to be too trying for her voice, and he was requested to alter it. "I will alter nothing," he said, and the appointment went to a man who was more ready to "listen to reason."

Of his ten symphonies, not one was recognized during his lifetime. It was not until 1872, when he had been dead forty years, that any real appreciation of his genius was shown. Then his statue was erected in Vienna, and deputations from every musical center in Germany came to do him honor. His songs are incomparable. They have a melody, and in some of them a spiritual exaltation, which lifts them above the mannerism of any school.

THE STORY OF A WALTZ.

Few people who know the name of any piece of music fail to recognize "Il Bacio" when they hear it played by an orchestra with a collection of old music, or at a country dance, when its title is usually translated into "The Kiss Waltz," and it divides the honors with "My Queen," and "The Blue Danube." But fewer still know that it is the work of the well known conductor, Luigi Arditi.

He tells a very interesting story of the way in which it came to be written. He was sitting at the piano at his hotel in Manchester, one night, idly letting his fingers drift over the keys, and as usual a melody formed under them. Piccolomini, the singer, who was sitting behind him, noticed its beauty, and warned him that if he did not put it down at once it would slip away from him. Arditi took a torn envelope from his pocket, jotted down a few notes, laid it aside, and forgot it. A year later, Piccolomini, who had been visiting the United States, sent to him for a new song for her return to her London friends. He promised one, but time went by

until the song was due. Then Arditi remembered the air he had noted down. Fortunately, at the moment, a baritone singer named Aldighieri came in and offered to write the words if somebody would give him an idea. The ever ready "somebody" suggested that he should write about a kiss. The song was finished in an incredibly short time, and the singer, delighted with it, learned it in a day, and sang it with great success. And yet, with the lack of thrift that is characteristic of the artistic temperament, Arditi sold it, with three others, for two hundred and fifty dollars. Several publishers have since reaped handsome profits from it.

A FORMER "CARMEN."

Mme. von Hesse Wartegg, who was so long known in America as Minnie Hauk, is living for most of the year at Tribschen, near Lucerne, in Switzerland. Her home is in sight of the lake and the Rigi, and near the house where Richard Wagner completed "Die Meistersinger" and "Siegfried." Her husband is a distinguished traveler, who has been in the German diplomatic service, has gone everywhere, seen everything, and written entertaining books about it.

Minnie Hauk was supposed, at one time, to be the only *Carmen*. She made the part her own, exactly as Mme. Calvé has since made it hers; and while their methods are somewhat different, the two singers enjoyed almost equal popularity, all things being taken into consideration. But the United States had reached no such level of musical appreciation as it now knows, when Minnie Hauk came out of Cincinnati and began to sing.

EVA NANSEN.

The wife of Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer who has penetrated nearer to the North Pole than any previous traveler, is a concert singer. She and her husband are devoted friends, and have been together on all sorts of expeditions. They are young, handsome, and full of life.

Mme. Nansen has been making a concert tour through Norway and Sweden, beginning in Stockholm, where she met with an enthusiastic welcome. She is said to have a fine, powerful voice, but it would have been hard to dissociate her from her hero husband and criticise her coldly. King Oscar was present at her concert, and after it was over expressed his great pleasure to the singer and invited her to supper. Her photographs generally show her with her husband, usually in a short dress, and on *skis*, the Norwegian snow shoe. She did not accompany Dr. Nansen on his triumphal visit to England, but hopes to come with him to America.

THE STAGE

DALY'S AND ADA REHAN.

There is no manager now before the American public who can show such a long record of faithful striving toward one end as Augustin Daly. We may call him erratic in his methods, but when his work is considered dispassionately and contrasted with what other men have accomplished, it must be admitted that Mr. Daly has dignified the drama by his association with it, and maintained a standard of excellence that has made his name honored abroad as it is famous at home. In a handsome book presented as a souvenir on the opening night of the present season, Mr. Daly's patrons were told the story of twenty seven years of metropolitan management. Such a record is a history of artistic achievement, and preserves the names of men, women, and plays that have made a marked impress on public taste.

The present Daly's Theater—the third playhouse managed by Mr. Daly—was opened September 17, 1879, with "Newport," a farcical comedy with music, written, as the house bill put it, "by an American residing abroad." Catherine Lewis played opposite to John Drew in this piece, but Ada Rehan's name was seen for the first time on Daly's program in the curtain raiser, "Love's Young Dream." She played *Nelly Beers, née Whelks*. Already, earlier in the same year, she had appeared at another house under Mr. Daly's management, doing a small part in Zola's "L'Assommoir" so admirably that she was engaged as a member of the stock company for the new theater. So the house and she who now reigns as its star have grown into fame together.

Miss Rehan's personality is an insistent one. One never forgets that she is Ada Rehan, and yet such is the subtlety of her art that this fact in no wise detracts from her complete realization of the playwright's types. Her creations in the Shakspeare comedies are gems whose luster will deepen as time goes by, and their memory becomes a cherished possession

of the playgoer who fears he may not soon look upon their like again.

CUBA AND THE DRAMATISTS.

Whatever may be the result to the Cubans themselves of their persistent struggle for independence, the revolution in the Queen of the Antilles has proved a gold mine to American playwrights. It is not at all necessary that they be skilled in their craft, either. Let them appeal to the gallery with emphatic denunciations of the Spaniards, and sprinkle their piece liberally with cries of "Cuba libre!" and much waving of the single starred banner, and fail not to introduce the American flag worn shawl-wise as a protection from Spanish bullets; having done this, they are assured of having the galleries aforesaid overflowing with enthusiastic espousers of freedom's cause who care not a rush for dramatic unities, while the orchestra chairs will be bought up by those eager to see the fun. And "Cuba's Vow," the latest of these offerings, although by no means a comedy, is certainly great fun for everybody concerned—the gallery gods, who take its bombast and braggadocio in all seriousness; the stalls and boxes, to whom it all seems like burlesque played with splendid earnestness; and the proprietors, who are reaping a harvest.

"Cuba's Vow" has one player of real merit in Adelaide Cushman, who enacts the title rôle. Her dark beauty admirably fits her to look the patriotic Cuban girl, and her method is in striking contrast to the crude declamation of most of those by whom she is surrounded. She played the adventuress last winter in the short lived melodrama, "In Sight of St. Paul's," and later was leading woman with the stock company at the Avenue Theater, of Pittsburgh.

"FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

It is all very well to be able to play *Juliet* and *Rosalind* so effectively as to win the applause of the discriminating few,



ADA REHAN AS "BEATRICE" IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.



ADELAIDE CUSHMAN IN "YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

From a photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburgh.

but theatrical "angels" are but human after all, and cannot forever deny themselves the opportunity to amass a small portion of this world's goods in exchange for that which in times past they have offered up on the altars of art. Julia Marlowe's new play, "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," although it ends in the death of the heroine, and is well saturated with "poetic periods," frankly claims kinship with the romantic school, just now on the top wave of popularity. And this popu-

larity it has won in good measure by means of an exceptionally interesting and powerful third act. For the sake of this the audience patiently endures the Scotch dialect, the Scotch airs, and the Scotch dances (save the mark), beneath which the first and second are well nigh crushed, and even sits heroically to the end of the fourth, which is spun out to exasperating lengths of dullness, relieved only by the really dramatic touch at the very close, as the beggar girl dies at the boom

of the gun that means *Prince Charlie's* safety.

As this beggar maid, Julia Marlowe is excellent. With her girlish face and clear toned voice, she paints the pathos of the

"For Bonnie Prince Charlie" is from the French of François Coppée, whose "For the Crown" was produced here last winter under such disadvantageous circumstances. The English adaptation is



JULIA MARLOWE TABER.

From her latest photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

part with telling truth. She knows the value of repression in her emotional work—an example by which her husband, Robert Taber, would do well to profit at some points in their great scene, where, as the blind patriot, he realizes that the woman he has been about to curse is his beloved grandchild.

made by J. I. C. Clarke, part author of "Heartsease."

MARIE SHOTWELL.

The opportunity makes the man—and the woman—in the theatrical world, perhaps, to a greater extent than in any other sphere. An author is at liberty to



MARIE SHOTWELL AS "LADY SARK" IN "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

do his best whenever he can procure pen and paper; all the artist needs is a pencil and a surface on which to draw; but the actor may live and die unrecognized, if there be no manager to place him in such environment as his talent requires. And if the manager be blind to the relative value of things and miscast the aspirant, the opportunity is oftentimes worse than lost, for the resultant failure prejudices his future chances.

Marie Shotwell is one of the fortunate

few in this respect. Her stage presence suggests hauteur and queenly bearing, and as soon as a rôle of this character fell to her lot, the world began to hear of her. The medium was Daniel Frohman, who saw her impersonation of *Queen Caroline* in "Madame Sans Gêne," and was quick to recognize her fitness for *Antoinette de Mauban* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which she was engaged to create when Sothorn produced the play in September, 1895. At the close of the season she was



FRANCES EARLE.
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

transferred to the Lyceum stock, and as *Lady Sark* in "The First Gentleman of Europe" impressed the beholder as having just stepped forth from a Sir Joshua Reynolds canvas. She comes of a New York

McCarthy; and Aubrey Boucicault, Paul Arthur, and Sibyl Carlisle are American importations who are acting on it.

The new Pinero comedy for the St. James, mentioned last month, is called



VIOLA ALLEN AS "RENÉE DE COCHEFORÊT" IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

family in no way connected with the theater, and made her début at Daly's.

AS TO THE LONDON STAGE.

While John Hare is delighting Americans, his London theater, the Garrick, is occupied by an English version of an American farce, "My Friend from India." The adaptation, called "My Friend the Prince," has been made by Justin

"The Princess and the Butterfly, or the Fantastics." At the time of writing, "As You Like It" still holds the boards at this house. Julia Neilson, who was here last year with Hare, is the *Rosalind*, and the *Hymen* is Julie Opp, an American girl who contributed the article on Calvé to this magazine for February, 1896, and an interview with Sarah Bernhardt to our stage department in June, 1896. This



MRS. JOHN BLOODGOOD.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

is Miss Opp's first professional appearance. She is tall, handsome, and clever, and would be an ideal *Trilby*. In fact, Du Maurier wished very strongly to have her accept the part when the play was first produced in England.

Our portrait of Frances Earle shows a member of the company that produced the musical comedy "On the March," at the Prince of Wales' Theater last year. Her own particular song was "Plunkety, Plunk, Plunk," an intellectual effusion which has not yet crossed the Atlantic to

dispute first place with "Oh, Ah Don't Know."

THE EMPIRE'S LEADING WOMAN

Viola Allen is admired and respected by men, and she is equally admired by women. She possesses the faculty of awakening a strong sympathy for whatever character she impersonates.

Every one has a distinguishing feature by which he or she—unconsciously, it may be—impresses others. Miss Allen's is her voice, which she cannot disguise.



VIRGINIA HARNED.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

It has a peculiar softness of cadence which might easily grow monotonous were it not for the sweetness with which it is also invested. Hearing these tones, one would feel assured that the speaker was a woman of keen intelligence and high aspirations; and Viola Allen is all this and more.

Renée de Cocheforêt, in "Under the Red Robe," is a trying rôle, but she meets all its difficulties with admirable art, and scores both by what she does and what she omits to do. Her fall at the close of the third act is a really wonderful piece of artifice. But Miss Allen will play many parts before her superb work as *Rosamund*, in "Sowing the Wind," will be forgotten. In the "sex against sex" scene she rose to heights which rank her in the very forefront of the emotional line.

The success of "Under the Red Robe" gives the Empire players an easy winter compared with last season, when play after play was tried in search of a winner. Miss Allen has a soft place in her heart for much abused "Michael and His Lost Angel." She stoutly maintains that the play taught a splendid lesson if it had only been looked at in the right light. It may be of interest to recall to the reader that very early in her career Miss Allen was leading woman for John McCullough and the elder Salvini. Her own pronunciation of her Christian name is with the "i" short—"Ve-ola," not "Vy-ola."

A FAIR DÉBUTANTE.

We have become so accustomed to seeing "society" actresses begin at the top of the ladder and work their way downward to the ranks—or to oblivion—by almost inevitable stages, that it is a positive luxury to hear of an exception. That exception is Mrs. John K. Bloodgood, Jr., "beautiful Mrs. Jack," whose father in law died last autumn leaving a more or less involved estate. Determined not to sit in idle submission to misfortune, Mrs. Bloodgood cast about in her mind to find the career for which she was most fitted, and selected the stage. Having done so, she did not sally forth among her moneyed friends and ask for an "angel." She went instead to see manager Frohman at the Lyceum, told him that she wanted to begin where women

born in the profession would begin, and showed him a letter from Franklin Sargent, of the school of acting, stating her abilities. As a result she was engaged as an "extra," and by the time these lines are read may be among the "omnes" in some one of the companies under the Frohman control.

Mrs. Bloodgood has much in her favor. She should inherit imagination from her father's mother, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the well known novelist, and there were both beauty and wit in the Sutton girls, of whom her mother was one, the others being Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, Mrs. Walter Crosby, and Mrs. Ely-Goddard.

"SPIRITISME."

When Charles Frohman announced that he meant to present Sardou's new play in New York simultaneously with its production by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, he no doubt wished to be commended for his enterprise. As matters have turned out, he is badly "stuck" by this buying of a pig in a poke. "Spiritisme" is not only shamelessly indecent, but unutterably stupid, or rather utterably so, as it is talky to the dreariest degree. If Sardou's name were not blazoned forth on the programs, and the piece had been brought forth anonymously, it would raise more laughs than the Cherry sisters. Even as it is, the Knickerbocker audiences tittered at the spiritualistic seance in the first act, at the newspaper account of a horrible railroad accident in the second, and at the sudden darkening of the room for ghosts to walk in the third.

The fine cast that Mr. Frohman supplied could not save the piece. As *Simone*, the wife whose present is blacker than all of *Mrs. Ebbsmith's* past, Virginia Harned labored heroically, but failed to win sympathy for the vile creature she depicted. This was her first appearance since her marriage to Mr. Sothern last December. Maurice Barrymore, Nelson Wheatcroft, J. H. Gilmour, and Fritz Williams were also in the bill, making a prodigal waste of good material.

We had hoped that last winter saw the end of the problem plays, but the chill reception accorded "Spiritisme" will probably give the wriggling tail of the pestilential serpent its final death blow.

The Sardou piece was booked for a five weeks' run at the Knickerbocker, but by a cancelation of their engagement at the Hub Mr. Hayman was enabled to bring the Bostonians there with "The Sere-nade" a fortnight before they were due.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

"I stand ready to pay five thousand pounds to any man who will bring me what I consider a good play."

This from John Hare in a recent talk with the writer on the crying need of both England and America—new dramas.

"During the twenty years I was in management," Mr. Hare went on, "I read on an average three plays a week, sent in by unknown writers, and out of that number I never found a single one that was suitable for performance."

* * * *

The New York season of the Hare company, extended from five to seven weeks, was played to splendid business without a single "production" in the repertoire—a record that Mr. Hare considers marvelous.

"The 'Hobby Horse' was new in America, to be sure," Mr. Hare remarked, "but then it is a comparatively old play. I tried it first in Cleveland and another of your Western cities, and was rather surprised to find that it took so well. You know a great deal of the humor is intensely local to certain British customs. 'If the provinces appreciate it so highly,' I said to myself, 'cosmopolitan New York will surely like it,' so I decided to make it my opening bill when I came to town. But New York did nothing of the sort, and bestowed the bulk of its favor on old friends: 'Caste' and 'A Pair of Spectacles.' I have wished many times that I had secured the sole rights to 'Spectacles,' and could have introduced it to American audiences. I should have needed nothing else for years, I believe."

* * * *

The dominating impression made upon one by a first interview with John Hare is that of the exceeding mellowness of his voice. It is then that its wonderful carrying power becomes apparent. The ordinary conversational tone he uses in his dressing room seems to be the very same he employs on the stage, and yet it penetrates to the farthest recesses of a large auditorium.

* * * *

Augustin Daly has made a new record in managerial cleverness this winter. He suc-

ceeded in sending "The Geisha" on the road in the height of its metropolitan favor, at the same time retaining it in New York to splendid business on alternate nights for the remainder of the season. And he arranged the casts so cleverly that it would be difficult to say which is No. 1 company and which No. 2. Violet Lloyd made such a pronounced hit as *Molly Seamore* in the original production here that Virginia Earle is to be doubly congratulated on her duplication of the part. She falls short only in the realism of Polly's squawk in the parrot song. Nancy McIntosh, on the other hand, is, if anything, more acceptable than Dorothy Morton as *O Mimosa San*. Philip Tomes, however, is by no means as good a *Reggie* as Mr. Wheeler, who went on tour, but Herbert Gresham, as *Dick Cunningham*, is a host in himself. It seems odd that Mr. Daly did not assign *Reggie's* part to Mr. Gresham when the recasting took place. There is no man in the company who throws himself into his work with such whole souled abandonment. He has been at Daly's since 1892, when he made his debut as *Little John* in "The Foresters."

* * * *

Forecasts of the Daly repertoire have been particularly hazardous this season, so frequently have the powers that be changed their minds. Of the five plays announced during the opening week last autumn, only one ("Much Ado") has been given. "Henry IV" is doubtless permanently shelved with the death of Mr. Lewis, who was, of course, to have been the *Falstaff*. Robert Chambers was not satisfied with the second act of "A King and a Few Dukes," and asked the privilege of withdrawing it for alterations. The success of "The Magistrate" in revival was doubtless instrumental in keeping "The Wonder" off the boards, and it looks now as if we were not to see "The Tempest" until next year. But at this writing we scarcely dare state that "The Witch of Durncleugh" (Robert Chambers' dramatization of "Guy Mannering," with Ada Rehan as *Meg Merilies*) has taken its place, for a turn of the wheel may bring "The Circus Girl" in its stead, Mr. Daly having acquired American rights to the German original, and being anxious to bring it out before George Edwardes sends over his English company with this latest of the Gaiety "girl" successes.

* * * *

Some six months ago MUNSEY'S referred to that heyday era when several first class artists could be seen in one performance, as in the early days of the Casino. And it is at this very house, during the month of April, that the memory of the past is to be made a reality of the present. Three stars in but a single

bill—Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jefferson De Angelis! One will feel like rubbing his eyes to make sure that he has not taken an inverted Rip Van Winkle nap. "Polycop's Wedding Day," by Stange and Edwards, makers of "Brian Boru," is the vehicle that is to carry this new triple alliance into what it is hoped will be public favor. Many other stars now perched on rather precarious heights are looking on at the experiment with a more than keen interest, and its success will doubtless make many go and do likewise, which will save money to the theater goer's pocket, while it the more completely gratifies his artistic sense.

De Wolf Hopper should be glad that a valuable member of his opera company possesses one failing. Nella Bergen, the prima donna of "El Capitan," has a voice which has improved instead of deteriorating with the hard work to which she has subjected it during the season. It rings true and bell-like above even the clash of the brass behind her in the famous march song. She is a handsome woman, too, as our picture in the January number proves, and were it not for her lack of animation—a fault of small moment in her present rôle—there would doubtless be more than one manager ready to pay a forfeit to secure her services in more ambitious work.

"El Capitan" broke all records by drawing as large audiences to the Broadway Theater on a return engagement as in the first flush of its hit last spring. "The Bride Elect" is the name of the new opera on which Sousa and Klein are now at work. Evidently this is not for Hopper, who will not need a change of bill for some time to come.

"Tess" possesses so much rugged strength as a novel that one is surprised that it was not put on the stage long before March 2, when Minnie Maddern Fiske produced it at the Fifth Avenue Theater. The explanation lies in the fact that the author himself made the first dramatization, which was not thought to be the best possible arrangement of the story for the theater, and with the full approval of Mr. Hardy and the publishers, another was prepared by Lorimer Stoddard, who is a son of John L. Stoddard, and wrote "Napoleon" for Richard Mansfield.

The principal impression made by the performance is of the wonderful art of Mrs. Fiske. Nature has done little for her, except in the gift of a voice, which, like John Hare's, has rare carrying power. She is never once the Tess of Mr. Hardy's book, who was a woman of an entirely different mold and complexion,

but from the rise of the first curtain until the fall of the final one she never fails to be the Tess of the play. Hers is a genius akin to that of Duse, which crosses the footlights because she never thinks of forcing it to that end; she wins her public by ignoring it.

As to the play, it will scarcely make a quartet with the three great successes of dramatized books with which it will be compared. Throughout, however, it is consistent with itself, and contains a wide variety of elements that administer pleasantly to the emotions of theater goers, none of whom will wish to miss it. The cast, including Charles Coghlan as Alec and Annie Irish as Marian, is an especially capable one.

Every spring valiant efforts are put forth by New York managers to run the season into the hot weather by means of frothy offerings in the musical line. Up to date the Casino has been the only house that succeeded in weathering the thermometer for more than a summer. Nevertheless, this year the announcements of "light weight" goods are thicker than ever. Besides the fourth annual review of the Casino, we are to have "Miss Manhattan" at Wallack's, "A Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker, and the Fifth Avenue Opera Company in "1999" at the Fifth Avenue. It is altogether unlikely that all four of these entries for the summer stakes will reach the winning post, but each "angel" feels that the field is as broad as the metropolis, and hope springs eternal in the human breast.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The turning of novels into plays has resulted so profitably in the cases of "Trilby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Under the Red Robe," that dramatists have ventured to invert the experiment. It is said that Wilson Barrett received \$5,000 outright, besides a royalty, for the romance he manufactured from his "Sign of the Cross," and that the sale of the book is so great in England that he is likely to make as much more out of it. The story would not be likely to find much circulation here, where the play failed to attract, but if Messrs. Belasco and Gillette were to turn "The Heart of Maryland" and "Secret Service" into the form of novels, we predict a wide purchasing clientage for both. Plays that win such fame as these are heard of by people who have no chance of seeing them, and who would gladly expend a dollar to learn why they have attained so great a vogue.

LITERARY CHAT

A FRAGMENT.

(In the manner of Mr. Anthony H.-.)

I had barely time to cock my revolver before the secret door swung back and Phroso's face appeared in the opening.

"Oh, it's you," I said cheerfully, and I tossed the revolver into the waste basket. But Phroso did not smile. I saw that she was very pale.

"What are you doing here?" she began. "I thought you were in Ruritania."

"All things have an end," I answered. "The public was growing tired of Ruritania, so I came to Neopalia."

It was a small thing to say, but she saw I meant it.

"And Flavia?" she said.

"There are others," I retorted.

At last she understood, and her lips began to tremble. It was cruel to trifle with her, but the chapter had to be finished, and I had not killed any one for thirty five minutes.

"Who is that behind you?" I cried sternly. What a fool I had been to throw away that revolver!

Phroso cast her eyes to the ground.

"Who is it?" I repeated, as I picked them up and returned them to her with a low bow. "I am afraid I shall have to shoot him. I always like to end my chapters with a dramatic episode, and this one has been a trifle monotonous."

"See for yourself!" cried the girl, stepping aside. It was Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"This is a lively scene," he observed with a grin.

"Where there's Hope there's life!" I replied calmly, and I saw that at this sally Phroso clapped her hands softly. The movement distracted Constantine's attention, and I had time to secure an ivory paper cutter from the table at my side.

"I suppose we must fight," said Constantine. "How long will it take?"

"Not more than five hundred words of nonpareil," I answered, fingering the paper cutter, "and I can cut it down to four, if you prefer."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Immaterial to me," he said; "but you are a brave man."

"None but the brave deserves the fair," said I with a glance at Phroso. She winked twice, and I knew she loved me. Constantine began to sob.

"I never was the fighter you made me out to be," he gasped, "and it's hardly fair."

I hesitated. With the paper cutter in my possession I could afford to be magnanimous.

"And Phroso——?" I ventured.

The mention of her name seemed to make a man of Constantine.

"You may kill me," he cried furiously, "but it will be over her dead body!"

How could I harm such a hero? I flung the paper cutter aside and tendered him my hand.

"I can respect courage, even in an enemy," I said, "and I give you your life. Go!"

He went.

I turned to Phroso with a smile.

"How was that?" I asked.

She answered my question with another.

"But the dramatic end of the chapter——?"

"Do you remember what I said a moment ago?" I inquired.

"I—I forget," faltered Phroso. "So much has happened——"

"Then I will repeat," I answered generously. "This chapter is spoiled, but—there are others!"

TWO NOVELS OF THE HOUR.

It often happens that a book is in great demand at the libraries, but is seldom reviewed, because everybody is supposed to have read it, and to find the condensed story of it needless. It is only when the author begins to be written up on every side, and we are told where and how he spent his childhood, what kind of writing paper he uses, and all the rest of the little photographic details which make up his personality, that the great outside world, which never discovers anybody, begins to ask who this man is, and what his book is about.

The two books that are first in this sort of favor just now are "On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Flora Steele, and "Quo Vadis?" by Sinkiewicz. "On the Face of the Waters" is a story of the Indian Mutiny. The scenes are laid in Delhi, and move from the court of the native king to the camp of the English. Mrs. Steele has been called the successor of Rudyard Kipling in the field of Indian fiction, but the title is too large for her. She gives a narrative which is interesting, but her characters are not clearly drawn, nor is she always straightforward. A clever constructionist could take her many pages, and make a strong story out of them, but even then the fire of genius would be lacking. The book is beyond the average, but all the time the reader is conscious that he is reading it not

for its fiction, but for its facts. It gives a new reading of the inner history of the Mutiny.

"Quo Vadis?" also lays some claim to historical interest, but here the history is lost in the romance. The cruelty of the brutal age of Nero is brought back into individual lives, and we see Rome lying terrorized under a mad and bloodthirsty tyrant.

These are two of the books that seem to be pushing aside the "Sentimental Tommies" and the "Margaret Ogilvies," in the popular taste of the moment. They are being read by the thousands.

A NEW VERNE ROMANCE.

Jules Verne was about the first of modern novelists to write the story of impossible adventure which is now so important a literary factor. His books were enormously popular, owing partly to their novelty, and partly to the author's scientific knowledge, which lent so strong a semblance of reality to the most extravagant incidents. Apparently everything was proved possible. The average reader could give no reason why the under sea voyages of the Nautilus were beyond the field of probability, or why it was a matter of extreme difficulty to make a trip to the moon. Indeed, subsequent experiments have shown the Nautilus to have been no mere fiction, but a foreshadowing of ships to come; and is there any one bold enough to assert at the end of this century of marvels that anything is impossible? "Around the World in Eighty Days" was looked upon as the very height of extravagance when first it appeared, and now the "record time" is somewhere about sixty days.

But Jules Verne is not the man he used to be, if we are to judge from his latest novel, "Facing the Flag." It is a rehash and nothing more. The old ingredients are all in evidence—submarine boats, new explosives, mysterious islands, and grim, silent, purposeful men of whom *Captain Nemo* was the prototype. In a way it is a stirring story—or would be, rather, to those who had never read a Verne romance, or who were not prejudiced in favor of modern methods. For "Facing the Flag" is not only reminiscent—it is old fashioned as well. Reading it, one suddenly remembers that Jules Verne was once called a "writer for romantic minded little boys," and begins to suspect that there was truth in the criticism. There are some singularly childish things in the book, such as

The lamps of the three master shine brightly—green to starboard, and red to port.

For some time past I have observed that the tide rises and falls twice every twenty four hours.

Why not tell us that the sun rises once a

day, and that a twin screw steamer has two propellers? These are undoubtedly interesting and instructive facts, but one has a dim remembrance of having heard them somewhere before!

On the other hand, it must be remembered that M. Verne is nearly seventy years of age. His methods are the methods of thirty and forty years ago, and perhaps, after all, he does not disclaim the vocation of a novelist for boys. "Facing the Flag" is a capital boys' book, even if it is nothing more. Moreover, we are all grateful to M. Verne for "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and its companions, and we are only sorry that he cannot make up his mind to rest upon his laurels.

M. Verne was born in the city of Nantes, and educated at Paris, for the bar. He has been a playwright, though his dramatic productions are but little known.

—AND ITS ANTITHESIS.

A striking contrast to "Facing the Flag" is "The Final War," by Louis Tracy. It is interesting to read the two books in the order named, for the sake of comparison. One emerges from a world of unreality into the full glare of modern existence, emphasized by references so pointed as to make Mr. Tracy's book seem like an able newspaper account of an actual conflict. The story deals with an attack upon Great Britain by the combined forces of France and Germany, an attack as unexpected as it is unprovoked, and frankly and openly nothing more than an envious attempt to cripple the power of the United Kingdom. The book is dedicated to Private Thomas Atkins, and, if the truth must be told, that gentleman is somewhat unduly lauded and beflowered in the course of the narrative. The author's purpose is extremely plain, even without the candid explanation it receives in a prefatory note:

I have tried to write a story of adventure. It may interest and amuse the reader, but I shall have utterly failed in my task if he does not rise from its perusal feeling proud if the English language be his mother tongue, or sad if it be not.

One may be pardoned for regarding with some incredulity the marvelous deeds of valor performed by Private Atkins and his fellows in the pages of "The Final War," not so much from any lack of confidence in the noble fellow's loyalty and courage as from the conviction that the manner in which England rallies and repulses her unexpected enemies is little short of supernatural. There is a large "if" in every war—a larger one than usual, perhaps, in this imagined conflict; but we are quite content to take Mr.

Tracy's word for it that Great Britain is more than a match for Germany and France. We do not desire any ocular demonstration of the correctness of his theories. Proof in the matter of wars is apt to be expensive.

The real charm of Mr. Tracy's book, however, lies in the fact that, as he himself has said, he has taken the whole world for his theme and its chief citizens for his characters. The German emperor, the English queen, the Czar, the French president, Bismarck, Caprivi, Balfour, Salisbury, the Prince of Wales, and, from our own land, the chief executive, the ambassador at St. James', and Admiral Mahan (promoted for this occasion by Mr. Tracy) are *historia personæ*. With such a wealth of material it is small wonder that "The Final War" is a stirring story of mingled fiction and fact.

THE FOUNDER OF REALISM.

The trouble with too many young writers (we have entirely too many, with and without trouble) is that they do not learn their art. A painter would not think himself equipped for putting a great conception upon canvas if he had never studied drawing, or the use of colors; but anybody who can buy pen and ink considers himself competent to write a story or a book.

Gustave Flaubert, who was undoubtedly the founder of the present day school of French fiction, and who deeply influenced that of England and America, believed that literature was a profession to be more closely studied than any other. He only had one pupil who followed his direction exactly—Guy de Maupassant, whose success surely proved that there was some ground for belief in his theory. We know that he kept de Maupassant writing sketches for seven years before seeking publication, but it is only lately that family documents have been produced which show the foundation of Flaubert's own genius. He was the son of a popular physician in Rouen, whose house was a gathering place for local society. Here young Flaubert sat among the guests, gathering up the studies which made him famous in his great novel of provincial life, "Madame Bovary." The story of the way in which the book was written is remarkable. To Flaubert it was impossible to proceed unless he satisfied himself. He would work for weeks on four or five pages. When the right words failed to come, he would walk up and down his room groaning in despair, weeping, crying out upon Heaven. But he did not have weary years to wait for the success of his work after it was once written. It was published in the *Revue de Paris*, and became the sensation at once. It was, a critic said, not real-

istic, but realism itself. Its truth, its vividness, its form and style, put it at the first moment among the great novels.

And yet, in artistic Paris, for a book which gave him instant fame, and in a few years the cross of the Legion of Honor, Flaubert was prosecuted by the authorities for an alleged offense against morality. As a matter of fact, the story of the weak and shallow wife with desires for things above her, with a taste for tawdry pleasures, is not an offense against morality, but the most terrible sermon. The outcry against "Madame Bovary" was said at the time to be from the church, which resented the paragraph showing how the dying woman received extreme unction. As it stands, the book might be called the mother of modern realism and is in itself the best example of that school.

A CLEVER BOOK BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Mr. Charles Charrington, the author of a daintily bound little book entitled "Lady Bramber's Ghost," is a clever writer whose fame is conspicuous by its absence, and who is remarkable chiefly because his publishers say that they know nothing about him. This may be an instance of surpassing *sans gêne* on the publishers' part, or of extreme modesty on Mr. Charrington's, but it is both curious and unusual. However, the merit of "Lady Bramber's Ghost" is by no means impaired by the fact that its author is to the public little more than a name. The story is brightly told, and albeit the theme is the old one of the lion and the jackal which figures so prominently in "A Tale of Two Cities," it is handled with sufficient force and novelty to make it interesting. *Lady Bramber* is a society woman who is famous for her novels and plays, and the "ghost" is a kind of latter day *Sidney Carton*, who writes everything that appears under *Lady Bramber's* name. The book is eminently suggestive. It has been said of certain prominent literary lights of the day that it is not in them to do the work which is apparently their own, and that jackals are at work in the background laboring to promote the reputation of their particular lions. Such things are by no means impossible, as is clearly demonstrated in "Lady Bramber's Ghost." It would be interesting to discover whether or not the story has any foundation in fact; but so long as Mr. Charrington's personality remains an unknown quantity, this is likely to be a state secret.

These are days when personality is everything, days when few readers take much interest in a man's work without some knowledge of the man. It is a fatal mistake for authors to remain in the background. The

public which buys books is entitled to know something about their creators, just as no one cultivates the friendship of a man whose life is masked. A book is like a friend. We admit its author to our confidence, and we want something in return.

MR. FLETCHER'S MORBID BOOK.

Here is an opportunity for the cheerful minded. Supply yourself with three handkerchiefs and a tear bottle, and seek a secluded corner in some unfrequented graveyard. Seat yourself upon a tombstone—the oldest and moldiest you can find—and, having allowed your thoughts to dwell upon homeless children, cripples, and unrequited love for not less than five minutes, open and peruse "God's Failures," a collection of short spasms of melancholy fiction by J. S. Fletcher. In no other way can the book be appreciated. It is sufficiently short, consisting as it does of less than two hundred pages, but it contains enough depression to make up three almshouses, a morgue, and two volumes of minor poetry. It is a galaxy of unhappy endings, broken hearts, and tragic circumstances that causes the reader to gasp. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Now all this is very distressing. Some one has been treating Mr. Fletcher unkindly, or else he has made a deliberate effort to run the gamut of unhappiness, pathos, and misfortune. The pity of it is that "God's Failures" is so exceedingly well written. If it were not ultra lugubrious it would be exceptionally able; but with woe, as with other things, familiarity breeds contempt, and when we have pitied Mr. Fletcher's characters until we can pity them no more the pendulum begins to swing in the opposite direction, and we to laugh at them. Each is in deeper trouble than the one preceding, and a reader's stock of sympathy for imaginary personages is limited.

In all seriousness it may be asked wherein lies the value of such a book. The world is full enough of grief and affliction, and therefore there cannot be very much use in this parade of the dead and dying and broken hearted and miserable and everything else that is woebegone.

Mr. Fletcher is not a man of whom "God's Failures" might have been expected. He resides in a quiet little parsonage in Yorkshire, and his success in literature has been so unmistakable that he can have no excuse for discontent. His most widely known book, "When Charles the First Was King," was a hit from the first, and viewing his literary career as a whole he has every reason to be satisfied with himself, for both socially and in a literary way Mr. Fletcher is a self made

man. He was a farmer's son, and today he is a recognized writer. His work should be cheerful. It is everything else that is good, but its surpassing melancholy comes near to being the ruin of "God's Failures."

"THE SQUARE OF SEVENS."

We knew long ago that Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson was a joker. He could write sonnets which had no sense at all with so much grave imitation of the magazine school of poetry that they made even a critic laugh; but he has played a delightful new trick upon the credulous public lately. We must all be "occult" nowadays, so Mr. Stevenson rummaged about in antiquity and discovered a certain Mr. Robert Antrobus, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Horatio Walpole, and the rest of the clever gentlemen who lived in the time of the second George of England. In the year 1731 Mr. Antrobus spent some months in Cornwall, where he met a gipsy who taught him the secret of fortune telling by cards. He went back to London and astonished the fashionable world with his revelations of all sorts of mysteries. How he did it Mr. Stevenson shows in what he tells us is a modernizing of Mr. Antrobus' book upon the "Square of Sevens."

Mr. Stevenson has succeeded in making a beautifully odd little book, which has the possibilities of countless hours of diversion in it; but he is a deceiver. Robert Antrobus is another *Marjory Daw*, who had no existence except in the author's brain.

LITERARY LIONS ON VIEW.

A recent entertainment in New York had features that might amuse a satirist. A certain institution, in which a well known literary woman is interested, needed money, and an entertainment was provided. Well known artists donated their services, and the whole function was widely advertised, with an additional attraction. After the singing and reciting, tea was served in a reception room, and some eminent literary and stage people—announced by name in the advertisements—were among the "receiving party." For once, the public could see together, sociably talking to their friends, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. John Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber, Mr. Brander Matthews, and other celebrities of the hour. The crowd looked at them, asked which was which, and walked solemnly by, rarely stopping for the cup of tea that was included in the ticket. It isn't kind to say so, perhaps, but it reminded an irreverent spirit of Mme. Tussaud's. If we were more flippant, we might quote what the

crowd said now and then, but we may hear Miss Beatrice Herford doing that before long.

It probably was not Miss Beatrice Herford who drew the crowd, because this was her first public appearance in America, but she certainly held it, and sent it out talking of her instead of the costumes of the lady novelists and the length of the male lions' manes or the loudness of their roar. She is a young Boston girl, a sister of Mr. Oliver Herford, whose witty verses and pictures are to be seen in the humorous journals. She has always had a talent for making sketches out of every day materials, and was in the habit of giving studies from life for the amusement of her friends. Two years ago she thought that her work might amuse a wider audience, and she went to London, where she began reciting in drawing rooms. She made a hit, and is now trying to repeat her success here.

It is hard to describe Miss Herford's work. She seems to hypnotize her audiences into "seeing things." She is a young, pretty woman who comes on the stage in an ordinary afternoon gown, without one single accessory, and announces what she is to represent. On the occasion of which we have been speaking, her first sketch was of a New England seamstress with sociable tendencies. Miss Herford took a step backward, and in an instant passed from a blooming young girl in a pink silk gown to a Yankee spinster with an old fashioned, half long coat, her bonnet tied under her chin, and an umbrella in hand. We know all about her "things," because she removed them in pantomime before our eyes; but the charm of it was in her talk. The worthy seamstress told how one of her family had won at a raffle—where she had supposed she was putting her money into a stuffed owl—a marble figure of—"well, I wouldn't call her a *lady*. Those ancient goddesses were brought up different from us;" and how she and her sister made the goddess a "tasty tea gown. But there was no fit to it. She had no figure to fit."

In London they say that Miss Herford is destined to take the late Corney Grain's place as an entertainer.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE HIGHLANDS.

William Black answered a great many questions when he made that famous reply to President Garfield, long ago. Hearing that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was going to Europe and would see Mr. Black, the President asked him to reproach the novelist with the sad ending of "*McLeod of Dare*," and to inquire why it was necessary for *Coquette* to die in "*A Daughter of Heth*."

"Why, you see," Mr. Black said, "I didn't want to make her die, but I had to. If she

had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after closing the book."

Evidently the novelist of today wants to make his work remembered by the same trick; for if you take away the deaths, the sorrow, the disappointments in modern fiction, there is almost nothing left. We fail to see why it should be fashionable to be harrowed, or why "strength" in fiction should mean crime, carnage, or death.

If Mr. Black had only known it, it is not his sorrowful people who make us love his books, but his atmospheres. We could be happy even with very joyous people, rambling amid his hills and salmon streams, or yachting about Mull and the rest of his Scottish isles. Mr. Black spends half the year at Paston House, Brighton, and the remainder of his time in his beloved Highlands, where, every summer, he gets his material for six months' steady work. He has a study away up in the top of his house, and his wife guards him from interruption there, while he lives over again the scenes of his wanderings, peopling them with creations of his own. He cannot get rid of the company of these people at any time. They are always with him, an invisible company, insisting upon giving opinions upon everything, and all that he has to do is to write them down.

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

In a paragraph headed "How Authors Write," published in our February number—and intended rather as a parody of the sort of matter in which certain literary peddlers delight than as a serious compilation of facts—we quoted the statement that "Captain Charles King has grown so indolent with affluence that he talks his army tales into a phonograph, and sends the cylinders to copyists." Captain King asks us to deny the report. He tells us that he "has grown neither indolent nor affluent, nor does he talk his tales. He writes out every word, going over his work far more laboriously than in the days of his earlier stories, and finally reads his pages into the phonograph. Then a clear, typewritten copy goes to the publisher, and proof reading is easier. That is all there is to the story."

We are glad to make the correction—or, rather, we are glad to hear that Captain King is not indolent, and sorry to hear that he is not affluent. An author of books as good as his deserves a substantial worldly reward no less than a successful manufacturer or prosperous storekeeper.

* * *

In "That Affair Next Door," by Anna Katharine Green, an important piece of evidence is the pair of shoes worn by the murdered

woman, for of course, the book being by Mrs. Rohlf, there is a murdered woman to be considered. It is expressly stated, possibly by way of free advertisement, that these shoes were purchased from B. Altman & Co., a somewhat well known dry goods firm on Sixth Avenue. The crime was committed in September, 1895. We wonder if it has occurred to Mrs. Rohlf that Altman did not sell shoes until the opening of the present season. These are small matters, but it is well to be accurate, especially in the case of circumstantial evidence.

While Rudyard Kipling is accused, and perhaps justly, of being a most disobliging person, the following story will serve to illustrate that there are exceptions to every rule. Mr. Brander Matthews was browsing around one day in a London book shop when he came upon a copy of "Many Inventions," beautifully bound by Cobden-Saunders, and, finding that the price was absurdly low, promptly bore off his prize. Some days later he forwarded the book to Mr. Kipling, requesting him to write something upon the fly-leaf. It is doubtful whether any one could have complied more gracefully than did the flattered author, for "Many Inventions" returned accompanied by a brief note: "There are four flyleaves to the book. Did you want me to fill all of them?" As a matter of fact Mr. Kipling had written four poems for his friend, poems which Mr. Matthews numbers among his most cherished possessions, and which will never be published except in a volume of his "literary experiences." All of which shows that a man who snubs strangers is not necessarily one who is disobliging to his friends.

Speaking of his "literary experiences" Mr. Matthews says it is seriously his intention to write them some day—"but not for a long while yet."

In London they have an Omar Khayyam Club, of which Mr. Edmund Gosse is president, and which meets quarterly. The club was presumably started to settle forever the old discussion whether the Persian poet is to be taken literally or figuratively. Mr. Austin Dobson has just been elected to membership, in place of Coventry Patmore. The last letter Mr. Patmore wrote was one expressing his regret at being absent from the annual dinner of the Omarians.

"If I had been able to be with you," he said, "while I feasted among you, I should have sought to remind you that nearly all eastern poetry is more or less mystical and ascetic, and wine, love, and liberty, even in this poem, seem to be words for spiritual

passions. But I should have delighted with you in all that Omar says about what concerns priests and formal religions. All poets and prophets have hated priests—as a class—and it has been their vocation from the first to expose 'ecclesiasticism.'"

Lord Wolseley was the guest of honor at the Omarians' dinner in March.

Olive Schreiner has broken her long silence. She has given up herding sheep on her *veldt* for a little while, and has taken up her pen again. She evidently agrees entirely with Mr. Patmore. Her new book is not a novel. It is a study of the conditions Christ would find if he came upon earth again, and visited South Africa.

Miss Schreiner wrote a book out of a young mind and heart, full of fancies, and bursting with a sense of the injustice of some existing conditions. As she was honest, original, and full of fire and enthusiasm, "The Story of an African Farm" was a deeply interesting book, particularly to those who shared her youth and enthusiasm. After years, it reads a little less easily. She tried to preach her views upon the problems of life and sex through allegories. Sometimes they were beautiful, and sometimes they tired us. She was not quite great enough to be uniformly successful in her heroics.

Miss Schreiner came back to England in the same vessel with Cecil Rhodes. We hope they met, for he is the best of "material."

Is the spelling of proper names a matter of as much uncertainty in Russia as it used to be in England in the days when the greatest of dramatists signed "Shakspeare" in half a dozen different ways at different times? We used to write "Tolstoi" till we were told that "Tolstoy" was positively the one and only correct form. But the eccentric count's orthography is a matter of daylight simplicity in comparison with the dark mystery that seems to surround the patronymic of perhaps his most famous predecessor. The "Century Cyclopedia of Names" gives "Turgenieff" as the name of the author of "Annals of a Sportsman." In "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary" he figures as "Toorgenef or Turgenev," in "Men of the Time" as "Turgenev." Other spellings that we have seen are "Tourgenieff," "Turgeneff," and "Turgenef."

And of all these versions not one is correct, according to no less an authority than William Dean Howells. In revising the proofs of his article printed elsewhere in this magazine, Mr. Howells declared for "Tourguénief," which, he says, "is the way the man spelled his name in a letter to me."

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GEARE.
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

EN MASQUE.

Society *en masque* tonight! A madcap glare
and din,
A rout of vanities without and vanity within,
A gleam of rapiers, and a dream of paint and
powdered hair,
Of knights, and sprites, and tights beneath
the lights' bewildering flare;
The high coiffure of Pompadour, the dress of
Pilgrim days,
The cross of the crusader, and the pomp of
Louis Seize;
The gloss of satin, sheen of silk, the gleam of
pearl and jet,
De' Medici, and good Queen Anne, and Marie
Antoinette—
And glory to the *costumier* from whom these
glories are,
For hither comes our sovereign lord, King
Henry of Navarre!

Amid the rout there lurks, no doubt, the pang
of envy's stab,
For Robespierre in his brougham came, Na-
poleon in a cab;
And Maintenon surveys dismayed some rival,
à la Greuze,
Whose dress achieves no less success though
half the price of hers!
And oh, the irony of chance, that those whose
legs are spare
Have come in tights, while ponderous wights
protecting armor wear;
And Dido strives to crush a blush and hide
her deep chagrin,
She hoped to sup with Philip First, but Wol-
sey took her in!
While deep within her secret heart the fair
Francesca plots
How best to seize the Duke of Guise from
Mary, Queen of Scots!

Society *en masque* tonight! A scene, we
must allow,
Where all the follies of the past meet all the
whims of now;
A host of most imposing kings, a score or
more of lords,
Who hardly dare to move for fear of tripping
on their swords!

A Pompadour who is not sure what king it
was she swayed,
A Joan of Arc who in the dark of burglars is
afraid,
A Caesar Borgia mild of mien, a Richelieu who
swears,
And Luther drinking punch with Cleopatra
on the stairs!
Oh, here is all the cynic or the satirist could
ask—
The Vanity of Vanities—society *en masque*!

TAGS FOR BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A favorite maxim with Americans is
Shakspeare's saying, "Homekeeping youth
hath ever homely wits." Abroad most of us
must go, whether we know our own country
or no, else life hath no charms for us. To
the confirmed globe trotter, the steamer
trunk is as the medal bedecked chest to the
champion athlete, for on it are pasted the
labels that set forth the places he has visited,
so that the curious one who reads may know
how far the traveler has run. With awe the
beholder gazes at the labels of various shapes
and shades, betokening that their owner has
penetrated the orient as far as Tokio, has
called at Singapore, sauntered through the
Holy Land, eaten lotus upon the Nile, gazed
at the unresponsive face of the Sphinx,
quoted Byron in

Fair Greece—though fallen, great!
burned tapers in the catacombs at Rome,
lived gay days and gayer nights in Paris,
been saturated with London fogs, and, in
short, taken in all the routes of Baedeker and
Murray, and more than they ever dreamed of
mapping out. For the modern traveler stops
at nothing; he goes wherever other travelers
have been, and then sighs for unexplored
lands to conquer. Then back he goes to his
own native cobblestone or asphalt, to dazzle
the eyes of the stay-at-homes with the certifi-
cates that pronounce him a true cosmopolite.

But sad days are in store for the genuine
globe trotter. His prestige is threatened by
a factory which turns out labels for every
railroad station and steamboat landing from
Kilkenny to Kalamazoo, and gives the in-
dividual who desires to appear far traveled

without expenditure of time and money an opportunity to cover his trunk or valise with a magnificent collection of tags. At a merely nominal cost, Mrs. Jones may impress it on the mind of the envious Mrs. Jenks that her summer has been spent in Europe, when in reality she has been boarding at Asbury Park, or even Bath Beach. For days the trunk is left in the lower hall, its foreign labels turned up to the curious gaze of the expected visitor; and as Mrs. Jones relates with parrot-like preciseness the extent and enjoyments of her travels, culled from divers guides and books of travel, poor Mrs. Jenks sits in envious silence.

But there is one drop of bliss within the traveler's cup of bitterness—no longer need strict injunctions be given to the trunk-repairer not to remove those treasured decorations, as he has oftentimes done in cleanliness or kindness. No more will the inconsiderate baggagemen be softly sworn at for placing the London label flat upon the one from Paris, and the New York one on the top of that. The factory holds balm for the wounded spirit in the shape of duplicate labels, which can be pasted in intricate designs or dignified dados around the beloved trunk.

Then all hail to the label factory! Its possibilities are limitless. Even the poor forsaken outcast whose ancestors did *not* come over on the Mayflower may be able to purchase some kind of a label—worn and ancient, of course—which, pasted upon a big wooden chest, may secure for its owner admittance into some of the multifarious clubs of "Stepsons" or "Granddaughters."

THE STORY OF A FASHION IN COLOR.

Many years ago, in the days of her radiant beauty, her imperial majesty, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, sat for her portrait to Schrotzberg, a fashionable Viennese artist. The picture was painted at the request of the empress' royal cousin, Ludwig II of Bavaria, and was destined to grace the walls of his gallery of beautiful women in Munich. The artist recognized the importance of his commission, and gave to the canvas all the skill of his genius, which in the matter of color had no equal in Germany. The robe of the empress was of imperial purple, of so marvelous a tint, and so wonderfully painted, that it dimmed even the charm of the sovereign lady's matchless beauty. Artists tried in vain to imitate it, pens to describe it, and in time it came to be known as the "historical lilac."

In the ball rooms of Vienna a tint bearing the name of *Kaisertila* is in vogue, which is as near the shade of the purple in which Schrotzberg clothed his beautiful empress, as

looms and pigment can make it. In this country, lilac has long been considered a color for middle aged women, but now young girls are taking a great fancy to it, and the coming summer, we are told, will see it a reigning tint. Max Nordau may be right in the theory that the devotion to violet is one of the surest signs of degeneracy, but the stylish woman of today would much prefer to be called "degenerate" than "unstylish."

GOOD FORM.

"It has come to be a mark of correct breeding to neglect one's duty calls."—*Society Journal*.

Toujours la politesse!

Take notice, all of you,
One makes no calls, unless
It suits one so to do.

Forget (this is your aim)

Your hostess' address,

Forget her very name—

Toujours la politesse!

She may have spent her pelf

Her friends to entertain,

She may have martyred self

Their gratitude to gain,

But what of that? They all

Indifference profess,

And never come to call—

Toujours la politesse!

'Tis hard, as you can see,

Instinctively to know

What is supposed to be

Entirely *comme il faut*;

But one thing more than all

Shows social readiness—

Never to pay a call!

Toujours la politesse!

"PARLOR TRICKS."

It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but every month in Vanity Fair disproves the proverb—or at least it produces something that seems new, which, after all, is quite as good as actually being so. We must be amused, and, in spite of much talk of being blasé and ennuyé, we find considerable diversion in the gay world without any very elaborate outlay of time or energy. But there must be no drones in the society hive. The most sought after men and women are those who bring some grist to the common mill, and the most desirable guest is he who can metaphorically "sing for his supper," like *Tommy Tucker* of nursery rhyme fame. Social success is a thing assured if one is capable of what has come to be known as a "parlor trick."

The "parlor trick" may be anything from a rendering of Chopin's mazurkas on the hos-

tess' grand piano to an ability to recite the "Bab Ballads" or "The Hunting of the Snark." English society has known it in the form of banjo playing and skirt dancing, and American society as an imitation of Yvette Guilbert or the Prince of Wales. The "parlor trick," in short, may be anything or everything, but it is fast becoming an institution. It was only a short time ago that the guests at a smart dinner spent an hour after coffee in drawing or attempting to draw pigs without looking at the paper. This palling, the entire company made strenuous efforts to throw playing cards into a waste paper basket from a distance of ten feet. Last but not least, a contest was held in balancing cross legged upon a broomstick laid on two chairs. Such are "parlor tricks"!

In these days the man who knows a new trick with cards or pool balls, or who can imitate a lion by roaring through a lamp chimney, is the man who can dine out if he chooses every night in the week. The dinner itself may be dignified and elaborate, but afterwards Momus rules supreme; and perhaps it is not altogether an unwholesome innovation.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,

and if one can amuse one's fellows by disregarding dignity it may be well to do so—now and then.

Therefore let each and every one of us cultivate a "parlor trick." Mayhap a gracious Providence has endowed us with the ability to render a faithful presentment of a crowing rooster; mayhap practice has made us perfect in the art of balancing billiard cues on the tips of our noses. Whatever may be our peculiar accomplishments, now is the time to have them forth for the edification of our friends. Society has taken the "parlor trick" to its heart!

CONCERNING OPERA SINGERS AND THEIR "FRIENDS."

Just what is the peculiar quality in an opera singer which causes society to fall down and metaphorically worship, no one has made quite clear. The fact remains that to know a tenor or a basso personally, and to be able to reveal the fact in a crowded room at the top of one's lungs, is for a certain class the *summum bonum*.

The scene was the reading room of a large New York club, and the *dramatis persona* a young, a very young and highly gilded man about town. His voice was as penetrating as a siren's and as confident as an auctioneer's, and he held forth thus:

"Jean was most awfully broken up over poor Castelmarty's death, most awfully. Jean

was his best friend. When I spoke to Jean, Jean said to me, 'Old chap——'" and so on, *ad nauseam*. The speaker was absolutely satisfied with himself, and it is to be hoped that his hearers were duly impressed. To be sure, he had said nothing new or instructive about Castelmarty, but the opportunity to prove acquaintance with M. de Reszke had been elaborately improved.

To only a favored few of us does fate grant it to know a famous singer, and the least we can do is to give our less fortunate fellows the benefit of our experience. Sometimes this cannot be done without to a certain extent exploiting our own superiority. It then becomes necessary to sacrifice modesty, and, however we may shrink from such a disclosure, to confess how exalted and favored we are. The singers themselves will undoubtedly be profoundly grateful. What, after all, is there in hard won laurels except that through them one gains the friendship of men and women who have heraldic devices on their brougham panels and their names in the social register? And, since these *fortunati* are quite ready to condescend, the whole affair becomes a kind of mutual admiration society, which is pleasant and profitable to all concerned.

Or can it be, as certain heretical persons allege, that the opera people are secretly laughing at us all the time, and using for their own convenience our willingness to become lion worshipers? The suggestion is monstrous! It bears all the marks of envy. Why cannot the world realize that the gods have their elect, and that society is infallible? The sooner those who do not boast the heraldic devices, who do not know famous tenors, and who are therefore only poor and paltry creatures—the sooner such individuals realize the inestimable superiority of fourhundreddom, the better.

One final word by way of clinching the argument and proving that all this is a serious and earnest matter without a suspicion of satire. Two men were recently promenading the Broadway sidewalk, the younger descendant upon his intimacy with the season's opera singers.

"Nice chaps, most of them," he said. "I have them up at my club now and then of a Sunday afternoon or evening, just to give them a change."

The elder man listened in awed and respectful silence, and, in the midst of his companion's discourse, suddenly bowed cordially to a passer by.

"Who was that?" asked the younger.

"Looked like a foreigner."

"That," answered his comrade dryly, "was your friend, M. Edouard de Reszke."

ETCHINGS

CHARACTERISTIC.

THE balladist sat in his easy chair,
And he rolled his eyes, and he stroked his hair,
And he said, "By my muse, 'tis a splendid thought,
Unique, and no sooner penned than bought.
It is sure to be crowned with a great success,
And will reach them just as they go to press.
It will tickle the editor's soul I know,
Because it's so happily apropos!"

The editor sat in his easy chair,
And he rolled his eyes, and he tore his hair,
And he said, "By my word, at this time of year
By dozens and scores these things appear!
All written by one familiar rule,
And every one ends with 'April Fool';
But they serve the balladists' bent to show,
Because they're so happily apropos!"

Frederick F. Bristol.

A REFORMER.

You call me trifler, fainéant,
And bid me give my life an aim!
You're most unjust, dear. Hear me out,
And own your hastiness to blame.
I live with but a single thought,
My inmost heart and soul are set
On one sole task—a mighty one—
To simplify our alphabet.

Five vowel sounds we use in speech;
They're A and E, I, O, and U;
I mean to cut them down to four,
You "wonder what good *that* will do!"
Why, this cold world will bloom again,
Eden itself be half rewon,
When breaks the dawn of my success,
And U and I at last are one.

Albert Lloyd Blakeley.

NON FIT.

A BIG, square peg cast longing eyes
At a small, round hole in an oaken beam,
And sighed and cried in great surprise
Because forbidden by fate to rise
And enter this goal of its wish supreme.

A country lad of a lowly race
Yearned for the whirl of a city life,
Abandoned a modest but model place
To find a gilded but grim disgrace
Amid our metropolitan strife.

'T was ever thus; men never learn
The homely adage old Time has writ
On pages of souls with pens that burn,
In symbols of pain that writhe and turn—
Success is to stay in the spot you fit.

H. J. Butler.

TO A DANCER.

I WATCH you as on waves of sound
You seem to softly sway and float;
Your little feet scarce touch the ground;
I watch as by some weird spell bound—
The music hath a wild, strange note.
Your white arms o'er your head entwine,
Your full, dark eyes are fixed on mine,
And as your lithe form bends and sways
A name wells up from out the maze
Of bygone things, and o'er my lips
In half unconscious murmur slips,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Thus she of old bespread her net
And danced before the mighty king.
Your red lips smile, and yet, and yet
Methinks they are a trifle set,
As purposing some cruel thing.
The fire your heavy lids enfold
Some baleful purpose seems to hold.
What can it be? Yet stay, I know!
The same as hers of long ago,
Who for the king her net bespread—
You mean a man shall lose his head,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

THE LATTER DAY EDUCATION.

"Whatever the faculties may say to the contrary, hazing continues to thrive."—*Daily Paper.*

IN learning's halls ascends a wail;
The freshman's room is looted,
The youth himself is growing pale
From being persecuted;
The fray is fierce, with slaughter fraught
Like Agincourt or Flodden—
Pity the class of Naughty Naught,
By Ninety Nine downtrodden.

Neglected is Euripides,
Neglected, too, is Bion;
No more they make analyses
Of gelatine or iron;
No longer does the student care
For speeches from the forum,
Nor has he any time to spare
To prove *pons asinorum*.

The midnight oil, once madly burned,
The charms of Latin phrasing,
Are cast aside and coldly spurned—
All hail, the reign of hazing!
With flaming torch and sable gown,
With sound of choral chanting,
They drag the freshman round the town,
All out of breath and panting.

They cause his youthful heart to jump,
Nor heed his protestations,
They drag him, gasping, to the pump
For aqueous applications;
They punch, and prod, and pelt, and poke,
And slap, and shove, and strike him,
Averting it to be a joke,
And done because they like him!

And so, by tortuous way and rough,
He gains the goal of knowledge,
And learns what is the object of
A man's career at college.
Ring out the sway of classic thought,
Ring in the rule amazing
Of sapience thus by torture wrought—
All hail, the reign of hazing!

John King Cartwright.

REPARTEE ON THE ROOF.

"T'WAS a stormy day, it was dismal and gray,
But the weathercock, perched on high,
Discomfort ignored till old Boreas roared,
"Ho, friend, will you not tell me why
You would fain remain in this driving rain?
I think you'll be wet if you do!"
Then the weathercock bowed as he chuckled
aloud,
"It's foul, but I'm fowl, too!"
"Ho, ho," laughed the wind. "Very good
—of its kind.
Let me now blow you off—I insist!"
"I am grateful, I'm sure, but I cannot en-
dure
To think from my post I'd be missed."
"But you will not decline such innocuous
wine?"
Cried the wind—"Just a cocktail of rain?"
Said the weathercock, "No; for I'm not
proud, although
I may be a little vane!"

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

JOURNALISM.

MONDAY: The North Atlantic Fleet
Is ordered on active service;
The commander and cabinet officers meet;
The country is strained and nervous.
War is at hand! We have certain clues
To the plans of a hostile nation,
This is THE ROCKET's exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Tuesday: Didn't WE tell you so?
Diplomats all deny it,
But war is imminent. This WE show
In THE NEW YORK ROCKET. Buy it!
No doubt the Federal government views
Our power with trepidation;
This is THE ROCKET's exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Wednesday: Some of our rivals print
Rumors of strife and slaughter.
These are absurd! WE have a hint
From a most reliable quarter.
See what comes of a foolish guess,
Written to make sensation!
War is a figment—nothing less.
Look at our circulation!

Thursday: Government chiefs commend
THE ROCKET's conservatism.
All the danger is at an end,
Ended the risk of schism.
WE have reserved the state, and must
Yield to gratification!
THE NEW YORK ROCKET is safe to trust!
Look at our circulation!

Friday: War!!! THE ROCKET can speak
With certainty and conviction;
War will come in about a week,
Owing to foreign friction.
Representatives show their rage
And vote an appropriation.
Watch for our Sunday Woman's Page,
And look at our circulation!

Saturday: WE have been authorized
To deny reports of trouble.
This, as WE yesterday surmised,
Is only a scare head bubble.
What would the country do without
THE ROCKET's prognostication?
No one can read our views with doubt
Look at our circulation!

Sunday: War is a thing assured!
War! As WE understand it,
Nothing further can be endured!
War! For the States demand it!
War! Too long have we waited for
An excuse or a provocation!
War! War!! War!!! and a fourth time
WAR!!!!
Look at our circulation!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

AFTERMATH.

AND there are hearts like richest wines,
That sweeter grow with Time's caress,
Till he who softly opens, finds
A hidden store of happiness.

E. H. Keene.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A NEW VOLUME AND AN ENLARGED MAGAZINE.

"MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE" NOW CONSISTS OF 160 PAGES, THE SAME NUMBER AS "HARPER'S" AND THE "CENTURY," IT IS AS BIG AS THE BIGGEST AND AS GOOD AS THE BEST, WHILE IT STILL SELLS AND WILL ALWAYS SELL FOR TEN CENTS, A CONDITION MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY AN UNEQUALED EQUIPMENT OF MACHINERY AND CAPITAL, BY UP TO DATE BUSINESS METHODS AND A PHENOMENAL CIRCULATION—THE HISTORY OF ITS PROGRESS, AND THE PROMISE OF STILL FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

WITH the present issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE enters upon a new volume, and signalizes the occasion by a remarkable increase in size—an increase of thirty two (32) pages, carrying the reading pages to one hundred and sixty (160). This is a gain of twenty five per cent, but in addition the page itself has been enlarged between four and five per cent, making a total increase of practically thirty (30) per cent.

As Big as the Biggest and as Good as the Best.

With these thirty two pages added, and with the strong men writing for it, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE now takes its place beside *Harper's* and the *Century*. The size is the same, and the contents, both in art and letterpress, will compare favorably with that of these two recognized leaders in the magazine world.

Of the two contemporary schools of American fiction, the realistic and the romantic, the recognized leaders are William Dean Howells and F. Marion Crawford. Both these writers are represented in this number of MUNSEY'S, the former by a characteristic discussion of a literary question, the latter by his new story, "Corleone." In connection with this Mr. Crawford also gives, in an interview published on another page, some facts that will interest the reader. Hall Caine—who holds a place occupied by no other English novelist of the day—continues his strong work, "The Christian." John H. Holmes, the Greeley of New England journalism, writes with authority upon the existing situation in the newspaper world. James L. Ford, the clever author of "The Literary Shop," gives a caustic sketch of official society at the national capital—a Mecca toward which thousands of eyes are turned from all over the country. The shorter fiction and the verse of the month are contributed by some of the best of the younger writers of the day. The departments—ten in number—contain the usual wealth of timely matter, personal, social, artistic, musical, theatrical, and literary, and

supply such a review of the great world's movement as no other magazine attempts.

These departments, next to the picturesqueness of the magazine, have done more than anything else to individualize it, to popularize it, and to give it its strength with the people.

A Bit of History, with Its Marvelous Revelations.

When we gave the ten cent magazine to the world (and the ten cent magazine was not possible until we made it possible) MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE consisted of one hundred and twelve pages. Compared with the present issue in finish, in art, and in literary merit, it was crude, indeed. But it was a *magazine* for all that, and the world marveled at it—marveled that so good a publication, one so picturesque, so large, and so attractive, could be sold for a dime. And the world speedily said it couldn't be done, and all the publishers of other magazines said it couldn't be done, and all other publishers, paper makers, advertisers, printers—and the entire news trade everywhere, and everybody everywhere—said it couldn't be done.

That was three years ago. Today, this "impossible proposition" (MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy) is the great magazine of the world. Its aggregate circulation for last year (1896) was 7,750,000—an average for the entire year of 645,833 copies a month. This is a circulation in excess of that of all the other magazines and reviews of the country combined, with the exception of two or three of the ten cent magazines, and the circulation of these was made possible, and made possible wholly and alone, by MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

How We Have Done It.

We have done it by believing in ourselves—by being honest with ourselves and honest with the people—by giving more for a dime than could be bought anywhere else in the world for the same money—by making each successive issue of the magazine better than

the one that preceded it. From 112 pages we increased to 120, and from 120 to 128, and now at a single bound we go from 128 to 160 pages. The full force of this last move cannot be realized without a knowledge of the relation MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE bears to others in point of size. The English sixpenny magazines (12½ cents) usually consist of 96 pages. Two and one half cents additional for a magazine, and in a country where labor is much lower than it is here, make a vastly different problem for the publisher. *McClure's Magazine*, perhaps the best of our ten cent contemporaries, contains 96 pages of reading matter. There are a couple of dozen others in the ten cent field, some the same size, some smaller, one or two a trifle larger.

Scribner's comes next with 128 pages, and it is a twenty five cent magazine. This has been for years, and still is, the standard size for a twenty five cent magazine. For nearly two years MUNSEY'S has been in this class in point of size.

The thirty five cent magazines, *Harper's* and the *Century*, contain 160 pages. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE now joins these two monarchs, but the price will remain the same—ten cents a copy, or one dollar by the year.

These are the figures we fixed upon as the right price for a magazine—they are the figures we shall stand by. We stood alone for them three years ago; we have no thought of abandoning them now. Our thought, instead, is bent upon the problem of giving our readers more for the money, and more for the money, and more for the money.

Circulation Building versus Circulation Booming.

We have spent our money on the magazine itself—not on the circulation department. It is the custom with many publishers to set aside a large annual appropriation for circulation building—ten thousand dollars, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand. This money goes into newspaper advertising, into the maintenance of a mammoth circulation department, with an army of clerks, typewriters, and traveling men—premiums and premium departments, word contests, free scholarships, hippodroming around the world, and a thousand other "gimcrack" devices for holding and extending circulation.

Now we are not prepared to say that this is not the best and wisest way. We simply say that it is not our way. If it had been, the ten cent magazine would not have been developed by us—might not have been developed for the people of this generation. There are

only so many dollars in a half bushel measure. If they go into circulation booming, they cannot go into the magazine itself.

Largest Consumers of Book Papers.

We are today the largest consumers of book papers in the world. This is saying a great deal, but from a pretty thorough survey of the whole publishing field, we believe it to be strictly true. We shall use a minimum of six hundred thousand dollars' worth of white paper during 1897. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone will consume about four thousand tons, or eight million pounds—think of it, eight million pounds of paper and all for the "impossible ten cent magazine."

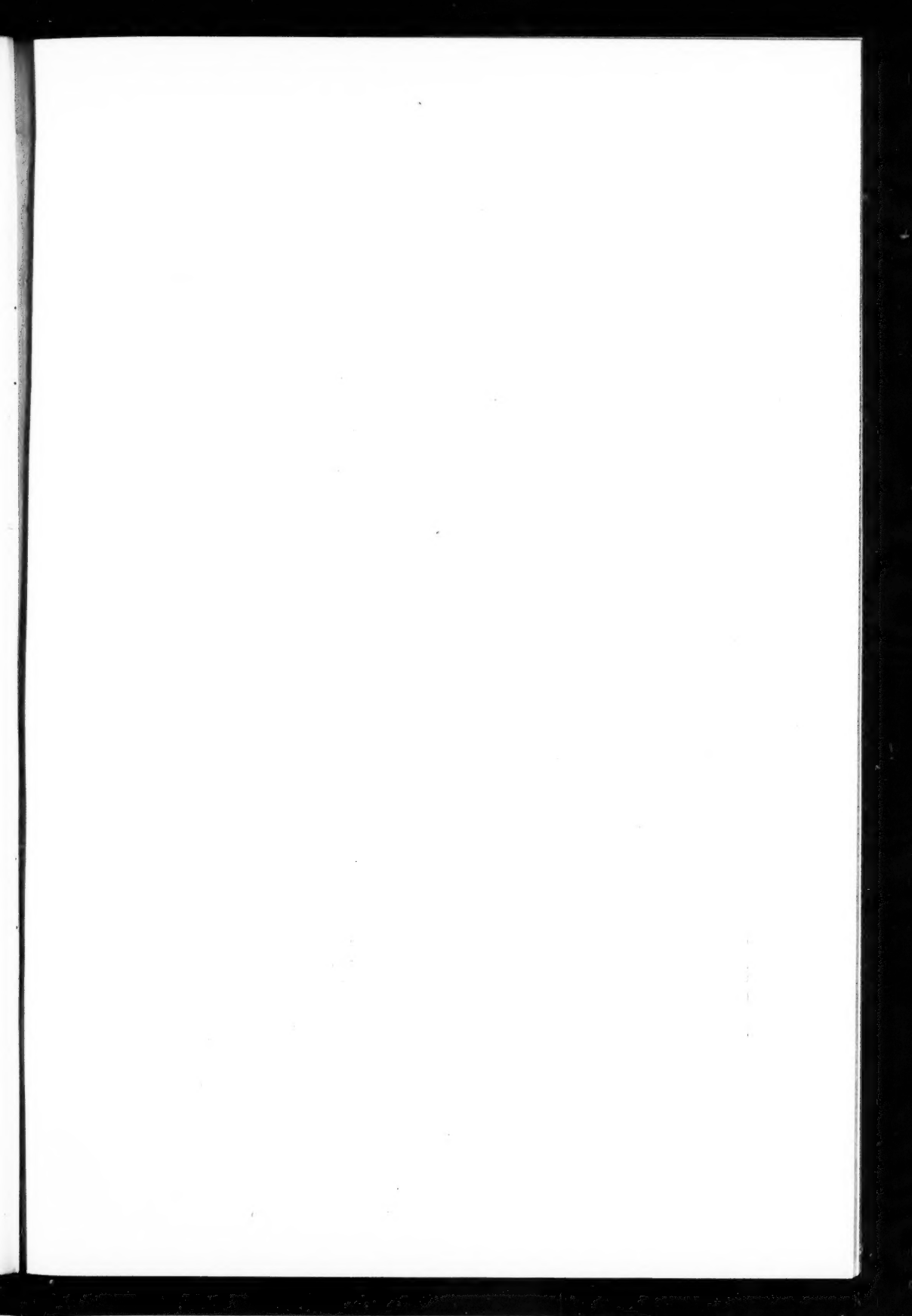
The Biggest Plant in the World.

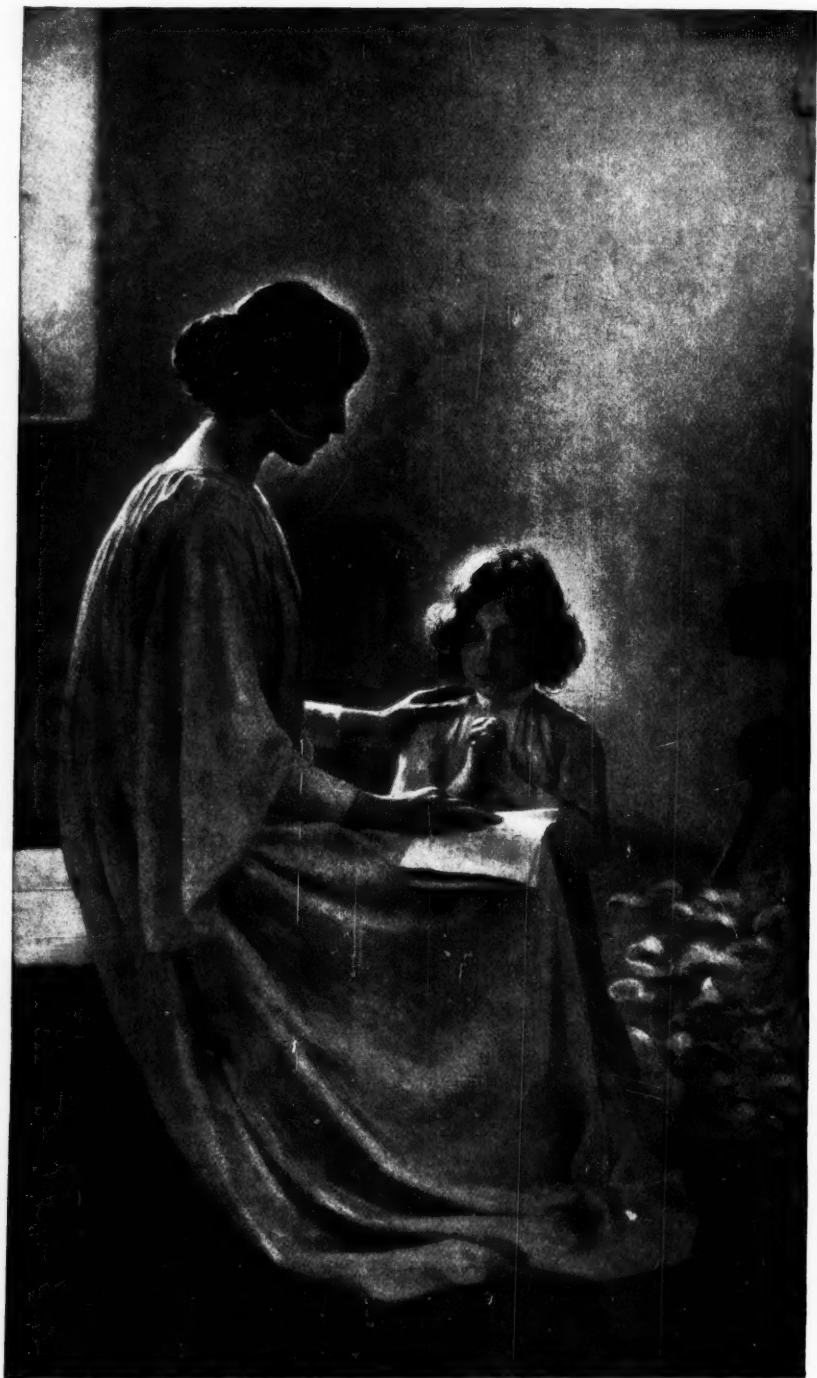
The machinery used in printing, binding, and handling MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE constitutes the largest magazine plant in the world. It is nearly all special machinery built expressly for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. We have just added \$50,000 worth of new machinery to enable us to handle our *enlarged magazine*. The total value of our plant today (machinery alone) runs well nigh up to \$200,000. Without such a plant, a 160 page magazine for 10 cents would be impossible; without large capital involved, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without an enormous circulation, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without direct dealing with the trade of the country (no middlemen) a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without the ability to purchase our printing paper much lower than smaller consumers can purchase it, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible—all this is involved in the publishing of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and the people are the gainers thereby.

Munsey's Magazine to Be Cut.

The new special machinery we are putting in will cut the pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as they are folded. No other plant in the world can do this. The present method of cutting the pages is to put the magazine in a cutting machine after it is bound, and slice off the edges—top, bottom, and side. This reduces the size of the page so much that there is too little margin left to make first rate cloth bound books. Our new machinery will cut the sheets as if cut carefully with a paper cutter, thus saving the loss of margins.

Wherever and in whatever way money can be spent rationally to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE better and better—to make it a magazine for the people and of the people—the best and biggest and brightest magazine in the world—in this way and in all ways we are ready to spend it, and spend it unstintingly.





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"THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST."

From the painting by L. Kowalsky.